#75

TRUE WEST

June, 1966 35¢

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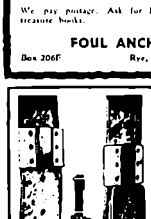

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May-June, 1966
Volume 13, No. 5
Whole No. 75

True West

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In This Issue—

TRULY WESTERN 4
THE MAKING OF A SCOUT ..... By J. Evetts Haley 6
WALT COBURN'S TALLY BOOK 11
SURVIVOR OF CAMP DESOLATION ..... By Thomas Breckenridge 12
HE HIRED OUT TO KILL! ..... By Dabney Taylor 16
THE PASSAGE OF STARCHILD ..... By Fraser Taylor 20
CHEYENNE TO DEADWOOD STAGE ..... By Russell Thorp, Jr. 23
BLACK GOLD IN THE BOREGO DESERT ..... By Bonnie Nelson Speer 26
STALKING THE UNKNOWN ..... By C. O. Finley 28
THE MAN WHO LIVED WITH GREED ..... By Orpha Collins 30
NEW MEXICO'S MOUNTIES ..... By Richard D. Myers 32
THE MAD STONE ..... By W. A. Ferris submitted by W. R. Conger 34
RAMPART ..... By Michael Jenkinson 36
CHARLIE RUSSELL'S HOME ENDANGERED ..... By 'Tana Mac 38
THE BUNGLED JOB AT BLACKSTONE SWITCH ..... By Glenn Shirley 40
WILD OLD DAYS 43
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP 56
TUMBLEWEEDS ..... By Tom K. Ryan 72

Cover: Joe Grandee

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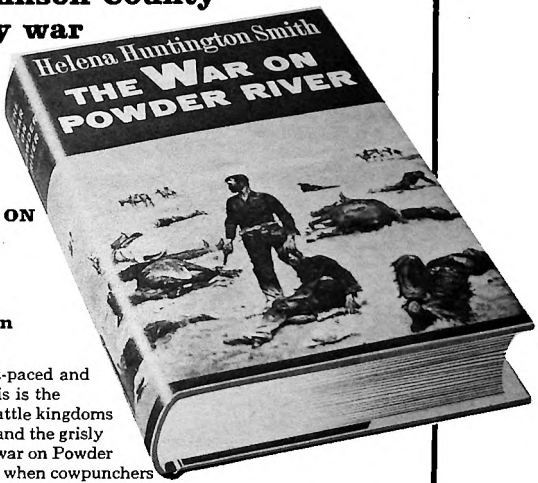

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True Western

Arbuckle

Dear Sirs:

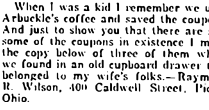
In the June, 1965, issue you give a very interesting story of Arbuckle's Coffee. My first doll was acquired by Arbuckle's signatures or coupons. I'm seventy-one now and it was before I was four years old. I still have "Elsie" and wouldn't part with her. She has her original underwear which my mother made.

Could you tell me if and where I could possibly find some of those old signatures? I'd pay a fair price for even one.—Mrs. Emery Preston, 4235 S. Cook Street, Le Grand, California 95333.

Gentlemen:

When I was a kid I remember we used Arbuckle's coffee and saved the coupons. And just to show you that there are still some of the coupons in existence I made the copy below of three of them which we found in an old cupboard drawer that belonged to my wife's folks.—Raymond R. Wilson, 400 Caldwell Street, Piqua, Ohio.

Arbuckle Coffee Coupons



Kitty Wilkins

Gentlemen:

Thought you'd be interested in knowing that this past weekend I visited Kitty Wilkins' old stomping ground—as I have never been down that way before. Murphy's Hot Springs was formerly, I understand, referred to as "Kitty's Hothole." Still standing about one-fourth of the way into the canyon is an old stone fence which she had put up to keep her horses in. It runs from the first rim (top) to the second rim on one side of the canyon. The canyon is called Jarbidge Canyon. The east fork of the Jarbidge River runs through and connects with the west fork of the river. As the article has stated in your magazine, she was quite a woman.

Back in her day one pound of freight cost $5.00 to ship into that area. One old freight building is still standing at Murphy's Hot Springs. Mr. Murphy is living (or was living) in Jarbidge, Nevada. Jarbidge is about sixteen miles from the Hot Springs. Enclosed is a picture of Jarbidge, Nevada. Thought you'd be interested in it to coincide with the article from that area. It isn't too good, but it'll give you an idea what the town looks like.—George H. Coe, 2501 Pleasanton, Boise, Idaho.

Happy Coincidences

Dear Joe:

Once trails have crossed and then are lost, they seldom cross again. But my letter in your April, 1965, issue has proved once more there are exceptions to all rules.

Today I received a letter from an old buddy of mine I have not seen or heard from in eighteen years, all because he picked up an eight-months-old copy of TRUE WEST and read your letters column. Right quick came a letter wanting to know if I'm the same Roy V. Whalin he knew in East Los Angeles some twenty years ago. And lo and behold, we're one and the same. You'll never know how grateful I am to you for publishing my letter last April.

The letter received, incidentally, was from Vernon Corbin, Garland, Texas. We first met in Ada, Oklahoma, in 1941. At that time I was recovering from injuries received in a head-on collision (of course it wasn't my fault! The idea!) My leg was in a cast. I had to be in San Diego to testify in a kidnapping trial and Vernon "chauffeured" me back to Los Angeles and San Diego. We became the closest of friends, but our trails "parted and were lost" in 1947, when he returned to Oklahoma. Today our trails crossed again, thanks to you.—Roy V. Whalin, 65 West American Avenue, Fresno, California.

Dear Mr. Small:

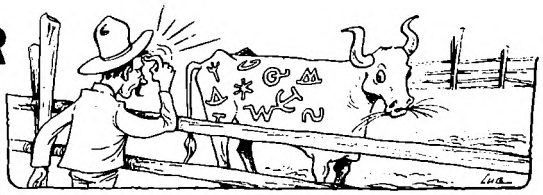
To my great surprise, in the February issue of TRUE WEST I found on pages 22-23 the story of "Bows and Arrows versus Muzzle Loader" by Dorothy Robertson. Before reading the article or even noticing the title, I immediately recognized the picture of Horace "Bart" Bellows, for he happens to be my great-uncle, and I have a duplicate picture of this photograph.

Uncle Hod froze his feet in one of his crossings back in Iowa in 1854, and swore that he would never return to the State again, but his brother, Simon Bellows, my grandfather, had different ideas and did go back. He homesteaded on the old ranch near Humboldt, the place where I was born. The Sioux Indians, whom my grandfather was friendly with, helped build the log cabin that my dad was born in, along with my six aunts and uncles. I well remember this log cabin, for it stood for many years. These same Indians were in the famous Spirit Lake Massacre of March, 1857.

I was just a kid in high school in 1914, when my dad finally prevailed upon Uncle Hod, then retired and living in Long Beach, California, to come back to

(Continued on page 67)

KNOW YOUR BRAND!



THIS ONE IS A "WESTERN" WESTERN!

IT'S THE MAY, 1966, ISSUE OF **FRONTIER TIMES**
HIGHLIGHTED BY THIS WINGDING SPECIAL FEATURE!

POWDER! by Walt Coburn. The friendship between Hard Luck Smith and his swamper was the marvel of the territory — then suddenly it was over. A curious combination of lousy weather, gumbo mud and a cargo of dynamite did the trick!

PLUS: SCADS OF OTHER EXCITING STORIES!

TRIANGLE OF DEATH by Col. Philip M. Shockley. Tragic end to a mission gallantly attempted—but led by green officers whose first Indian battle was to be their last. **FORGOTTEN GOLD RUSH** by Fred L. Lade. Most of the camps in British Columbia's magnificent, mountainous Lardeau country are ghost towns now. But at the turn of the century thousands of men were mining the hard rock on the high peaks. This is the story of those days told by a man who was there. **REQUIEM FOR OLD TEXAS BOB** by Raymond W. Thorp. He once said, "I believe I have done more moving about than any other man unless the law was after him." **SAGA OF MILL FLAT** by Maurice Kildare. It was never a town—just a place of habitation for many kinds of people. There are no deserted streets to make it real; the place is more like a nest swinging from the branch of a tree—crumbling and forsaken. **A MAN COULDN'T HELP BUT WONDER** by Monk Lofton. A small example of the greatest pastime "us hoomins" have ever thought up for ourselves—people watching! **BEN WRIGHT—GOOD MAN TURNED ROGUE?** by Marie Schlotfeldt. Whatever history may label this man, he never went half-way on his appointed task. And that task was killing Indians! **MYSTERY OF MURPHY'S CANYON** by Dade Gipson. We think this might be a case where the old rule—"murder will out"—doesn't hold. **WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT** by J. N. Fallis. It's very likely that a little Texas creek valley still holds enough buried gold to make the finder rich—blood money of cattlemen who didn't make it back down the trail. **GILLETTE'S MOST LEGENDARY CITIZEN** by Tom Barkdull. It was here Jack Swilling kept his rendezvous with self-destruction --where an uncorked bottle and an idle remark teamed up to do him in. **THE SPANISH BARB** by Leo Gaudreau. A look at the mustang—most "western" of all the ponies.

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: **AUS ARCS—YESTERDAY'S WORLD** by Pearl Anoe, **A HOUSE FOR QUANAH PARKER** by Albert S. Gilles, Sr., **RAILROADING ON THE OLD SOUTH PARK** by Agnes M. Pharo, **HANK VAUGHN'S FATAL RIDE** by Gerald J. Tucker, **A TEXAS PLOWBOY IN WYOMING** by D. H. Mitchell as told to Jerry S. Wilcox, **JOE PHY, DEPUTY** by Homer Wilkes, **JIM DOWNS' TRAMP ACROSS THE PLAINS** by Don H. Biggers and **FRONTIER TIMES SCRAPBOOK.**

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The Making

By J. EVETTS HALEY

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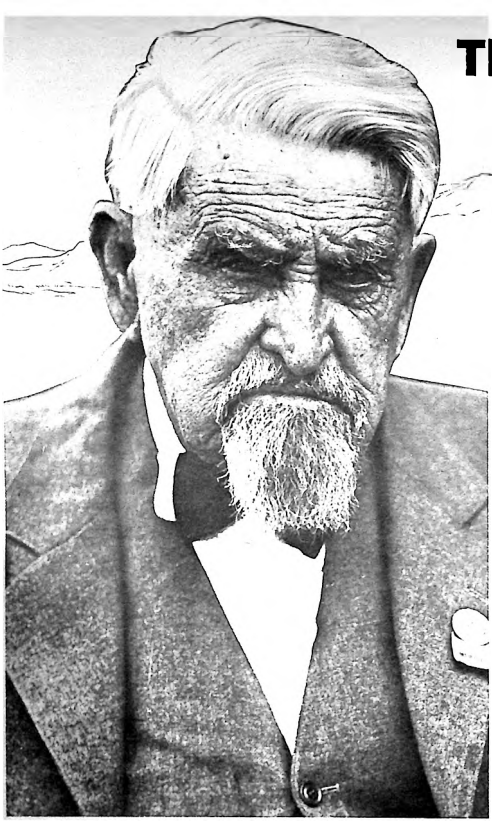


A rare old photograph of Charles Goodnight at ninety years of age.

MANY frontiersmen have left accounts of Indian warfare, of bloody battles with outlaws and thieves, and of desperate chances in wild and strange lands. The names of some are household words today. Perhaps none expressed the lore of the scout and guide—the technique of plainscraft—better than Charlie Goodnight, for he has given voice to those essential qualities that made Bridger, Carson, Wooton, and others live in history.

In order to understand the lore which Goodnight himself so thoroughly embodied, it is necessary to understand the land and the life that fostered it. West of the ragged edge of the Upper Cross Timbers of Texas lies the open country. Two hundred miles or more beyond this ragged line is one more ragged still, formed by the escarpments delimiting the eastern edge of the Staked Plains. Between the two lines are the rolling mesquite prairies. Beyond the escarpment or caprock lie the High Plains, or Llano Estacado, and draining from the canons along their eastern edges are the headwaters of many of the rivers of Texas—from the three Conchos on the south, to the Colorado, the Brazos, the Wichita, and the Red on the north. At the outbreak of the Civil War they drained an unknown country.

Only in a few places had the frontier line of Texas settlement emerged into the open lands. Between 1858 and 1861 the outposts ebbed back for many miles, in the face of ferocious Indian pressure, until they rested again in the shelter of the timbered zone. As Goodnight recalled, the extreme western settler in Young County, at the outbreak of the war, lived four miles west of Fort Belknap, near Graham, Texas, and there was "nothing west from there to the Rocky Mountains."

From somewhere in that vast and unexplored prairie country came marauding Indian bands, as transient as the whirlwinds that sucked its red dusts into the skies—almost as elusive in the trails they left behind. Open mile after open mile, this country stretched beyond the Cross Timbers, a gently rolling short-grass land. In many places near the Llano Estacado it broke into vicious stretches of choppy country, red clay badlands, where water—where there was any—was bitter as gall to the palate and devastating to the stomach, where game was scarce and fuel was rare, and where, unless the scout was the best of guides, men flung fresh horses upon a trail to come out—God only knew where—afoot.

West of this land of gentle swells the Staked Plains reared their high and colorful abutments, those escarpments that broke away from the plateau in flashing reds and dull yellows, in sober browns and subdued purples. Out of that country of shimmering horizons, a land that has "the vastness without the malignancy of the sea," gushed the rugged canons of the Palo Duro, with their clays and sandstones swept into turrets, battlements, totems and effigies by the everlasting winds of the West. There, and in the Quitaque to the south, and on to Las Lenguas, and Casas Amarillas and the Double Mountain Fork, was rough land into which Indians might sweep from bloody forays on the Texas border. To the north were the breaks of the Salt Fork and the North Fork, and the long valley of the Canadian, and to the east the refuge of the narrow granitic mountains of the Wichita. Before this sheltered land lay the open ranges of the Tejanos; to the west lay the thickets of New Mexico; to the northeast the traders

# of a Scout

Reprinted, with elaborations and additions by the author, and by permission, from the new edition of *Charles Goodnight, Cowman and Plainsman*, from the University of Oklahoma Press, Norman-1949

from the Yankee settlements. Why should the bold warriors of the Comanche and Kiowa crave peace with the South?

They were trained only in the school of experience. The appearance of a blade of grass . . . the direction of a bird's flight . . . or the gait of a band of wild horses . . . could, if properly interpreted, sometimes mean the difference between life and death

SUCH was the country from which the Indians came, and back into these forbidding plains to hunt them down rode the frontier rangers, adapting their methods to those of the Indians; traveling without camp equipage, without forage, without shelter, and almost without water; eating when the country offered meat, but more often skimping their way out and starving their way back. The only way to get Indians was to go after them, swiftly, cunningly, relentlessly. Nowhere in Texas had climate and topography frowned so hard upon the men who would master them. Nowhere were her frontiersmen compelled so completely to revolutionize their attack.

From the Rio Grande north to the southern buttes of the Plains the Frontier Regiment of Texas generally ranged a well-watered country, prolific of game, excellently sheltered, provided with fuel, and often abundant with wild fruits and nuts. Upon the northwest edge only for the man who knew the land to its very grass roots was there anything but sterility. Of necessity the scout was a seasoned outdoor man, well versed in the highly technical art of plainscraft. His place was the most important and the most difficult in a frontier campaign. The company depended upon him against surprise attacks, against becoming lost in a region devoid of landmarks, against death from thirst and hunger, and even against freezing. Upon his observation and judgment depended the safety, the mobility, the usefulness and the life of the entire command.

A scout was necessarily in camp very little, for as soon as one scouting party returned to camp another was sent out. Goodnight would have scouted continually if possible. Detention in camp, he said, "was always extremely irksome." He longed for action, loathing inactivity.

"Many of the men sat around playing cards. But I couldn't stand to sit in camp," he said, "and spent a great deal of time walking around in the woods."

The scout, along with the officers, was exempt from all fatigue duty, but rather than sit in camp and submit to a few simple formalities of discipline, Goodnight stood guard over the company's horses for many long hours. With a knowledge of Cureton's disdain of military airs, the usual freedom allowed to the scout and guide, and Goodnight's impatience with convention and form, his statement that he did "very much as he pleased" can be easily believed. (Goodnight to J.E.H., July 2, 1929.)

The Rangers, a picturesque group of men, dressed without uniform, in clothes of utility—hatted, booted and spurred as frontier cowmen. Partly from simplicity of taste, partly from extreme isolation, and partly from the impoverishment of war, the Ranger's presence was mean rather than impressive. Clothing and equipment were left largely to private initiative, but here as elsewhere, Goodnight observed, "there were quarter-breed men, half-breed men, and full-blooded men. Those who were up to snuff were well equipped. Some were so sorrily equipped that they were never taken on scouts or campaigns, but were left around camp to stand fatigue."

In the main, however, the regiment contained fine frontiersmen, men who really loved the smell of a campfire, the whinny of a horse, the lure of a trail—"full-blooded" men who rode into battle with splendid abandon.

OF ALL the varied units of fighting men since war was history, no other has been quite the same. Their equipment and their technique were distinctive. In their belts they carried Bowie knives often sheathed in scabbards made from the tails of buffalo calves, slipped whole from the bone and dried over a whittled stick, exactly the shape of the blade. The bushy end of the tail swung below as a tassel ornament, or was used for cleaning its owner's comb. The better equipped had six-shooters, preferably of the same caliber as their rifles to prevent confusion of ammunition in the excitement of battle, and those without rifles were armed with double-barreled shotguns. In either case they fought at close quarters, for the rifles were of short range.

If there was scant comfort in this, there was less in the fact that before the end of the war, guns of all kinds were extremely scarce. Goodnight's .45 caliber rifle, the pride of his equipment, was made by an Indiana gunsmith who was evidently religious by nature, for he inscribed into the top of the octagon barrel his advice to sinners among men. It was an appropriate legend, for in the hands of the sharp-eyed scout it out-ranged, by far, any in Cureton's company.

When there was little danger of surprise, the rifle was carried on the saddle in a leather or rawhide scabbard, with the stock set forward and the barrel pointing backward, beneath the ranger's stirrup-leather. In Indian country it was carried across the fork of the saddle, swung in a short leather sling from the saddle horn. No motion was lost in case of surprise; the sling was slipped from the horn in an instant and the gun was almost in position for firing. Thus the weight of the gun was carried on the fork of the saddle, and whether at a walk or a lope was easily balanced by a touch of the hand. (Captain R. B. Marcy, who noticed this practice among the Texas frontiersman, said that it was adopted, to some extent, by the army men of the West. *Prairie Traveler*, 170.)

Fighting with muzzle-loading guns was slow, while Indian arrows seemed to fly with the wind. To facilitate speedy loading, the Rangers adapted a shot pouch that swung from the left shoulder to the waistline, convenient to the right hand. Inside were buckskin scraps for bullet-patches, bullets, and a box of caps; and swinging by buckskin strings below was the powder-horn—a white horn dressed so thin that the Ranger, by holding it up to the sun, could see if his powder was running low. The peg, or stopper, was usually of bois d'arc or hickory, for stoppers of soft wood might swell in rainy weather and disarm an entire command.

Attached by another string was the charger, a powder measure of horn or a small joint of cane trimmed to hold the right amount. In battle it was not used, for it was quicker to guess at a charge in the palm of the hand. In reloading at leisure, the Ranger might charge his gun by placing a bullet in his palm and pouring just enough powder to cover it up. Cloth bullet-patches were sometimes used, but on account of the greater resil-

Buffalo hunter taking tongues

iency of tallowed buckskin, bullets were seated tighter with it, more power was utilized from the charge, hence longer range from the gun.

In preparation for a scout, each man molded fifty bullets, and on account of their ease in loading, round bullets were used exclusively. The open face of the buckskin patch was placed toward the muzzle of the gun so that the patch would drop off without impeding the flight of the bullet. Such then was the essential equipment of the Texas border Ranger. In order to understand its use, let us follow a group upon an imaginary scout.

OUT from camp regularly rode a scouting party of perhaps twenty-five men, and as they had no extra horses they took particular care of those they rode. Beneath the headstall of each bridle, encircling the nose of the horse, was a *bozal*—as we say on the border—the loop of a hair rope, the thirty-five feet of which were coiled at the left of the saddle fork and tied with a slip knot by one of the saddle strings. Hair ropes are preferred to rawhide in staking, as they are unaffected by wet weather, rot but slowly, and when saturated with water and mud are flipped dry and clean with a twist of the hand.

Loaded with frying-pans, a little flour, bacon, and salt, two pack-mules faithfully followed behind. A pair of blankets for every two men was on the pack or behind the cantle of a saddle. Tied to each saddle was a big tin cup and usually a buffalo horn spoon, cut out, shaped and polished down to proper thickness from a buffalo horn.

In hostile country the scout rode half a mile ahead picking a course to save the horses while taking the command into Indian country. Far beyond earshot he conveyed his messages back to the squad by a system of signals—motions of the hat or movements of his horse. Mile after mile the undulating country fell behind and the topography ahead was apparently unchanged. Except for the creak of saddle leather, the monosyllabic comments of the men, and the pound of horses' hoofs, nothing broke the silence that beat in the riders' ears with eerie monotony.

When thus riding alertly and far ahead, the scout, upon reaching the crest of a wave of the land, found a party of Indian braves, perhaps camped on a creek before him and unaware that whites were near, he dropped back from the ridge and turned his horse into the signal of a charge. Gun slings were raised from every saddle horn, rifles lifted in the Rangers' right hands, while slip knots jerked undone and the coils of the stake ropes were drawn under the Rangers' belts. Thus, in an instant they were ready for action.

THEY swept over the ridge in a wild dash and bore down upon the astonished bucks with unearthly cowboy yells. The Indians scrambled for their horses and scattered like a bevy of Mexican quail, while the Rangers scattered in pursuit, some using rifles, some holding fire, and some closing up to six-shooter range.

All guns were never fired at once, else in time of reloading the Indians would rush and cut the Rangers down with arrows at close range. Goodnight, superbly mounted and riding in the lead with the old-timers, felt there was greater danger of being shot by raw and excited recruits from behind than by the Indians in front. If the Indians were not rushed down, tactics changed, for a horseman with a rifle fights at disadvantage with a cool man on the ground. The captain might order his men to foot, and some swung off at a run, reins flying loose, stake ropes jerked free from under their belts in their left hands.

If held by the reins most horses shy from a gun, jerk back, and ruin a fighter's aim; but at the end of a rope, trained horses stand with little fear. Hence, as his feet hit the ground, the Ranger flipped the free end of the rope around his hips, drew it into a slip knot, and gave his attention to the Indians. If his horse ran on the end of the rope, the *bozal* (or nose-hitch) ordinarily kept him from dragging the rider, who in case of emergency could simply pull at the loose end of the slip knot and instantly set the mount free. But if his company, hard pressed, were forced to retreat, the Ranger gathered up the rope as he ran to his horse, swung into the saddle, and tucked the coils back under his belt as he rode.

Thus in battle, after Goodnight's first shot, the butt of his gun swung to the ground, the barrel in the crook of his left arm. His right hand grabbed the powder-horn swinging at his side, he jerked the stopper out with his teeth, and poured a charge into the palm of his left hand. As he poured this into his gun, he slipped out the ramrod from beneath the rifle's barrel with his right hand, then caught up the leather loader swinging free by a buckskin thong from his pouch with his left hand, pressed a ready-patched bullet into the barrel, and rammed it home with the hickory rod. As he lifted his gun with his left hand, his right pulled a cap from his belt and as the recoil of the previous shot had kicked back the hammer and re-cocked it, he slipped the cap into place and was ready to shoot again.

After a fight the old-timers gathered

the blunder of value while the raw recruits picked up the relics. If other Indians were near—and the scout had to know—the Rangers went into camp before dark, staked their horses upon grass, cooked and ate supper, and made all preparations for spending the night. After dark they quietly moved to a spot the scout had selected a few miles away, where they both hobbled and side-lined their horses, making stampede impossible, posted a guard, and went to sleep.

Often on the buffalo range, grass was hard to find. Since buffalo would not range in a gorge or a narrow canon, the scout sought such a place as night drew near, and in winter, if grass could not be found, he camped in a cottonwood grove and the Rangers cut branches for their horses to eat.

Thus were the Rangers equipped and thus did they operate. But the work of the scout and guide was not only the work of the regular Ranger but a great deal more.

PERHAPS the guide's simplest qualification, and yet one of the rarest among civilized men, was a faculty of direction. Few men, even scientifically trained and frontier grown, have this faculty. (After many years upon the border Captain R. B. Marcy was impressed with this fact. In wonder he wrote of his Indian guide who could "start from any place to which he had gone by a sinuous route, through an unknown country, and keen a direct bearing back to the place of departure; and he assured me," Marcy continued, "that he has never, even during the most cloudy or foggy nights, lost the points of compass. There are very few white men who are endowed with these wonderful faculties, and those few are only rendered proficient by matured experience." (*Prairie Traveler*, 180.)

"And yet," Goodnight mused, "the fellows who cannot keep a course are always quarreling with you—afraid you are going to get them lost. It was the scout's business to guide the company under all conditions. Thus, above all things, the scout and plainsman had to have a sense—an instinct—for direction. He had to have the faculty of never needing a compass. With the point of destination fixed in his mind, a thorough plainsman could go to it as directly in darkness as in daylight, on a calm, cloudy day as well as in bright sunshine with the wind blowing steadily from one quarter.

"Few men have this instinct. Yet in the few it is to be trusted as absolutely as the homing instinct of a wild goose. A man with such an instinct relies on what is in his mind more than he does on stars or winds or the sun or landscape features. I never had a compass in my life. I was never lost. In all my frontier experience, I knew but one man who had keener senses than I did. He was a Tonkawa Indian and his eyesight would carry farther than mine."

Under any and all conditions the scout had to be able to make a fire. Not every man was thus adept, but a scout was necessarily so, and even though he and the world about were soaking with water, he built his fires in ways that Goodnight explained.

"As matches were unknown, we used various methods of obtaining our fire, the most common of which was punk and steel. But in the prairie country, where there was no punk, we had to avail ourselves of other ways, the most common of which was to burn red corncobs to ashes, put them in a tin plate, and make them into a thin mush with water. Into this mush we put colored calico—while might do but colored was much preferred—and old cloth was the best. We saturated the rags thoroughly and carried a supply with us. When dry they would catch fire readily from flint and steel.

"Another method was to twist a wad of cotton into a joint of cane until it stuck out at the other end—a four-inch joint was enough—after which we set the cotton on fire. As it burned, we untwisted the wad at the other end and the cotton crawled back into the cane and went out. When we wanted to catch fire, we twisted the cotton again until the charred end stuck through, and then used the flint and steel as usual. From the smoldering cotton we lighted a kindling rag and started our fire from it.

"If we had none of these materials, we would char a soft cottonwood root, which would catch like punk, from which we would light our kindling rag, cedar bark, rotten wood or grass."

Like other outdoor men, the Rangers were sometimes soaked from head to foot, and a fire became a matter of serious concern. As a last resort the scout rubbed a dampened calico rag through powder and held it in the palm of his hand until it was saturated with half-melted explosive. Then he placed a percussion cap upon one spoke of a rowel of his Mexican spurs, wrapped the powder-laden rag below it, and "busted the cap" with the back of his Bowie knife. The rag caught the sparks and flashed into a blaze as the powder burned, and this kindling material—dry grass, cedar bark or shavings—was set from this.

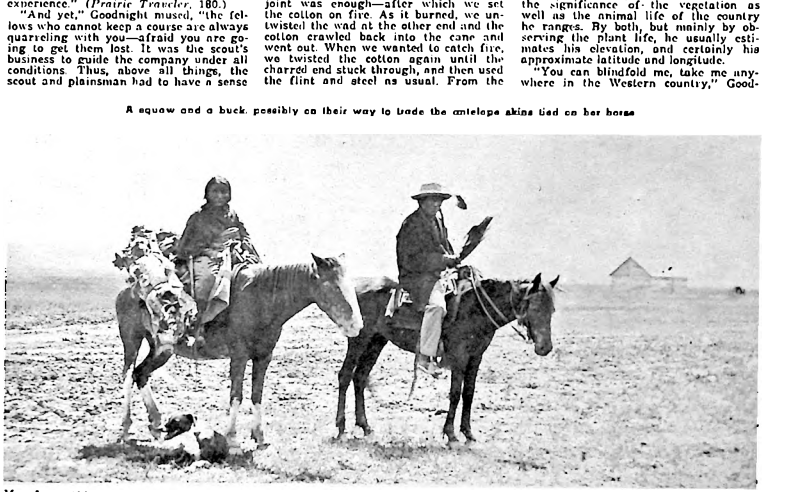
IN AN arid wilderness the problem of water was the most serious problem of all. Logs of the Western trails, stories around mountain campfires, and journals of pioneer folk, all attest the anxiety, the suffering, the failure, and the tragedy exacted by a land of little water.

"I think that I learned pretty thoroughly the requirements of scout and plainsman," observed Goodnight. "The first requirement is that by merely looking at the country, the scout should be able to judge accurately in what direction water lies and the approximate distance to it. He should be familiar with every grass and shrub that indicates water. He should be able to tell by watching the animals, if animals there be, whether they are going to or coming from water."

The scout and plainsman should know the significance of the vegetation as well as the animal life of the country he ranges. By both, but mainly by observing the plant life, he usually estimates his elevation, and certainly his approximate latitude and longitude.

"You can blindfold me, take me anywhere in the Western country," Good-

A squaw and a buck, possibly on their way to trade the antelope skins tied on her horse



Charles Goodnight at Taos in 1927, visiting with members of the Taos Pueblo Council

night once said, "then uncover my eyes so that I can look at the vegetation, and I can tell about where I am. The mesquite, for instance, has different forms for varying altitudes, latitudes, and areas of aridity. It does not grow far north of old Tascosa in the Texas Panhandle."

For example, there are many mesquites adjacent to the Canadian River in the Panhandle of Texas. On the author's ranch, two miles back from the stream to the north, there are only two lonesome little old bushes on six sections of land.

"When I was scouting on the Plains," Goodnight remembered, "I was always mighty glad to see a mesquite bush. In a dry climate—the climate natural to the mesquite—its seed seem to spring up only from the droppings of an animal. The only animal on the Plains that ate mesquite beans was the mustang. After the mesquite seed was soaked for a while in the bowels of a horse and was dropped, it germinated quickly. Now mustangs rarely grazed out from water more than three miles, that is, when they had the country to themselves. Therefore, when I saw a mesquite bush I used to know that water was within three miles. All I had to do after seeing the bush was to locate the direction of the water."

In the West, cottonwood trees always meant water, and when the scout saw a long line of cottonwoods before him, he knew that if there was water the entire length, the foliage of all the trees would be the same dark color. If water was only in holes, nearby trees would be preceptibly darker, and it was useless to hunt the length of the line when Nature's signs were clear. Sometimes the tule—a water grass—showed where water had sunk in a bed of heavy wet sand. By riding his horse up and down this bed of sand he could sometimes cause the water to rise.

"The scout had to be familiar with the birds of the region," continued the plainsman, "to know those that watered each day, like the dove, and those that lived long without watering, like the Mexican quail. On the Plains, of an evening, he could take the course of the doves as they went off into the breaks to water. But the scout of all birds to judge from was that known on the Plains as the dirt-dauber or swallow. He flew low, and if his mouth was empty he was going to water. He went straight, too. If his mouth had mud in it, he was coming straight from water. The scout had to be able to watch the animals, and from them learn where water was. Mustangs watered daily, at least in the summertime, while antelopes sometimes went for months without water at all. If mustangs were strung out and walking steadily along, they were going to water. If they were scattered, frequently stopping to take a bite of grass, they were coming from water.

"West of the Cross Timbers water became very scarce, and near the Plains extremely bad. Most of it was undrinkable, and the water we could drink had a bad effect on us. At times we suffered exceedingly from thirst, which suffering is the worst torture of all. At night we tossed in a semi-conscious slumber in which unfortunately dreamed of every spring we ever knew—and such draughts as we would take from them—which invariably awakened us, leaving us, if possible, in more distress. In my early childhood we had a fine spring near the house under some big oaks. A hollow tree had been provided for a gum, as was common in those day, and was nicely covered with green moss. Many times have dreamed of seeing that spring and drinking out of it—it would seem so very real!

"Suffering from thirst had a strange and peculiar effect. Every ounce of moisture seemed to be sapped out of the flesh, leaving men and animals haggard and thin, so that one could not recognize them if they had been deprived long. This is not generally known and may not be believed, nevertheless it is a fact.

"The writer possessed the knowledge of how to take care of themselves in such emergencies. In case of dire thirst, placing a small pebble in the mouth will help, a bullet is better, a piece of copper, if obtainable, is still better. The prickly pear is the best of all. Of course, there were no pears on the Plains, but in the prairie country there were many. (In the century since Goodnight's scouting, a thin, emaciated form of pear has invaded the Staked Plains.)

"If, after cutting off the stickers and peeling, you place a piece of the pear in your mouth, it will keep your mouth moist indefinitely. If your drinking water happens to be muddy, peel and place a thin slice of pear in it. All sediment will adhere to it and it will sink to the bottom, leaving the water clear and wholesome. Pears make an excellent poultice for wounds when peeled and pounded to a pulp—there is nothing better unless it is cold mud. Either will relieve the pain and remove the fever and poison, and it is especially good for rattlesnake bites. Singe off the stickers by fire and the pears are splendid food for cattle; the apples are good food for man, too. If you eat too many at first they make you dreadfully sick—you really think you are going to die for about six hours—but if eaten moderately they are palatable and nutritious.

"AFTER water came the problem of food. The country in which we served was mostly a barren wilderness, and outside of buffaloes had virtually no game. Any frontiersman knows that in a wilderness there are practically no rabbits, as the wolves devour most of them. Consequently, when we were outside the buffalo range there was nothing for us but the prairie dogs, and the only fault we could find with them was that they were too small and very hard to get. I believe that fully half of them, even after their heads were shot off, would fall back in their holes and kick themselves below the first bend, where they couldn't be reached. (Goodnight, *Recollections*, II, 46-47)

"Meat was our main fare. We rarely had bread, but when we did, we baked it over the coals on sticks; a forked stick was our skillet. We always tried to keep a little flour on hand to thicken soup, using it for this more than anything else. Prairie dogs were fat and made good soup, but it was not satisfying as one became hungry again in two or three hours. We would boil a prairie dog or two, the more dogs in the kettle the better, and with a little flour make quite a pot of soup. A command could be carried farther with a little flour soup and meat than with anything else. We had no means of transportation aside from the little Mexican pack mules, and on long scouts out to the Staked Plains we invariably ran out of rations." (Goodnight to J.E.H., August 2, 1928)

Promiscuous shooting by the command was not only useful and dangerous, but warned the Indians and yielded little game. Generally, the scout supplied the meat. Four men to a mess was the best arrangement, or six at the most, but this was left to the discretion of the men. As a consequence, the best frontiersmen usually threw together and left the green ones to themselves, with the result that the camp routine of these was confusion and they were rarely ready to march with the others.

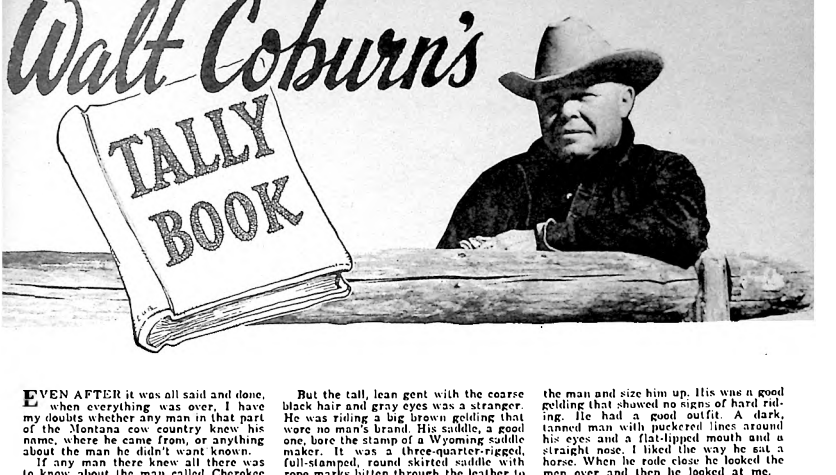
"We always had plenty of bacon in camp," Goodnight recalled, "as the settlers were well supplied with hogs. At the start of each scout, some of the boys would throw away their bacon skins, but I would go around, gather them up and put them in the pack. Some of the men used to laugh at me, but before we got back I'd be eating those skins and making good meals off of them. Invariably, those who had made fun of me at first would be the ones asking for some of them back."

Upon reaching timber they always found turkeys, and at the roosts killed all they needed. "I have never cared much for turkey since the Ranger service," said the scout, "as they were broiled them on sticks over the coals, salt, and after eating them I felt as though I had eaten a stack of fodder, and would have little appetite again for several days.

"Suffering for food is not so intense after the first forty-eight hours I noticed that tobacco-chewers seemed to feel the hunger less than those who did not use it—it appears that tobacco has a tendency to stay the appetite."

BESIDES these qualifications—sense of direction, ability to provide fire, water, game, and shelter—there were others a scout had to have. In order to be "a proper guide," as Goodnight expressed it, and a true and efficient plainsman, eith-

(Continued on page 66)



EVEN AFTER it was all said and done, when everything was over, I have my doubts whether any man in that part of the Montana cow country knew his name, where he came from, or anything about the man he didn't want known.

If any man there knew all there was to know about the man called Cherokee Bob, and that meant the good along with the bad side of him, he had sense enough to keep his mouth shut. Because, for the most part, the bad side of his ledger was on one of those reward dodgers that are printed by the hundreds and sent out to all law officers and postmasters to be tacked up in prominent places.

But the good side of the man remained hidden. Only once in a while it cropped out in something that a man said. But Cherokee never talked about it, never bragged about doing anybody a good turn.

Nor did he brag about his toughness or, as the saying goes, travel on his shape. Cherokee Bob never deliberately built himself up a tough rep, and he sure as hell never tried to live up to it.

I was a kid then. In the few months I knew Cherokee Bob, before he pulled out, I never knew he was anything but what he claimed to be. A forty-a-month cowhand, and a bronc rider who rode the rough string for the Circle C outfit.

I remember the first time I ever laid eyes on him. He rode up to the home ranch a day or two before the beef round-up started in the early fall, when most of the regular cowhands had drifted in riding their private horses and leading a bed horse. Mostly they came from the cowtowns within fifty or a hundred miles. For the most part they had worked with the outfit before, either on the Circle C payroll or as reps to work with the wagon. Between roundups they rode the grub line or worked at odd jobs or lay around town where their credit was good at the saloons and eating places, their beds spread in the livery and feed barn. As they drifted in they got a more or less friendly greeting, according to how well they got along.

But the tall, lean gent with the coarse black hair and gray eyes was a stranger. He was riding a big brown gelding that wore no man's brand. His saddle, a good one, bore the stamp of a Wyoming saddle maker. It was a three-quarter-rigged, full-stamped, round skirted saddle with rope marks bitten through the leather to show the steel core. He wore a pair of short-hair Angora chaps; a good pair of wool pants called California pants, but made in Pendleton, Oregon, and foxed with soft buckskin, Indian tanned and sewn on by some squaw; a clean blue flannel shirt and a good hat. His boots were fairly new. His bit and spurs were silver mounted. He packed a six-shooter in his chaps pocket. He led no bed horse. He was traveling light.

THERE WERE two big corrals with adjoining gates. The remuda of about three hundred head of saddle horses had been shoved into one corral. The cowpunchers stood in the middle of the corral with their ketch ropes, and my two oldest brothers, Will and Bob, and Jake Myers, the wagon boss, stood there with vest-pocket tally books and coiled ropes. Three or four cowhands were there with them, getting their strings of horses pointed out.

"Ketch that bald-faced bay, Bald Hornet. He's one of yourn."

A cowpuncher would rope the horse and lead him to the gate. I was handling the gate and I'd open it and the cowboy would lead the horse through and turn it loose, remembering it by its markings and general appearance.

That had been going on since before sunrise. Now it was mid-afternoon and most of the boys had gotten their strings cut out and some of 'em sat around on top of the corral when this stranger rode up.

Nobody spoke to him and he didn't try to make himself welcome. There was nothing unfriendly about it. They just didn't know the stranger. I'd been brought up to keep my mouth shut to look first at a man's horse and then at the man and size him up. His was a good gelding that showed no signs of hard riding. He had a good outfit. A dark, tanned man with puckered lines around his eyes and a flat-lipped mouth and a straight nose. I liked the way he sat a horse. When he rode close he looked the men over and then he looked at me.

I was a kind of runty, sweaty, dirty-faced kid in an old hat and black sateen shirt and a pair of leather galluses that help up my old Levi's, and rusty boots powdered with corral dust. I'd been swinging that big pole gate till my arms ached. I'd slammed the gate shut on a big, brown, five-year-old outlaw called Bogus Brown that had a pardner in the other corral and had broken back twice, and I'd had to dodge fast to keep from being tromped down. I was half scared and sweating because I'd been cussed out twice for "being asleep." I wasn't allowed to cuss in front of my father or older brothers. But I had it bottled up inside.

The feller must have read it inside me as he sat his horse looking over the corral, because his gray eyes sort of puckered and he grinned a little. "Hang and rattle, button," he said.

His voice wasn't loud but it carried to where they stood in the middle of the corral. I don't recollect now whether it was Will or Bob or Jake who spoke.

"We're full handed. And that goes for your free advice."

"Unless you feel lucky enough to tackle the ranch string," called Humpy Jack, the nighthawk, who sat straddle of the corral. "The bronc rider sized up his string and pulled out for Landusky."

Humpy Jack was a sort of privileged character — red-headed, hawk-beaked, with the arms and legs of a six-footer and dwarfed above his waist. The best nighthawk, bar none, in all of Montana.

"That Bogus Brown that just pawed dirt in the kid's eyes is one of the rough 'uns," said Humpy Jack.

"You a bronc rider?" Jake asked.

"I try not to let 'em throw me," said the stranger.

(Continued on page 61)

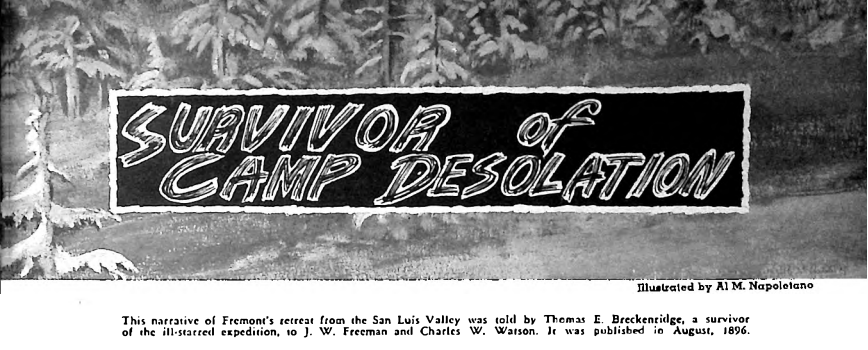
Somewhere south of the white wasteland that enveloped them there had to be food and supplies. Four of the expedition's strongest were sent out for help, and what lay before them is remembered here by one who had the will to keep walking

OUR EXPEDITION left Westport, now called Kansas City, October 19, 1848, and followed the line afterwards pursued by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, to Fort Bend on the Arkansas River. At Fort Bend we found Old Bill Williams, one of the oldest mountaineers and guides in the West, a man of forty years' experience in the mountains and among the tribes which inhabited the country between the Pacific Coast and the Mississippi River. Williams had been with Fremont's Topographical Corps on its trip from St. Louis to Sutter's Fort, California, in 1845. He was engaged by Fremont to guide our expedition, although he disagreed with Fremont in regard to the route to be followed.

The route outlined by Col. Fremont and Senator Benton led to Pueblo in the Arkansas Valley, thence to Hardscrabble, and over the Wet Mountain and the Sangre de Cristo Range, striking the Rio Grande, which was to be followed to its source.

After resting one day at Fort Bend, we resumed the journey up the Arkansas Valley, reaching Pueblo, which consisted of half a dozen adobe houses. We then pushed in a westerly direction about forty-five miles to Hardscrabble, where we stopped a week to recuperate and prepare for severe work in the mountains. The weather was unusually cold for the month of November, and the snow fell almost daily during our stay in camp.

Until we reached the summit of Wet Mountain, our party consisted of thirty-three men, but at that point, Dick Wootton, one of Colorado's pioneers who had joined us at Fort Bend, turned back. After a good long look at the valley below and the snow-capped Sangre de



Illustrated by Al M. Napolelano

This narrative of Fremont's retreat from the San Luis Valley was told by Thomas E. Breckenridge, a survivor of the ill-starred expedition, to J. W. Freeman and Charles W. Watson. It was published in August, 1896.

Cristo Mountains beyond, he exclaimed, "There is too much snow ahead for me," and immediately mounted his horse and disappeared down the mountain toward Hardscrabble. That was the last we saw of Dick Wooton. I have since thought that Wooton's head was level on the subject of mountain travel in the winter.

After crossing the Sangre de Cristo Range our stock was put on short rations, only one quart of corn a day being allowed to each animal. The men fared no better, as our flour was exhausted; but we thought we would find an abundance of wild game when we reached the valley of the Rio Grande, since called San Luis Valley, as well as plenty of grass for the stock. We were continually looking for something better, and conditions were growing worse daily.

It was hard work pushing through the heavy snowdrifts, but the men worked cheerily, although we advanced only five or six miles a day. Our clothing was seldom dry and snow fell continually.

On reaching the valley of the Rio Grande we found the snow about three feet deep. The weather had changed; it was very cold, and the northwest wind blew the snow in great clouds. But we pushed on, beating trails for the stock, in the hope of reaching the Rio Grande as soon as possible, where we thought we would find grass for the stock. Our march to the river was very slow on account of the keen, piercing wind blowing the snow in our faces, and the stock continually trying to turn around and go back to the trail. It seems to me those mules had a premonition of their fate. Animal instinct had forewarned them of the suffering in store in the gloomy mountains at the head of the Rio Grande. We could see the storm clouds approaching from the west, a great dark barrier rolling toward us.

Just before we reached the river, about three o'clock in the morning, we were aroused from our sleep by the announcement that our mules were gone. They had stampeded, and three of us were detailed to follow. It was intensely cold, but we immediately struck their trail, and at the end of four hours we overtook them. There were no prayers said in driving those mules back to camp.

We reached the river only to find it frozen over and snow fully as deep as any place in the valley. The heavy storms had driven the game away and snow covered the grass to such an extent that it was impossible for the mules to get even a mouthful to eat. The outlook was gloomy, indeed, but there was no grumbling among the men.

IN CAMP, there was a disagreement, though, between Colonel Fremont and Williams. Williams was a man who said but little, but he was a long time with Fremont that night and when we turned in (we bunked together) he said they had disagreed in regard to which route we should follow. He said the snow was deeper and the weather more severe than he had ever known it to be before. He said he advised a route out of our difficulties, to go south around the San Juan Mountains and then west along what is now the line between Colorado and New Mexico.

We pushed up the river, plunging through the snow and making slow progress. Our provisions were almost gone, and we were obliged to do what had been done in 1845 in Nevada—kill and eat the pack animals. We would camp early and climb the cottonwood trees that grew along the river, cutting off the branches to feed the mules.

We continued to advance up the river, the snow growing deeper day by day. The weather was terribly cold and many of the men were frostbitten. We could see the mountains ahead, and on account of their tremendous height and distance, we felt it would be impossible to cross the range. Colonel Fremont knew it, too, for he talked to Williams again, and Williams advised returning to the Sagauche, or south to New Mexico. Colonel Fremont thought he could make a short cut over the La Garita Mountains and accomplish the same thing, for we turned north, left the Rio Grande, and began to ascend the mountains, following a little stream which I now think is Embargo Creek.

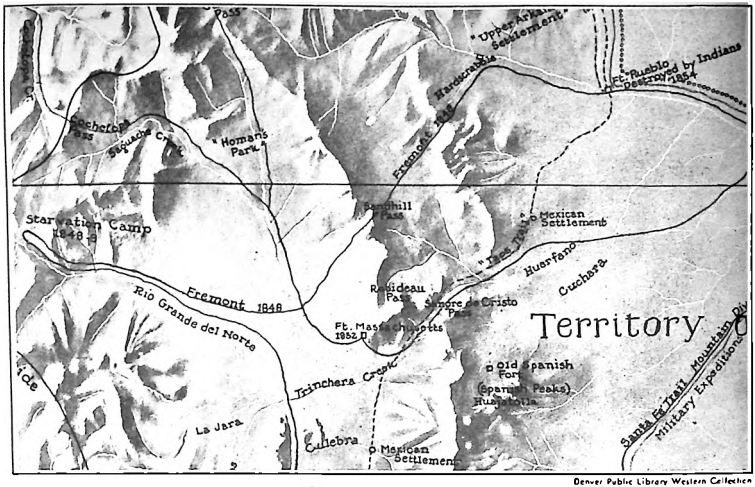
Our trail lay through deep mountain gorges and among towering crags and steep declivities, which at any time of the year would have been dangerous to traverse. Several of our animals stumbled and fell headlong over the cliffs and were dashed to pieces on the rocks. To make matters worse, it had commenced snowing again. It seemed as if the elements were against us, but the men held up well, and although all were more or less frozen, I cannot remember hearing one word of grumbling. Men would push ahead and make a trail until tired out, then others would take their places. At night, all wet to the skin, we would gather around the great campfires, cook and eat our mule meat, and then, wrapping ourselves in wet blankets, would go to sleep.

I have spent many winters in the mountains but have never experienced storms similar to these. On the 17th day of December, after many ineffectual attempts to force our way up the mountains, we found it impossible to make further headway. We remained in camp several days, hoping the storm would cease, living on the carcasses of the faithful mules that had died from the cold and hunger. The storm continued howling day and day. It was impossible to see in any direction, for the high wind filled the air with drifting snow at all times.

We could hear the roar of the snowslides as they rushed from the steep sides of the mountain peaks to the valleys below, carrying everything before them. Sometimes they were far away, at other times so close that the sound was like the crash of artillery. It is impossible for one who has never been placed in a similar position to imagine the state of terror we were in during our stay in that camp. Rightly it has been named "Camp Desolation."

We lived like bugs in the snow, with campfires in the center. There were several such fires, and each camp was separate. As provisions for thirty-two men we had probably fifty pounds of sugar, about as much coffee, and a small quantity of macaroni and candles. I mention the candles as provisions for they were afterwards found to be a luxury, indeed. Our staff of life consisted of frozen mule meat.

It was soon evident that to remain in camp meant starvation and death to us, and how to get relief became our main topic of conversation. The snow was growing deeper day by day, and our prospects were ever growing less, as



Fremont's route through the San Luis Valley—1848

Denver Public Library Western Collection

our poor pack animals were dying fast. They had eaten each other's manes and tails until there was not a hair left. At night their sounds of hunger added much to the horror of our situation.

FINALLY Christmas Eve came. We had been in camp eighteen days when Colonel Fremont sent for me to come to his tent. He had been studying the situation and our chances for escape. He admitted that the situation was very serious, but he was not despondent. He had a plan which he thought would give us relief if carried out.

"Breckenridge," he said, "we have been in many tight places together, and I know you are one of the hardest, toughest men I have, and you are able to endure more than the average man. What I shall ask of you will try both your nerve and endurance to the utmost. Relief we must have, and as soon as possible, and a small party can get along faster than a large one; therefore, I have concluded to send you, Kreutzfeldt, and Bill Williams, under King, down the river for relief. King, Kreutzfeldt and Williams have volunteered—now will you go?"

I said, "I will go if anyone can make the trip, I can."

He then said he thought Taos was probably the nearest point where we could get aid, and the distance was, as near as we could estimate, about 180 miles.

In the morning we were ready to start. On account of the depth of the snow, we planned to carry as little weight as possible. We took one blanket apiece, a few pounds of sugar, a little macaroni, and a few candles. We had three Hawkins rifles, and one pound of powder. We also had one shotgun. With this equipment our little band of four was to start on a desperate trip, on foot, in the dead of winter, through the roughest country of America.

I will never forget that Christmas breakfast. We had no luxuries but plenty of variety, especially in meats. The bill of fare was not prepared for the occasion, being in use every day.

BILL OF FARE
CAMP DESOLATION
December 25, 1848

MENU
Mule

SOUP
Mule Tail

FISH
Baked White Mule
Boiled Gray Mule

MEATS
Fried Mule

Mule Steak	Mule Chops

Stewed Mule

Broiled Mule	Boiled Mule
Scrambled Mule	Shirred Mule
French-Fried Mule	Minced Mule

DAMNED Mule
Mule on Toast (without the toast)
Short Ribs of Mule with Apple Sauce (without the Apple Sauce)

RELISHES
Black Mule, Brown Mule, Yellow Mule, Bay Mule, Roan Mule, Tallow Candles

BEVERAGES
Snow, Snow-Water, Water

It really made no difference how our meats were cooked, it was the same old mule.

BEFORE our departure I handed Col. Fremont a sack, which every man was supposed to carry in those days, called a "possibles sack." I told the Colonel that in the sack was all the money I had, $1,200.00 in Spanish doubloons, and I wished him to take charge of it, bring it out with him when he came, and if anything should happen to me to send the money to my father in St. Louis.

Col. Fromont promised, saying, "If anything happens, and it is lost, I will see that the money is made good to you."

The sack with the coins was left behind when Col. Fremont broke camp. Human life at that time was of more value than Spanish coin. I have never had the loss made good to me by the Government as promised. The following spring several men who did not wish to go on to California were sent into the mountains to the old camp to recover such property as had been left there. Bill Williams was in the party. They secured their valuables, but on their return trip were attacked by a band of Indians and the entire party was massacred.

The first day out we advanced about five miles and at night camped under a large tree, making a fire of such dry limbs as we were able to break from the trunk. We slept but little on account of the intense cold. In the morning, after eating scant rations, we rolled our blankets around the little store of provisions

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As a result of his expeditions, Colonel John Charles Fremont (above) was also known as "The Pathfinder." The picture of his wife, Jessie Benton Fremont (center), is from a miniature on ivory by Dodge. Fremont's father-in-law, Senator Benton, is at the bottom of the page.

and were ready for another day's journey. By accident the sugar was tipped over in the snow and lost—to our great misfortune.

The second day's travel was about the same as the first. We camped at night under a piñon tree, where we suffered greatly from the weather. The next morning the storm showed signs of abating. When ready to start, I found that my feet were numb, but we had not gone far before they began to warm up. Then I knew from the peculiar, painful, pricking sensation that they were frostbitten.

We reached the river about four o'clock in the afternoon of the third day as hungry as wolves. Two tallow candles, the last of our supplies, had served as breakfast hours before. This situation was growing desperate. We had traveled but a short part of our journey in three days, and there was not an ounce of food in sight. Before night I had the good fortune to kill a small hawk, which was cooked and divided among the four of us. The meal was rather limited and a trifle tough, but in our condition we could not afford to be particular.

We found some driftwood and kindled a good fire, but that was the only comfort. Starvation and death had begun to stare at us. In the morning we awoke early, stirred the fire, took a drink of water for breakfast, and set out. The progress was slow on account of frostbitten feet. At noon, in the absence of dinner, we buckled up our belts a couple of holes. In the afternoon the carcass of an otter was noticed on the ice. It did not take long to start a fire and cook a delicious morsel, though it was, by long odds, the gamiest I ever attempted to swallow.

As we struggled down the river, our feet became so sore and inflamed from freezing that we were obliged to sacrifice a portion of our blankets to wrap around them. We did not throw our boots away, but carried them along, suspecting that they might come into use for roasts when we got so hungry that we could endure it no longer. That night one of them was browned very nicely over the fire.

For days we had nothing to eat but parched leather. My memory is clouded concerning a portion of the time, so near was I to death, but to the best of my recollection, we lived eight days on our boots, belts and knife scabbards. It is an utter impossibility to describe the agony of those days.

ON THE AFTERNOON of the last day before leaving the river, we had noticed Williams looking out toward the east with his hand over his eyes. We asked no explanation, knowing that if he had any information to impart we would receive it in due time.

That night while we were sitting despondently around the campfire, Bill said, "Boys, you saw me looking down the river this afternoon. Well, the river, just below where we are, makes a great ox-bow bend. The distance across the neck between the rivers is about fifteen miles. The distance around the river is

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much greater. My advice is to cross this neck, and not try to go round, and I have good reasons for asking you to take this course. This afternoon I saw smoke down the river bend. At first I was not sure, it was so thin and hazy, but later I became sure it was smoke and, boys, it don't come from the campfire of a white man—it is the smoke of an Indian camp, and if these are Indians on the bend, they are Utes."

We were glad to hear him say that they were Utes; we knew that Bill had lived among this tribe and could speak their language, and I had heard that he had a squaw among them. We could engage them to go back with us to the camp in the mountains and rescue our comrades.

Bill sat with his head between his hands for a long time as if in deep thought. Then he looked up and said, "I have an explanation to make. When I was a young man I was adopted by the Utes and lived among them. I was sent to Taos for supplies for my friends and was betrayed on a drunken spree. It was during this that I blindly led the soldiers against my comrades. It was the meanest act of my life. For my treachery, every Ute Indian seeks my scalp."

In view of that fact, we crossed the loop, but those fifteen miles seemed to stretch out to eternity. In that distance were crowded in all the agonies of hell. The weather had cleared up, causing us to suffer from snow-blindness. Only those who have been similarly affected can appreciate what misery this means. There was no timber or wood of any description to make a fire. At night we would pack the snow down and make a hole. In this we would spread a blanket; then sitting in a circle, with our feet together, we would draw the remaining part of the blanket over our heads to shelter us from the piercing wind. Every day our blankets grew smaller. Those parts around our feet would wear out, and we were obliged to tear off new strips to replace them. God only knows how we suffered down in those holes in the snow. Sleep was out of the question, except for a few minutes at a time.

Through the day we went staggering on, limping and toiling and growing weaker every day. We talked but little, and suffered in silence. I do not recollect that there was ever a word of regret for having started on this mission "to do or die." Our stock of boots was now gone. We began to chew the leather of our knife scabbards and, when these were gone, we began on our belts.

We still carried our guns and during those terrible days, while crossing the fifteen miles of snow, our one thought was to get to the river where we pictured game in plenty. When we were within a quarter of a mile of the river, King stopped and said, "I can go no further. I am sorry, but I am tired out, and will sit here until I am rested. When I am a little rested, I will follow."

We urged the poor fellow to make one more effort, offering to assist him, and telling him that when we reached the river the worst part of the journey would be over, and we should find plenty of game. Knowing that he was starving, we tried to stimulate him with the hope of a good meal. It was of no use. He was even then too far gone. Poor King. He was about to cross that other river from where no traveler returns. Sadly we left him lying in the trail, "to rest," as he said, but "at rest" would more properly convey the idea of our feeling.

(Continued on page 47)

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Diamondfield Jack

HE HIRED OUT...TO

Wouldn't it tax to the limit your belief in justice to depend on a horseman's pounding up with a reprieve time after time? Especially if you'd been convicted of the single crime you hadn't committed?

HE WAS YOUNG but, in 1895, already a man of many names when he rode into Idaho's Snake River Valley, a cowboy in search of a job. Then, only Fate knew that he was to become one of the most notorious gunmen in the sheep-cattle wars under the name of Dinmondfield Jack.

The big cattle owners had been the lords of the western range, and when sheepmen pushed for an equal share, real trouble began to brew. The growing struggle between the two factions was made to order for Jack Davis. He headed for the ranch of an old cattleman, Henry Shodde, and asked for a job. Diamondfield gave an account of this encounter to Judge C. O. Stockslager whose secretary took it down word for word.

Shodde grunted, "What do you know about cattle?"

Davis, who was twenty-five years old at this time, swung down from his pony with the grace of a long-time cowboy. He looked older than his age with dark, bushy eyebrows and full black mustache. He was short, a bit under five feet six, but stocky and strong. Many thought him repulsive at first sight, and apparently he did not make much of a hit with Shodde, who sized him up and asked him if he had his own gear. Jack's answer was yes and, as the rancher was short-handed, he was told to climb down and go to work.

Jack thanked his new employer and headed for the bunkhouse, near a haystack. As he started to uncinch his horse, Shodde called suddenly, "What's your name?"

"Jack Davis."

"You git off my place, you s. o. b.!"

Surprised, the cowboy answered, "By the name you call me you must know my folks." Then he pulled his gun and said he wouldn't take such talk from anyone and added, "For a cent, I'd shoot you!"

Shodde ran to his house and came out with a Henry rifle. He started shooting at Jack's feet. The first bullet blew up the dust near his boots and the young man knew he meant business, especially when other shots whistled past his head.

Jack reached the haystack where his horses were standing, threw the saddle on his mount and, grabbing the lead rope of the pack animal, galloped off.

ONE of the most powerful outfits in the West was the Shoesole, brand of the Sparks-Horrell. Its great holdings extended through Idaho, Nevada Territory and Utah. It was after drifting around in Idaho from job to job that Diamondfield went to work for Shoesole, with the apparent understanding that he was not only to attend to his regular ranch work but was also to start trouble with any sheepherders he encountered, and try to scare them out of the country.

Finding this job congenial, he stuck to it and soon earned the nickname of Diamondfield Jack because of his tall tales—especially the one about the mysterious diamond beds he had found in the Owyhees and which he vowed to seek again as soon as he made a grubstake. Later the men who laughed at him discovered that he was ready and willing to back up his "big talk" with a gun.

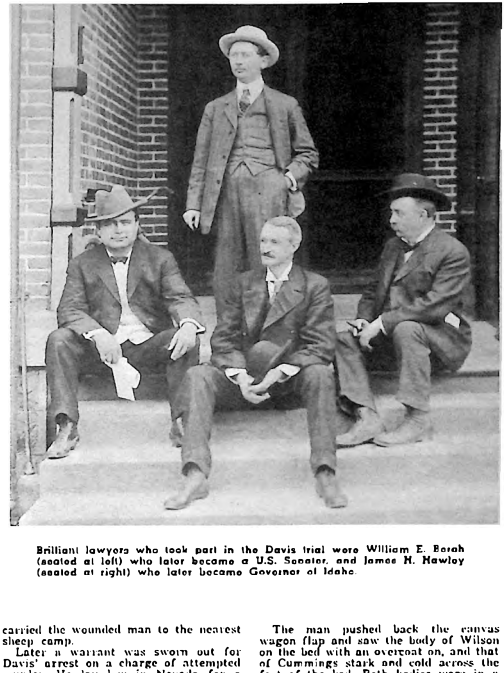
On the other side of the coin, he was companionable, kindhearted to a fault with his friends, and generous to children, who found him unusually attractive in spite of his glowering face and squatty figure. He was also a great success with the ladies on the "wrong side of the track." Indeed, his ability to make

Sheep being run in for lambing

Kill!

By DABNEY TAYLOR

Photos Courtesy Author



Brilliant lawyers who took part in the Davis trial were William E. Borah (seated at left) who later became a U.S. Senator, and James H. Hawley (seated at right) who later became Governor of Idaho.

and keep friends had much to do with his success in escaping the hangman's noose later on in his career.

The Shoesole ran big cattle herds in the Rock Creek section near the present farming community of Twin Falls, Idaho. First, the sheepmen infiltrated into this part of the rich grazing lands of the Shoshone Basin. In the fall they herded their rapidly expanding herds into the Utah country near Salt Lake where, the owners insisted, they paid their taxes. The cattle interests took a dim view of this assertion, contending the sheepmen paid taxes neither in Utah nor Idaho.

The stockmen were forced to face up however, to the impossibility of shutting out wool growers from the public domain; so the interests met and arranged a compromise which allotted certain sections of the grazing to each. The line was drawn between Deep Creek and Goose Creek in the Shoshone Basin and it was a "deadline" in every sense of the word. It was in this area that Diamondfield and his partner, Jack Gleason, shot up the Dunn brothers' camp after the latter had strayed onto the cattle side.

A FEW DAYS after this positive warning to the Dunn outfit, Diamondfield rode back to the sheep camp to check. He found Oliver Dunn alone by the wagon trying to take care of an injured finger which was badly infected. Diamondfield gave him good advice about barbed wire cuts, dressed the injury, and then rode to town to bring back bandages and medicine. Along with first aid, he gave Oliver a stern warning to stay on his own side of the line.

William Tollman, an Oakley, Idaho, sheepman, decided it was time to throw a scare into the cowboy. One day when he had found out that Diamondfield was apt to be alone, Tollman galloped into the Shoesole camp, and got the drop on him. But Jack Davis was as quick with the talk as he was with a .45. Listening to the unexpected exhortation, Tollman was off guard for just the instant Diamondfield needed to pull his gun and shoot the sheepman out of the saddle.

Tollman's wound was superficial, but he begged for his life on the grounds that his wife and family would starve without him. Diamondfield softened, and carried the wounded man to the nearest sheep camp.

Later a warrant was sworn out for Davis' arrest on a charge of attempted murder. He lay low in Nevada for a month or so, but returned to the Shoshone Basin and on February 2, 1896, again exchanged shots with a sheep camp.

These acts did nothing to further the cause of peace. Two brash young sheep owners, Cummings and Wilson, deliberately drove their outfit over the line and made camp near Deep Creek. The last time they were seen alive was on February 4, 1896, when some people rode by and saw them making breakfast.

Two weeks later on February 16, Daniel C. Cummings and John C. Wilson were found dead in their Deep Creek camp in Cassia County, about eighty miles from Albion, the county seat. Their bodies were discovered by a herder who was working in the section and had noticed some stray sheep around his camp. When he rode out to investigate, he found the Wilson-Cummings camp deserted, except for two starving dogs tied to a wagon wheel. The animals were so weak they could not bark but made pitiful little sounds like a moaning child.

The man pushed back the canvas wagon flap and saw the body of Wilson on the bed with an overcoat on, and that of Cummings stark and cold across the foot of the bed. Both bodies were in a state of decomposition.

The man climbed out of the wagon and almost fell on an ice-covered pool of blood about ten inches in diameter. Then he looked around and spotted an empty oil can. Its rattle proved to be a spent .44 caliber bullet. Under the front wheel of the wagon was a new corncob pipe. On closer inspection the herder noticed a bloody handmark on the canvas wagon flap, as though it had been clutched by someone when he tried to climb in. Everything seemed to indicate that the victims had crawled inside to die, or had been carried in.

THE MURDERED MEN were young. Wilson twenty-six and Cummings twenty-one. The coroner said that Wilson could have lived twenty-four hours, and probably had remained conscious all the while, and that he could have climbed in and out of the wagon. It was reported that one of the men tried to scribble a message on a rough scrap of paper, but no one could read it.

As soon as the deaths were reported, H. L. Perkins, sheriff of Cassia County,

issued a warrant for the arrest of Jack Davis and Jack Gleason. Both had been seen in the area about the time of the murders, and both had now vamoosed. Even though it was well-known that Diamondfield carried a .45, as did Jack Gleason, and that the bullets found in the camp and in the bodies of the men were .44s, the reputation and past actions of both, especially Jack, made them prime suspects. Their having left the country did nothing to improve their situation.

In Albion there was a good deal of heat engendered as the contending parties found their prototypes in Diamondfield for the stockmen, and the two murdered men for the sheep interests. Large rewards were offered, as much as $4,600 from the latter, and there seemed an endless supply of cash to hire the best detectives in the country to track down the two men.

A young Boise attorney, William Edgar Borah, later to become a distinguished U. S. Senator, was engaged to bring in sufficient witnesses to prove that the murders had been the handiwork of the cattlemen.

On the opposing side was John Sparks, one of the owners of the Shoesole, a rich operator who became the Governor of Nevada in 1902, and who engaged James H. Hawley, who would later become Governor of Idaho and for one term U. S. Senator. Hawley was a Democrat and Borah a Republican and in the power struggle to follow, politics would play a part.

It was a besetting sin of Diamondfield's to talk far too much and even to write letters. At Deeth, Nevada, he pointed to a "Man Wanted" poster and said he was the man who had been making a big salary shooting up sheep camps in Idaho. He said he got $40 a month for his work. Leaving such a well marked trail finally resulted in the suspect's arrest while in a Yuma, Arizona, jail. He was finished-up a fourteen-months' sentence there for shooting a dog, and then, when a policeman tried to arrest him, for shooting the policeman and his horse.

On the way back to Idaho with the sheriff, he was informed by the latter that "Alice," a woman who ran a house of ill repute in Wells, Nevada, had told him that Diamondfield had stayed for a while at her house and would often send out his friends to see if the coast were clear or if any suspicious people were hanging around looking for him. Alice said he had boasted of "smoking out sheepherders in Idaho."

Later on, Jack asked the sheriff whom he was supposed to have killed and when he was told "two sheepherders in Shoshone Basin," he responded that he had heard something about such a killing around February 9. This was a strange remark on his part because the bodies were not found until the 16th.

Afraid that local feeling on the part of friends of the murdered men might cause a lynching party, the sheriff sneaked his prisoner into the Cassia County courthouse and hid him in a vault in the treasurer's office. Jack had to lie flat on his face all night and when they brought him out in the morning, he was about dead from lack of air.

THE SHEEP INTERESTS were jubilant over the capture of the two suspects. Gleason had been discovered in Montana and extradited. A team of the best lawyers among the state and county prosecutors was assisted by John C. Rogers, O. W. Powers of Salt Lake City, and Borah.

For the defense was an equally impressive array with James H. Hawley, William "Billie" Puckett and K. I. Perky. The presiding judge at this first trial was Charles O. Stockslager, who was to become a leading sheepman, and in time a Supreme Court judge in Idaho. The jury was composed of farmers.

The trial was scheduled for April 5, 1897 and lasted fifteen days. Albion had never packed in so many people before and, while the affair was bitterly partisan with the townsfolk largely against the prisoners, there were no fights or shootings. Court recesses which sent the crowds to "belly up" to the nearest bar (there were twelve saloons in the small hamlet) resulted in only one real fight and that was when a foreman for the Shoesole outfit struck a too articulate sheepman.

The guilt or innocence of the two accused men seemed to hinge on the speed of their horses and the caliber of the shells found at the murder scene. Naturally, the evidence was circumstantial. Character witnesses were called by the county and state and a number of them related threats which had been made against them by Davis and other Sparks-Harrell employees.

A recent photograph of "Diamond Tooth Lil"

Depositions were given that both Davis and Gleason had been seen riding the Deep Creek range armed with Winchester rifles, revolvers and dynamite, rather unusual equipment for working cowboys. The sheriff who had returned Diamondfield to Idaho from Nevada testified that Diamondfield had said he had heard of the murders on February 9; the fact that the bodies had not been reported found until February 16 had an impact on the jury.

Diamondfield was supposed to have been at the Brown ranch on February 4, the date set by the coroner as the time of murder. He rode out at dawn. The defense maintained that no horse was fast enough to make the trip from the Brown ranch to the sheep camp and back to Boar's Nest ranch on the Nevada side by one o'clock in the afternoon, when Davis and Gleason were next seen. The measured distance was fifty-five miles.

Borah, on the other hand, brought forth witnesses who claimed such a trip was a "cinch" and that Diamondfield's Beady was one of the fastest horses in the country. The possible speed of the animals was judged from three to twelve miles an hour.

The testimony developed on the presence of the .44 caliber cartridge found at the murder site. Foreman Smith of

the Boar's Nest ranch said these were the type borrowed from him by Diamondfield and Gleason when they ran out of ammunition after target shooting with their .45s.

Another Smith, Frank by name and considered a real tough guy, told the jury that Diamondfield Jack Davis' real name was William Brummet, Jr. and that in New Mexico he was known as Charles Hill, and in Arizona he had two names, Frank Woodson and Jim Goodard. It was under the former he was serving his jail sentence when he was brought back to Idaho.

Davis became so fascinated with the dazzling display of legal talent around him that he said he intended to take up law on his release. This ambition was put into abeyance as Judge Stockslager sentenced him to hang after the jury brought in a "guilty" verdict on April 15, 1897. Gleason was declared not guilty and released—a puzzler for they had both been indicted under the same charges.

NOW PASSED the most amazing four years in the legal history of the West as brilliant criminal lawyer James H. Hawley started a series of intricate maneuvers to prove his client was innocent and a victim of the powerful sheep interests who were determined to hang him. Twice a portable gallows was erected in Albion and at one time John Chatburn, one of the county commissioners, took Diamondfield out of his cell to view the structure.

"It this strong enough to hold you?" he asked.

"Yes, I think it will jerk the life out of me," Jack answered coolly.

However, this interlude was preceded by Hawley's appeal to the Idaho Supreme Court. In June 1898 the court upheld the district court verdict, and Davis was re-sentenced to hang in October.

According to files of the Historical Society of Idaho which contain a letter written by Hawley to his employer, John Sparks, Sparks was asked, "Isn't it time that the persons who killed the sheepmen make an announcement of the fact. It strikes me that they should speak and take their chances."

Sparks apparently made no reply of record and those who could talk kept "mum" for their interests were too closely entangled in the battle between the two factions.

One of the "aces in the hole" for the defense was the man who had last seen Wilson and Cummings alive. His name was Davis Hunter. He had remarked that after passing the sheepherders' camp, he met two men on horseback who were riding in that direction. During the trial these two men came forward and identified themselves as J. E. Bower, general manager of the Sparks-Harrell outfit, and Jeff Gray, a cowboy. Hawley had felt all along that these two men were seriously implicated in the murders and this was one of the reasons he wrote the letter to Snarks. Hawley went so far as to write Bower in September, 1898 and request him to come forward and vindicate Diamondfield Jack Davis.

Bower acted on this strong urging and in October appeared before the Idaho Board of Pardons, over which Governor Frank Steunenberg, himself a sheepman, presided with the secretary of state and the attorney general. Bower said that he and Gray had ridden into the camp and seated themselves on a double-tree attached to the camp wagon, and started talking.

"Hello, are you getting dinner?" Bower asked.

The man said he was, then Bower remarked that he and Gray climbed into the wagon and saw another man standing near a small stove where a fire was burning and where dinner was cooking. Gray sat down at the end of the wagon. Incidentally "dinner" was at noon in those parts and most of the living was done in the camp wagons, which were the trailers of today.

The Bower confession continued: "I had on my heavy overcoat and buttoned it up when I sat down. I did not know either of the men, and not recognizing them, concluded that they were parties who had come down from the north side of the Snake and were not residents of the country.

"After sitting down, I said in my ordinary tone of voice, 'Do you think it right for you to come here with your sheep?'

"'We have as much right here as anyone,' replied the man in the front of the wagon.

"'I don't think you have. You don't pay taxes in the county.'

"'We do pay taxes here.'

"'I think you are mistaken about that.'

"Up to now the conversation had been contended on both sides. I was not angry and did not suppose the other party to be. As I made the last remark the man in front said, 'You are a lying s. o. b.'

"I jumped to my feet and as I did so, I saw Jeff Gray getting out of the wagon. I started to step back, but the man who had been doing the talking grabbed me by the collar and shoulder and threw me back over the endgate. He may have struck me, but I don't know positively.

"This gate struck me across the small of the back, my head and shoulders being over the endgate and outside, my legs inside. He kept on weaving me out. He was the stoutest and could easily manage me in the position we were in.

"I was considerably dazed by the onslaught made upon me and was satisfied I was about to suffer great bodily injury. I recollected having a pistol inside my overcoat and as the two buttons had been torn off, I reached for my pistol and got hold of it. The man on the ground grasped at it also. I heard a shot which seemed to have been fired close to my head. I saw a wound, or at least blood on his chin. He relaxed his hold on the pistol as soon as the shot was fired. I turned my head and saw Jeff standing on the ground near the head of the wagon and a little to the right. He was in the act of raising, and I suppose, cocking his pistol.

"I said to him, 'Hold on,' and he did not shoot again.

"The man who was on me was bleeding heavily and apparently becoming helpless. I raised both him and myself and as I did so he said, 'I'm badly hurt.'

"I said, 'I don't think so.' Then I helped him over to his bed.

"The other man was standing at the head of the bed; he said nothing at this time. I got out of the wagon as quickly as possible. I saw Jeff standing a few feet away and putting cartridges in his pistol. We at once got on our horses and started away from the wagon.

"I said, 'We'd better go and tell the other parties about this trouble.'

"No, they haven't heard or seen us and we may get in trouble. The other fellows will be after us in less than a half hour." (The transcript did not say what "fellows" but it could have been Diamondfield or Gleason.)

AT THE TIME this remarkable confession was received, Bower's brother-in-law presented an affidavit in which he said that Gray had told him, "I killed those fellows." R. T. Robinson was the witness.

Apparently this unexpected confession and testimony submitted had little effect on the pardon board. Even after Jeff Gray came before them and confirmed Bower's testimony, and after several members had come forward and told that Jeff Gray had admitted both his own and Bower's implication in the shooting, no decision was made.

After a prolonged review, the pardon board recalled Diamondfield. He promptly made a bad impression as he "laid out" the way the courts had treated him and spoke bitterly on the adverse influence of the Mormon Church on his case. When questioned about leaving the state he said, "I believed the Mormons would lynch me, and I got up and pulled out. . . . The Mormon Church is against me, and wns after me all the way through."

His pardon was denied and he was sentenced to be returned to Albion, for execution one week later.

The action of the pardon board appalled Huwley, who, according to his son, James H. Hawley, Jr., became more determined than ever to save his client's life. Immediately after the board's action he filed an appeal with the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, and this court issued a restraining order on January 31, the day before the hanging was scheduled in Albion. Meanwhile, sweating it out in the Albion jail, was Diamondfield, the pawn of all of these mysterious moves and countermoves.

Hawley telegraphed the restraining order to Minidoka, which was twenty-five miles from Albion but nevertheless the nearest telegraph station. From there one of his partners, William "Billie" Puckett rode as fast as possible to Albion and arrived in time to prevent the hanging.

JEFF GRAY was finally tried for the shooting of Cummings and Wilson, but the jury freed him. The jurors justified their verdict on the grounds that Gray killed in self-defense.

Jack Davis continued to languish in jail for two years, during which time his case had reached the U. S. Supreme Court and had fared no better there. To make this legal fencing match even more fascinating—for all but the prisoner—in 1899, a bill had passed in the Idaho State Legislature taking away the rights of the counties to hang criminals, or to inflict any form of capital punishment, and stipulating that the carrying out of either sentence would occur only at the Idaho State Penitentiary at Boise.

This, of course, offered new hope to Davis' legal staff who immediately contended that Davis could not be hanged at Albion, but also could not be executed at any place except that designnated in his original sentence—that is, Albion

(Continued on page 64)

Illustrations Courtesy Author

The PASSAGE of Starchild

By FRASER TAYLOR

Even though his allotted span was to be very brief, the hate that had made this Indian a warrior and a man at twelve was not enough to last him the whole of his life

Author's note: In the preparation of this story, the writer has made extensive use of the late J. P. Turner's *The North-West Mounted Police*. This excellent work, in two volumes, is the result of Mr. Turner's labors as historian of the Force from 1939 to 1948 and is, in the writer's opinion, the most accurate publication available on the subject.

THE BLACKFOOT NATION occupying portions of Montana and Alberta, Canada, reached the peak of its power about 1860. The fur trade companies had ventured only to the fringe of this domain and there the men sat in their forts, sadly contemplating the truculent Blackfoot. Under pressure from many tribes and the trappers, this nation consisting of the Piegans, Bloods, Blackfoot proper, the adopted Sarcees, and until 1866 the allied Gros Ventres, ferociously lashed out at anyone encroaching on their hunting grounds.

In that year a birth of future significance occurred amongst the Bloods. A band was camped one night in a river valley on the prairie. In the distance to the west the Rockies could be faintly seen in the moonlight. The lodges were silent except for one which was set off some distance from the rest. A woman was about to give birth in this isolated lodge and, in accordance with ancient custom, she was attended by an aged midwife and possibly an assistant.

In the morning the camp heard the news. A baby warrior had been born and the proud mother, somewhat pale and wan, was standing and ready to take up her work. She presented the child, now wrapped up in a soft skin, to the happy father. A few days later the father called upon the most noted brave in camp and asked him to name the boy.

An Indian child was likely to receive several names in his lifetime but the one given at birth exercised considerable supernatural power. One suspects that the significance of the chosen name, "Starchild," lies, possibly, in a meteor flight at the time of birth as seen by the mother or the renowned brave.

THE BOY grew up in the ways of the Blackfoot. Youngsters were toughened from birth, though they were also nursed as late as five years of age. At this age they were able to ride alone, and when they reached six or seven they had become expert horsemen. A boy's education was supervised by the father. Rough sports were played but children's manners to their elders were always impeccable.

During the great Sun Dances all the Blood bands gathered in one place. The great warriors strutting in all their finery were something to behold. The young boys watched pop-eyed as the cream of the nation's manhood recounted in song or dance coups taken on the foe. A boy's own father was likely to be a man of some repute, a great fighter or hunter. Each lad silently vowed to follow in his footsteps.

At the age of ten, boys were entrusted with guarding the horse herd which, in those horse-raiding days, was no small thing. They were also allowed to break and train the animals. As they entered their teens they began hunting buffalo. Starchild matured early. He was a grim, intent lad of slight stature. Easily affronted, he wrapped himself up in dreams of becoming a great warrior.

Smallpox decimated the Blackfoot and other tribes in 1869. Suspecting that the white man was somehow to blame for the disease, they struck back with guerrilla-type raids on outlying ranches. In January, 1870, Major Eugene Baker, under orders to hit that portion of the marauding Piegans that were under Mountain Chief, marched north from Fort Shaw, Montana. On January 23 he attacked an innocent band under Chief Heavy Runner on the Marias River.

This massacre (one white man killed, 173 Indians killed including women and children) had many repercussions. The Government changed its attitude toward the Piegans, and the Blackfoot nation stopped its raids on the white man for good, except for whiskey traders, outlaws and other undesirables.

The day of the warrior was passing quickly, but death in other forms still surrounded the Indian. It could come during a hunt, or while breaking a horse, or by starvation, or by disease. Starchild likely went with his tribe to the whiskey post called Whoop-Up, in south Alberta, and saw still another, ignominious type of death. And Starchild, all the while, never forgot that a brave must have a coup to sustain him for the time when he passed on to wander the bleak sand hills of the hereafter.

HOWELL HARRIS, a cattleman, built Conrad's Outpost at the mouth of the Little Bow River, Alberta, in 1871. The Piegans immediately attacked it. Harris built another, called Conrad's Post this time, near the present town of High River, Alberta. In 1873, the

Jerry Potts
Royal Canadian Mounted Police

Fort Walsh—1878

Royal Canadian Mounted Police

Bloods attacked, burned it, and killed three men.

In March of the previous year, Starchild had taken his father's gun and for some reason had attempted to shoot Harris. He had been restrained by his elders and led away. Harris laughed off the incident but the half-breed, Jerry Potts, later to be scout for the North-West Mounted Police, saw trouble in this boy's face. Potts had raised his gun and was about to kill him when Harris interceded.

Starchild took the warrior's trail. Blood braves swept east and south to fight the Cree, Assiniboine, Gros Ventre. Sometimes they went over the mountains and raided the Kutenais and the Snakes. They stole many horses and the coup stick rapped many enemy hides.

On July 11, 1873, at Abe Farwell's whiskey post in the Cypress Hills, an incident took place which some have described as a massacre of innocent Assiniboines by wolfers, and others as a battle between Indian horse thieves and the owners of those horses. At any rate it was a killing of Indians on Canadian soil by a force of men from the States.

Canuck ire was aroused and in the late summer of 1874 the newly formed North-West Mounted Police arrived to run out the whiskey traders and establish order. Jerry Potts became their guide and, as he was half Piegan, he had the run of the Blackfoot camps. He probably saw Starchild frequently and the two likely surveyed each other with sinister interest.

Liquor was harder to come by for the Indians as it had to be smuggled in. Drunken fights became fewer—murders, also—but another problem took their place.

Buffaloes were fast disappearing from the Canadian plains and were much reduced in number below the border. The Canadian tribes frequently traveled south to hunt near the Sweet Grass Hills. Much horse-stealing went on during these expeditions.

In the summer of 1878 prairie fires swept the good buffalo country west of the Cypress Hills. The remaining herds were driven south and the Blackfoot trailed along behind trying to kill enough of the creatures for an adequate winter supply. They failed, and that winter they had to live on a starvation diet.

Summer come and the buffaloes did not return to Canada. Famine started among the Blackfoot and they began to die. In their desperation they were reduced to eating their horses and dogs, then wolves and old bones, then finally gophers, mice, and grass. Inspector Denny, after an eye-opening inspection trip, bought steers for them. As each animal was shot, the starving Indians leaped on the sometimes still breathing animal, hacking it up and eating it raw.

That fall, over 3,000 destitute Bloods and Piegans camped around Fort Macleod pleading for food to feed their starving children. The few steers had not lasted long. A miserly consignment of provisions was passed out and the new Indian Commissioner, Edgar B. Dewdney, advised the braves to head south and look for buffaloes. This advice dismayed Indians who were too weak to travel, let alone hunt. Very few horses were left to hunt with, and there were enemies to the south.

A small band of Bloods, including Starchild, moved into the neighborhood of Fort Walsh and hung around the vegetable garden. Every day the police stopped at the spot for some greenery and every day the Bloods were there hogging for handouts. Among the police was a newly arrived young constable named Graburn. This was his first experience with the fierce Plains Indian and he was unimpressed and disgusted with what he saw. Particularly he disliked the small, thin-faced youth who was Starchild.

Graburn lost his temper one day in front of the Bloods. He shouted at the supplicating Starchild and called him a "miserable dog." The Bloods were instantly silent and Starchild stiffened in rage. Humiliation, piled on starvation, must have turned the boy's heart to cold stone. The Bloods turned and left. Starchild followed, his eyes glittering but unreadable. Later, when the Bloods decamped, he remained in the area.

By that year (1879) the North-West Mounted Police had achieved a notable record. Not a man had lost his life in human struggle. In their five years on the Plains they had managed to exercise some control over the turbulent Indian tribes and had practically abolished whiskey trading. One could say they had accomplished a remarkable feat and had also enjoyed an extraordinary amount of luck. That luck was about to run out.

THE POLICE at Fort Walsh had been posturing their horses a few miles up Battle Creek at a place they called the "horse camp." It consisted of a small hut, a corral, and some good grazing land. Three men were in charge that fall, Jules Quesnelles, George Johnston, and Marmaduke Graburn. The latter two were recruits enlisted that year from Ottawa.

(Continued on next page)

On November 17, Quesnelle and Graburn were out with the horses. They headed the herd back to the horse camp in the late afternoon. On the way they stopped at their vegetable garden to pick up some greens for supper.

When they arrived at camp, Johnston asked Graburn for the axe he had taken with him. Graburn looked about but there was no axe, and a rope also seemed to be missing. Graburn mounted up and rode off to have a look at the garden patch for the missing articles.

Evening came on and snow started to fall. Hours passed and Graburn did not return; however, the other two men were not particularly alarmed. Then Graburn's horse appeared out of the black night. Quesnelle and Johnston immediately searched a short distance upriver, calling out loudly, but the wind, snow, and darkness made any thorough search impossible. Reluctantly they returned to the cabin.

In the morning there was still no Graburn so the two men rode into Fort Walsh and informed Superintendent Crozier. Jerry Potts, just in from Fort Macleod, was put in charge of a search party and they headed first for the garden patch.

After several hours of shuffling around in the melting snow near the garden, Potts began to piece together some information. He found the tracks of a shod pony which would likely have been Graburn's. With these, and sometimes superimposed on them, were the tracks of two unshod ponies. These might have belonged to Indians. However, there were others in the area, white and half-breed, pursuing various legal and illegal enterprises. Most of them rode Indian ponies and, in any case, blacksmiths were few and far between.

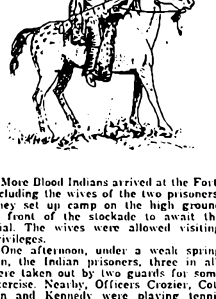
One of the unshod sets of tracks appeared to turn off in the direction of Montana. The men started casting about over a wider area. In a short time Potts found Graburn's forage cap. Louis Leveille started to search one of the brush-filled coulees.

He found Graburn. The body was lying sprawled, face down, and the back of the skull showed a grisly bullet wound. Leveille called to the others and they silently tied the body on one of the horses.

When the corpse was brought into Fort Walsh, the Mounties gathered around and viewed the dead recruit. Even though Graburn had been with them only a short time, he had been fairly popular. Perhaps the olders hands, the veterans, thought on the sudden dissolution of the aura of invincibility that had seemed to envelop the force for the past six years. The awe accorded them by the Indians would likely suffer a sharp reduction.

After no complete an investigation as was possible, Commissioner Macleod concluded that the murder had been committed by two Indians who were probably already across the international boundary. He expressed confidence that the culprits would eventually be caught. This was, perhaps, wishful thinking. The meager evidence gathered was purely circumstantial and did not demonstrate conclusively that Indians were actually responsible. Nevertheless, Starchild became the prime suspect. The surrounding countryside was scoured for him. In the Blood camps the word was that he had gone to Montana.

NO MORE was heard of him in Canada until early 1880, when at Fort Walsh two young Bloods were picked up for suspected horse stealing. Someone recognized them as being in the nearby Blood camp when Graburn was killed. The two were questioned as to the whereabouts of Starchild. They remained silent in the face of a barrage of questions and the police disappointedly withdrew.



More Blood Indians arrived at the Fort, including the wives of the two prisoners. They set up camp on the high ground in front of the stockade to await the trial. The wives were allowed visiting privileges.

One afternoon, under a weak spring sun, the Indian prisoners, three in all, were taken out by two guards for some exercise. Nearby, Officers Crozier, Cotten and Kennedy were playing tennis on a makeshift court. The two Indians who were held for horse stealing glanced at each other briefly, and suddenly took off on the run for the nearby Blood camp.

The startled guards were about to go in pursuit when the third prisoner left at high speed in the opposite direction. The officers spotted the first two and gave chase on foot. As the fugitives neared the Blood camp, their wives ran out and tossed rifles and belts of ammunition to them. The braves scooped them up on the run and then rapidly increased the distance between themselves and their pursuers. To the Mounties it seemed as if the quiet quite capable of running all the way to the Rockies.

Inspector Steele also saw the chase and hurriedly gathered some men and horses. They galloped off amid cheers from the Fort and catcalls from the Blood camp. The horsemen soon passed the panting officers but it was nearly a mile before they came up to the two Bloods. Wheeling around at the sound of horses approaching, the Indians raised their rifles. For a moment things looked bad for the Police, but thinking better of it, the braves lowered their guns as the riders came up. The Indians were disarmed and marched back to the Fort. Now the Blood camp was quiet except for the wailing of the two wives.

The third escapee met a much worse fate. He hid behind a residence in the village and was subjected that night to a storm of snow and sleet. He was discovered in a half-frozen state the next morning and was packed back to the Fort on a stretcher. The man died shortly after and the Bloods believed the rumor that he had been hanged. Surgeon Kennedy was obliged to display the body in order to allay their suspicions.

In the cells that night behind covered windows, the two recaptured bucks talked things over with Crozier. It seemed that Starchild was hiding out in the Bear Paw Mountains in Montana. Crozier sent word to Commissioner Macleod who was in Fort Benton, Montana, at the time.

Macleod contacted the local sheriff and tried to persuade him to go after Starchild. The sheriff thought it over and finally mentioned $5,000 as a just price for such a job. Macleod was floored. He would not and could not authorize such an amount.

A short while later, Inspector C. E. Denny arrived. Macleod joined him and again they approached the local authorities, explaining that they had been authorized to offer $200 for the job. The rejection that this magnificent amount must have aroused is not too difficult to imagine. On this stalemate the matter rested.

A YEAR passed by and Starchild enjoyed his freedom in the Bear Paw Mountains. Some time later, possibly in the late winter (1880-81), he felt it was safe to return and see his old friends. He rode back into Canada and sought out his band.

Jerry Potts, still a guide for the N.W.M.P., got the word from an Indian informant and immediately headed for Fort Macleod. He arrived on May 12, 1881, and announced that the notorious Starchild was in a Blood camp only eighteen miles away.

In the pre-dawn chill of the next day, four policemen and Potts noiselessly approached the Blood camp. Potts, working from memorized description, was soon able to point out the likely lodge. The plan was to move in quietly, subdue the man, and leave as silently as possible. The improbability of accomplishing this without arousing the camp must have crossed Potts' mind.

Starchild awoke from a light slumber with his own premonitions. His medicine was warning him strongly of some danger. He listened silently for a few moments, hearing nothing. To an Indian this meant only that he had heard nothing, not that there was nothing to hear. Rolling out of his buffalo robe, he took up a rifle and quietly stepped out into the morning mist.

At that moment the patrol confronted him, their guns pointing at his stomach. Starchild leveled his own weapon and prepared to do battle. One of the patrol, using an ancient ruse, called out to an imaginary man behind Starchild. As the Indian whirled around in surprise, the Police pounced on him.

Starchild put up a fierce struggle and a gun went off. Instantly the whole camp came to life. Dogs barked, women and children wailed, wild-eyed braves burst from their lodges clutching weapons. A crowd gathered quickly around the police.

Starchild was now spread-eagled on the ground with a burly constable or two sitting on his chest trying to put the cuffs on him. The Bloods became angry and threatening. Things were looking grim when Red Crow, Strangling Wolf, and One Spot strode up. Chief Red

(Continued on page 57)

Last Black Hills coach leaving Cheyenne—February 19, 1887

CHEYENNE TO DEADWOOD STAGE

It rolled at top speed through eleven years of glory. There wasn't a lull in the action from its beginning to the last coach out

By RUSSELL THORP, JR.

Photos Courtesy Wyoming State Archives

About the author: A native of Cheyenne, Wyoming, Russell Thorp's boyhood home was on Rawhide Creek at Raw Hide Buttes, where his father made his headquarters operating the Cheyenne-Black Hills stage and express line.

He has managed and owned ranches in Wyoming and Montana. For many years Thorp served as secretary and chief inspector of the Wyoming Stock Growers' Association, and also as field representative of the American National Cattlemen's Association.

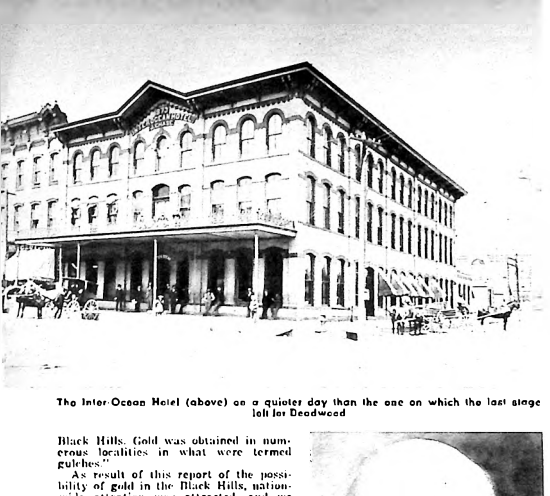
At the request of the British Government he prepared a cattle inspection system and brand set-up for Kenya, Africa. A long-time student of cattle, brands, and history, he has visited cattle ranches in Canada, Cuba, Mexico and the Argentine.

In 1949 he was appointed by Wyoming's Governor Crane to serve as state chairman of the "Operation Snow-Bound" committee during Wyoming's greatest winter disaster.

'TOO LITTLE is known of the importance of the early Black Hills gold excitement to Cheyenne or the activities of its businessmen in diverting a tremendous influx of people through the Cheyenne outlet. My father was identified with early-day overland transportation, and my earliest recollections date back to riding on stagecoaches. I was taught the almost lost art of a reinsman by outstanding stage drivers of that period. It was from these pioneer stagemen and shotgun messengers that, as a boy, I received the first-hand stories of the Indian depredations and the stage holdups by road agents. To me, this development of the Black Hills created one of the most thrilling and colorful chapters of western history.

The earliest authentic record we have of the exploration of the Black Hills is a report submitted by Captain Reynolds, 1859-1860, who said: "... we found some indications of gold also in the Black Hills, between the forks of the Cheyenne. The very nature of the case, however, forbade that an extensive or thorough search for the precious metals should be made by an expedition such as I conducted through this country."

The next report came from General Custer, who made an expedition through the Black Hills in the summer of 1874. He had ten troops of Seventh Cavalry, two companies of Infantry, a detachment of Indian scouts, and a battery of Gatling guns. In making his preliminary report to the Government in September, he said: "No satisfactory or conclusive examination of the country could be made regarding its mineral deposits. Enough, however, was determined to establish the fact that gold is distributed throughout an extensive area within the



The Inter-Ocean Hotel (above) on a quieter day than the one on which the last stage left for Deadwood

Black Hills. Gold was obtained in numerous localities in what were termed gulches."

As result of this report of the possibility of gold in the Black Hills, nation-wide attention was attracted, and we find that the Gordon party was the first to run the military blockade and enter the Black Hills. They went in over a devious and difficult route from Sioux City, Iowa. They constructed a stockade on French Creek and wintered there in 1874. Here we find the first record of an attempt to establish a route into the Black Hills. Thomas McClaren and Charles Blackwell, two miners who were with the Gordon party, left the stockade with a sled with an ox harnessed to it on the 17th of February (1875) and reached Fort Laramie on the 4th of March, in what they estimated at 146 miles of travel, two days without food. They declared that the only reliable route there was by way of Cheyenne—that it was the shortest, the cheapest, and by all odds the best.

When the reports of the Gordon party leaked through to Cheyenne, the Cheyenne businessmen published the following notice on March 20, 1875:

"NOTICE: The businessmen of Cheyenne and all others interested in the Black Hills country and northern Wyoming will meet this evening at the City Hall at 7:30 o'clock. A transportation company will probably be organized and such steps taken as will appear conducive to the interests of this city and county."

It is remarkable that the Cheyenne businessmen of that time grasped the opportunity to lay a foundation for a greater Cheyenne. They immediately entered into keen competition with Bismarck and Pierre and Sidney, all of which were bidding for the Black Hills' potential trade. These early-day Cheyenne businessmen realized the value of propaganda.

AS SUPERINTENDENT of the Cheyenne and Black Hills stage line, Luke Voorhees had full authority to locate the most practical route, to establish necessary stage stations, and to equip the line fully. He also was entrusted with the responsibility of the safety of passengers, the safe delivery of gold bullion, and the proper safeguarding of the company's property.

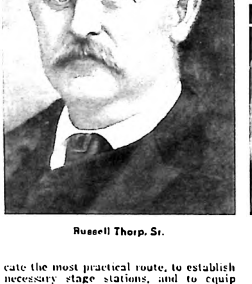
On March 5, 1876, horses and two cars filled with Concord coaches, billed to the new Cheyenne and Black Hills Stage Line, arrived in Cheyenne. Some of these coaches had been shipped from New Hampshire in 1868 in the famous through-shipment of thirty Concords, made by Abbot and Downing to Wells Fargo and Company at Omaha, Nebraska. In April of that year a train comprising fifteen platform cars and three freight cars, loaded with Concord coaches and harness, was conducted direct from Concord, New Hampshire, to Omaha, where the coaches were delivered for use on the Overland stage route.

The line was established and operating in 1876; to be exact, on the 5th day of April, the first six-horse coaches left Cheyenne for Deadwood, a distance of over 300 miles. The line was established by Gilmer, Salisbury, and Patrick. Later my father, Russell Thorp, Sr., purchased and operated the line until the completion of the railroads in Wyoming.

In the summer of 1876 the Indians caused much trouble. Six employees of the company, stock tenders and stage drivers, were killed, and at one time ninety-eight head of horses were stolen. On one occasion the Indians captured the coach and took the horses, but the driver escaped. A noted stage driver, Johnnie Slaughter, was heartlessly shot down by road agents. The robbery of coaches by road agents was almost a daily occurrence, notwithstanding the utmost caution taken by officials of the line.

The Indians were on the warpath, active on both sides of the Platte, particularly on the north side. Many stations were burned and stage horses run off and stolen. The Metz party, a baker and his family from Laramie who were returning home after a trip to Custer City, were massacred in Red Canyon.

H. E. "Stuttering" Brown, an expert stage man, had been brought in from Salt Lake City by Salisbury for the express purpose of putting a stop to horse stealing. Brown had been traveling night and day, combating the Indians, persuading men to go with him to establish stations and to get the line in running order. His death occurred on April 20, 1875. Great excitement prevailed. Mr. Voorhees then appealed to General Crook and Governor Thayer at Cheyenne for military protection from Cheyenne through to the Black Hills. After conferring with the generals, Governor Thayer sent a special telegram on April



Russell Thorp, Sr.

Russell Thorp, Jr.

30, 1876, that the General had promised all the protection possible.

Eight troops of the Fifth Cavalry were assigned to the protection of the Cheyenne route to the Black Hills. Also two companies of infantry were assigned to the Red Canyon district. These troops were distributed at Chugwater, Ft. Laramie, Hat Creek, Jenney's Stockade and Red Canyon. One of the outstanding cavalry troops was called the "Grays" and was led by daring Captain Egan who did remarkable service especially between Raw Hide Buttes and Red Canyon.

By September the stage line was in full operation with fine six-horse stages leaving Cheyenne and Deadwood daily, making the distance in fifty hours, driving night and day, with a record time of forty-seven hours, a remarkable achievement in overland transportation.

IT WAS in 1876 that Cheyenne came into its own. It was the outfitting point for thousands of prospectors who joined the gold rush for the Black Hills to the north. It was here that great freight trains were loaded and outfitted with miners' supplies. Cheyenne became the thriving Queen of the Plains.

Not only did the bull trains outfit for the Hills but there were other outfits headed for the mining camps, and I quote from the Cheyenne paper of that time, which is of more than passing interest:

"A procession intensely interesting to the rough-and-ready masculinity who encountered it along the trail, pulled out of Cheyenne—for the Black Hills gold field. Members of the town's lower social strata—madams, tinhorns—turned out en masse to see it off, to bid its personnel a riotous if not a fond farewell. Moral pollution from the Wyoming capital was about to spill into the new camp of Custer City.

"The procession was composed of three wagons, each drawn by four horses. The wagons were loaded with whiskey, bar fixtures, faro layouts, roulette wheels, and other supplies and paraphernalia essential to the operation of a combined saloon and gambling place, in the parlance of the period called a Dance Hall. Perched upon this cargo were the other essentials—gamblers and girls. There were eight of the former, fourteen of the latter. Proprietor of the outfit was one Al Swearingen. Al was a shrewd character who cannily reckoned there would be a better chance to make a fortune in the Hills with Gals and Games than thru shueing for gold in the gulches."

Representatives of the "solid citizenry" of the community were not altogether absent from the sidelines when the expedition took the trail. Possibly those present of this category were impelled solely by curiosity. However, the "girls" waved gaily to all and sundry as they shook the dust of Cheyenne from their slippers as the prelude to shaking the dust from the miners in the Hills.

Scarcely had the Indian depredations ceased when the road agents and bandits began taking toll of the company. Frequent hold-ups occurred through the years 1877 and 1878.

Johnny Slaughter, still in his twenties, the son of a prominent citizen and deputy sheriff of Cheyenne and one of the best and most expert six-line drivers, was assigned to the last division into Deadwood. When he was shot and instantly killed by road agents a few miles out of Deadwood, the incident created great excitement, and a vigilance committee was promptly organized to pursue the robbers. Slaughter's body was transported to Cheyenne and, according to newspaper reports, his was the largest funeral ever held in the city up to that time. The hearse was drawn by six white horses.

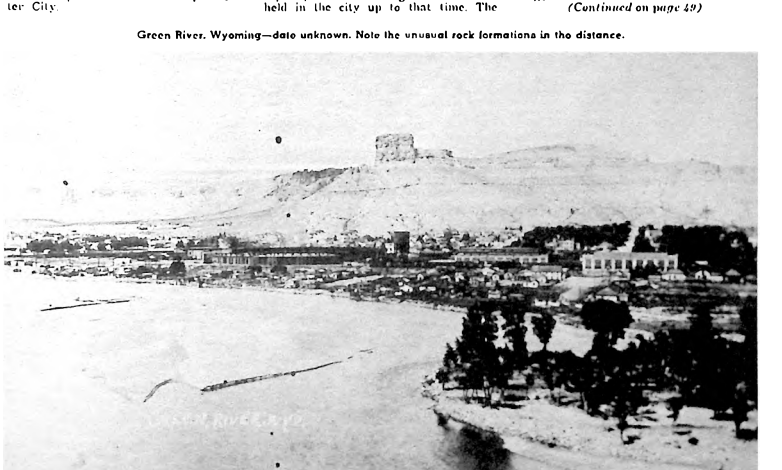
Another remarkable experience was told me by Scott "Quick Shot" Davis, captain of the shotgun messengers and a famous law and order man in his own right. Road agents had captured a coach, secured considerable bullion and stolen some of the stage horses in the vicinity of the Cheyenne River. Davis telegraphed Cheyenne for authority to pursue and capture these men. Voorhees arranged with the commanding officer of Fort Laramie to detail four men and a non-commissioned officer to accompany Davis.

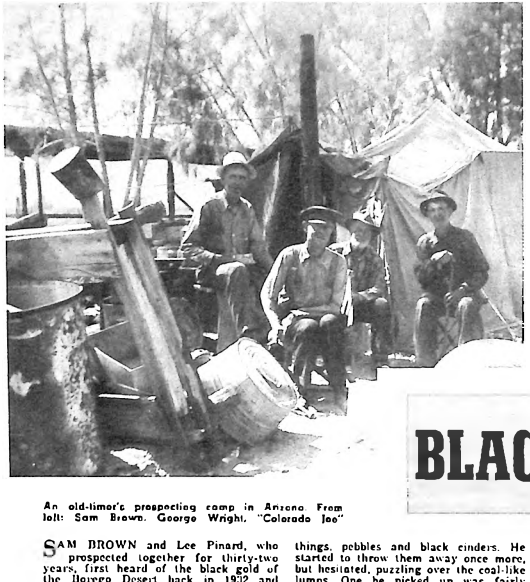
They trailed the road agents across Wyoming, past Ft. Fetterman, Ft. Casper, Independence Rock, Split Rock, and up the Sweetwater. In the meantime snow had fallen on the Sweetwater. The cavalry escort refused to go any farther. Their horses played out. Scott Davis went on alone and, when his horse played out, he rode up to a place where he found a horse tied in the stable. He changed horses and pulled out without consulting the owner, continuing on up to South Pass and Atlantic City, where he caught up with the road agents at a stage station on Big Sandy west of the Continental Divide. This was midnight—a moonlit night.

He told me that he saw these men asleep beside a haystack in the hay corral at the stage station. He ordered them to throw up their hands. When they came up, they came up shooting. He wounded one and captured the other. He recovered the bullion and all the horses, and proceeded with his prisoner, horses, and the gold to Green River City. There he wired Cheyenne that he was there with the recovered property. Mr. Voorhees wired him to load the horses on the train at Green River and come to Cheyenne with them. The car was attached to the passenger train.

(Continued on page 49)

Green River, Wyoming—date unknown. Note the unusual rock formations in the distance.





An old-timer's prospecting camp in Arizona. From left: Sam Brown, George Wright, "Colorado Joe"

BLACK GOLD of

By BONNIE NELSON SPEER

Photos by Sam Pinard

SAM BROWN and Lee Pinard, who prospected together for thirty-two years, first heard of the black gold of the Borego Desert back in 1932 and followed it up until the day Lee died in October, 1964, when the partners seemed right on the verge of success.

This treasure story, as they heard it from Sam's uncle, Charlie Farris of Denver, began in late 1928. An elderly prospector from Missouri wandered into the Borego Desert, in the lower end of California, with his two burros. He stopped in Brawley then proceeded about thirty miles in a westerly direction. He entered Rock Springs Canyon, and paused to dry pan the bottom sand for samples. Nothing.

He made his way on up the canyon to where a big, twenty-foot fall of rock was crossed by a narrow, dangerous trail. He prodded his burros over it. Some distance above the rock fall, he came to a spring. Bees buzzed around the mineral-luden water. The old man set up camp beside the small pool and made some coffee. It turned an odd, green color in the pot.

Before dark, he hopefully got out his dry wash pan again. He swished the sand around and around and blew the lighter grains over the edge. Maybe he would strike a small placer deposit which had been washed down by the fall rains.

Soon nothing remained in the pan except the heavier pebbles and some black, cinder-like particles. There was no promising glitter of gold.

With a sigh, he threw the remains aside, and from a little farther up the wash scooped up another sample. Again his dry panning netted him the same things, pebbles and black cinders. He started to throw them away once more, but hesitated, puzzling over the coal-like lumps. One he picked up was fairly heavy for its size. Curious, he cut into it with his knife. There, beneath the black coating, was a nugget of yellow gold!

Excited, he quickly untied a small screening frame from one of his burros and dumped a shovelful of sand on it. When he shook it through, he picked more of the black gold from the screen. Lifting his head, he gave a great shout of gladness. He had finally made that once in a lifetime strike. He was going to be rich!

The old man set up camp in a canvas shelter beside a second not-too-distant spring—damming the small seepage of bitter water into a basin for himself and his burros.

The following day, he began mining in earnest. Soon the canyon was pitted with his diggings.

Several times, during the next three months, he went across the desert to purchase supplies, and to dispose of his gold. Within this period of time, he deposited $90,000 in a San Diego bank.

On his return from one of these trips, one of his burros slipped on the rock fall trail and fell over the edge, carrying the old prospector with it. The burro was killed, and its owner lay helpless for several days in the desert sun and cold of night, with a broken hip. Finally he was able to drag himself back to the trail where he coaxed the other faithful animal to come close. He cut the pack of supplies loose, and drew himself onto the burro's back. Somehow, he managed to cling there during the long, tortuous ride back to the nearest outpost, Cane Springs. From there he was sent north to a Glendale hospital.

THE PROSPECTOR'S long exposure, advanced age, and the poor condition of his fractured hip prompted his doctor to suggest he call in some of his relatives. Realizing his chances of recovery were faint, and since he had no relative nearer than Missouri, he sent instead for an old friend of the trail, another prospector. To him he disclosed his discovery of the black gold and drew a crude map showing the general area. In addition, the old Missourian gave verbal instructions.

"You won't have any trouble finding the spot. The holes I dug are in plain sight, and there is a broken pick handle sticking in some rocks. My camp is nearby, and much of my gear and cooking utensils are still there. There is enough gold for generations," he concluded. "If I die, see that my family gets its share."

The friend was excited. He went home and told the story to his wife, and showed her the map. He didn't bore her with the details of the exact location, however.

Then, as in all good, lost-gold stories, the old prospector from Missouri died. The friend, now sole custodian of the treasure, hastened to gather supplies for a trip that promised him much wealth. Once his truck was loaded, and he being anxious to leave, the man hurried into the street without looking, and was struck down by a boy riding a bicycle. He died shortly afterward of head injuries.

His widow kept the map for two years, wondering what to do with it. At last she thought of a friend of her husband, a retired assayer named Swartz. Swartz was interested in her story, but declared he was too old and fat to make such a trip. His son, however, who was a recent school of mines graduate, might go.

Young Swartz and a companion took the map and journeyed into the area. They stayed for several days, then returned to town reporting they could find nothing.

Charley Farris entered the story here. He was a millwright and helped build mills and install mining machinery in many states of the Southwest and Mexico. In late 1932, Charley met the old assayer in California. Both had been in many of the early mining camps, so swapped tales. Eventually, Swartz got around to the story of the black gold.

A prospector who toted it out to the tune of $90,000 said he'd only dipped a spoon into the barrel—if he was telling the truth, grab your hat and happy hunting!

but did not reveal the name of the original finder or his prospector friend.

Charley was a fine woodsman and hunter, having lived a good part of his life in Colorado. In addition, he had a knowledge of desert living. The assayer asked Charley if he would help his son make a second search for the lost treasure. Charley protested he knew nothing about gold. But the assayer assured him his son at least knew what gold looked like. All they wanted from Charley was his knowledge of the desert, and his ability to read maps.

Not long after, Charley and the junior Swartz departed in the young man's car, taking with them supplies for a week, and Charley's fourteen-year-old grandson, who brought along a .22 caliber rifle, "to hunt mountain lions." The young mining engineer also took along a case of whiskey.

The young mining engineer was disgusted. He proposed they go home. Since the food was about gone, Charley readily agreed.

Charley Farris returned to his home at Pine Nook, Colorado. A few days after his return, Sam Brown and Lee Pinard arrived from Florida. They had "gone bust" in the depression and Sam, who'd had some experience diving for treasure off the Cuban reefs, kept suggesting, "Let's go west and prospect for gold."

Charley's tale of the black gold of the Borego sounded good to them—after all, this was what they had come for. The three men agreed, then and there, to resume the search as soon as possible.

IT WAS two years before they were able to head out. In 1934, they finally loaded up an old Model A panel truck with a month's supply of food, and headed for the Borego Desert.

The deep sand gave them much trouble, but by splitting their load and making two trips over a portion of the way, they reached the previous campsite left by Charley and the mining engineer. There was snow still on the ground when they left Colorado, but in the desert it was blistering hot.

The morning following their arrival, the three of them, relying on Charley's memory of the map the assayer had secured from the widow, made their way to where the gold was thought to be.

They dry panned samples day after day without success. They searched for the remains of the old Missourian's camp, but found no trace of it, either. They were greatly hindered by the heat. Their water bags and canteens would only hold about seven gallons of water, and evaporation and thirst would empty them by noon. Then the men were forced back to the spring.

Charley became exhausted after the first two days. He remained in camp for the balance of the stay. Sam and Lee, however, continued to explore. During the last two days of their planned week's hunt, they extended their search for the old camp over a much wider area, but still without success. At the end of the week, they, too, had about all the 130° heat they could stand, so the three left the desert. They were dissatisfied with the entire trip, though—they hadn't searched hard enough—they must try again someday.

Several years later, in their prospecting travels, Sam and Lee struck up an acquaintance with "Colorado Joe" Wright. Colorado Joe was a second generation prospector who had spent many winters dry washing in Arizona. From his verbal description, Lee built a dry wash machine. It was mounted on legs and had a bellows which separated the sand from the heavier gold with puffs of air. In 1948, with

(Continued on page 60)

the BOREGO DESERT

THE GENERAL AREA of the old Missourian's map was located with the aid of state maps. The adventurers found a spring and made camp, and in the distance they thought they could see other landmarks indicated on the old piece of paper.

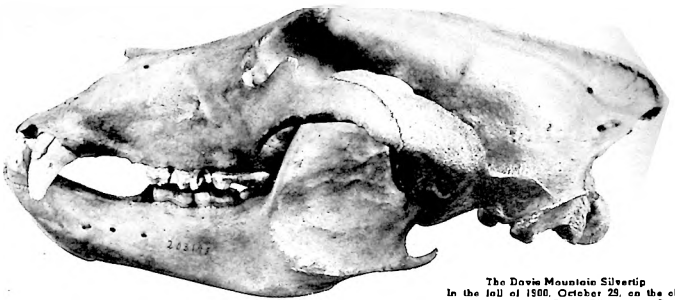
But trouble began the very first evening. The young engineer broke out his case of whiskey, got drunk, and remained in that condition until the end of the week. Until the whiskey ran dry, Charley could do little except cook, attempt to solace the young man, and restrain the youthful lion hunter. Then the three of them set off to really search for the treasure.

Following the map, they came upon a spot they thought was indicated as the site of the gold. No trace could be found of the Missourian's camp, and several years of cloudbursts had obliterated any signs of digging. The prospecting group took thirteen tin cans of sand from likely spots in the area (screened and dry panned to a concentrate), then numbered them and noted their locations.

Back at the spring young Swartz started to pan out the samples—not in the order of their numbers, however. As can after can showed blank, he became careless. He dumped the contents into the gold pan, and tossed each can aside with the other empties, without noting its number.

Near the end of the lot, the contents of one of the cans showed gold. Swartz could not single out the can it had come from. Too, the gold was bright, not black, and not in nugget form. In quantity it was worth about a dollar.

A prospector's dry wash operation in the Mojave Desert



The Davis Mountain Silvertip
In the fall of 1900, October 29, on the old campgrounds at Rock Pile, near Rent, Texas, C. O. Finley and John Z. Means killed this rare species of bear. The skull is now in Washington, D.C., in the U.S. Department of the Interior.

STALKING THE UNKNOWN

Everybody thought it was just another bear—but the dogs knew different. The hair on their backs wasn't acting right!

I HAVE BEEN ASKED to write the true story of a bear hunt on which the only grizzly bear has ever been killed in Texas. As a prelude to this story, I will give a brief history of the beginning of what turned out to be an annual bear hunt by a number of the old pioneer ranchmen in the Davis Mountains.

In the early nineties, some seven or eight families of us, the Means, Evans, Marleys, Jones, Mayfields, Finleys and a number of others, all met at what is known as the Rock Pile near Sawtooth Mountain and one of the most beautiful spots for camping in the Davis Mountains. Here we met several years prior to the noted year that we killed the old grizzly. In addition to our own families, we always had a number of friends who would come from Fort Worth, Dallas, San Antonio and other parts of Texas to spend a week with us on our hunts. We also invited one or two ministers every year to our camp, which was as clean and free of bad language as was possible. Never an oath was heard nor a bottle of whiskey came to our camps.

Our party usually ran from forty to seventy-five people, men, women and children. We had from 100 to 150 saddle horses and always took three or four old-time chuckwagons and plenty of good Mexican cooks, as good ones as ever cooked a meal around a campfire and they always kept plenty of warm grub to eat.

We always had two day horse wranglers and two nighthawks, as they were called, to herd our horses. In the morning the old cooks would be up early and have us a good hot breakfast ready before daylight. We were always ready by the time it was light enough for us to see how to rope our horses for the day's ride. Such a time we had roping and saddling our horses. All horses those days were not pets and every morning before we could get saddled and out of camp, some would be pitching with their saddles and some with their riders, and very often some "old boy" would get pitched off and his horse would have to be caught. When everyone was ready, which was never later than sun-up, and it was pretty cold in October and November, someone would blow a horn and off we would go to the mountains, which was bear heaven.

We hardly ever failed to get a bear and, sometimes, three or four during the day. And everyday or so someone would get lost from the bear chase and kill a deer or two. While this was all good sport, especially if you got in the chase and got to the killing of the bear (which was sometimes up a tree or in a cave, or out in the open), it was awfully hard on the horses and men, who rode hard and reckless in that rough country trying to follow and keep up with the hounds.

When we got into camp of an evenning, horses, men and dogs were usually all in, but a well-cooked meal, a little rest and a few cups of coffee, and we were ready for a good talk and a prayer by one of our ministers. We would then clean off a spot on the ground and dance the old square dances for an hour or so, as we always had musicians and plenty of music in the camp. Then off to bed and a good night's rest in our tents and on our old camp beds, and early the next morning we were ready for another day's hunt. Some days we had fine luck and other days our luck was not so good.

These hunts were made up of old men, young men, women, and children old enough to ride. The women and children would stay as long as possible, but not often did they get in a chase after a bear and see him killed, but would drop out and a few of the older men would drop back to take care of them and see that they got back to camp. It was always uncertain which way a bear would run or how far. If he was fat he would probably not run over a mile or two, and would climb a tree; but if he was poor, he was always hard to stop and sometimes would get away entirely. When we found an old poor bear and failed to stop him, we always lost some of our dogs and they would not get in for sometimes a day or so, all footsore and almost starved.

WELL, I started this story to tell you of the jolliest old days ever spent by our party or any other party in the Davis Mountains, which was in the fall of 1900. On October 29, we met at our old campground at the Rock Pile, about seventy-five of us, just as we had each year before, with everyone feeling good. The horses were fat and the dogs in good shape and we all anticipated a good time, and we had it. We spent the first four days with just fairly good luck.

By C. O. FINLEY

Reprinted from *The Pecos News* July 2, 1965
(Originally published in 1902)

Photos Courtesy Mrs. C. O. Finley

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Finley
When this photograph was made, Mrs. Finley was wearing the brooch made from one great claw of the huge bear. A close-up of the pin is shown on the left.

getting a bear or two and some black-tail deer each day.

On the third day of November, which was our fifth day's hunt, we all left camp as usual about sun-up and all went together that morning right in the mountains. We traveled some eight or ten miles, crossing up near the head of what is known as Saw Mill Canyon just north of Livermore Peak, and on southeast over into the head of Limpia Canyon. This is the canyon that part of Fort Davis is on and, in going from the head of Saw Mill Canyon through the mountain over into Limpia Canyon, there is a gap that was always called Bridge Spring Gap. All of our party went on through the mountain over into Limpia Canyon, with the exception of John Means and myself. As the party with all the dogs went on through the gap, we dropped back behind and turned south up the side of the mountain, topped out and rode along the top, parallel with the balance of our party and the dogs who were going down the canyon.

All the country is very rough, full of canyons, bluffs and lot of timber from shin-oak thickets to pines fifty feet high. When John Means and I got out on top, we were possibly a mile or more from the balance of our party. We heard a dog yelp and then another and pretty soon the whole pack was running and yelping and the dogs and men all rode up on a four-year-old fat cow that had been killed up on the side of the mountain and then dragged down the hill about 100 yards into a big thicket. Part of her had been eaten. Well, by that time the dogs had started the old bear's trail and when the bear heard the dogs, he pulled out from where he was bedded up near the cow he had killed, and ran out of the canyon, south across the mountain and crossed out on top just ahead of John Means and myself. We rode like drunk Indians to keep up in hearing of the dogs.

Just after we had crossed their trail behind them, John looked around to the right and said, "Otie, I see the old devil." The bear had gotten out on an open spot and stopped. We switched around some brush and rocks but when we came out to where we could get a shot, the old bear was gone and there set four dogs, the only dogs out of the whole pack that would run his trail.

Well, we got them to go on, and followed them about a mile and a half over some very rough canyons and down into the head of Merrill Canyon. There the old bear had stopped again Means and I had ridden as far as we could and had to leave our horses and walk down the mountainside to where we heard the dogs barking. When we got about a quarter of a mile from where they had stopped the old bear, we met the four dogs all coming back, trailing along one behind the other to meet us.

Well, again we got them to go back to where they had stopped the bear, which was down in a deep, bushy, rough canyon. We located him standing with his head toward us in the brush with the dogs standing off barking. When we got down to within about 125 yards of him, we sat down side by side on a small bluff, and began pumping lead into him with our .30-30s.

We evidently hit him with our first shots as he began to pitch and bellow like a wild bull. He made a dash in the brush at all the dogs, but only succeeded in catching one old blue-speckled, bob-tailed hound that belonged to Bill Jones. The bear tore the dog's jaws and neck up so bad that we had to kill the old fellow.

The bear then came back and stopped exactly the same place he was in when we fired our first shots. We did not lose any time shooting four more shots each into him and he just melted down on his old belly. We did not know yet what we had, but knew he was an extra big bear.

We took a little round and got about one hundred feet above him atop the canyon and stopped to see if he was sure-enough dead. While we were standing there, Means raised up his gun and said, "Otie, hadn't I better put one in his old head? He looks awfully big."

And I said, "No, let's don't tear his head up; some of us might want to keep it."

About that time, a little black and tan hound that belonged to Joe Marley walked up and caught the bear by some hair and shook him a little, so we knew the old bear was dead. We went down to him and discovered the gray tips of his hair. John yelled like a Comanche and threw his hat as high in the air as he could.

"Otie," he said, "we have got a grizzly!"

To say we were an excited pair is putting it very lightly. We turned him over and opened him up and removed his entrails, then turned him back to drain good. Then we went back up the mountainside to where we had left our horses and blew and blew our horns. We finally got eight men to come to us.

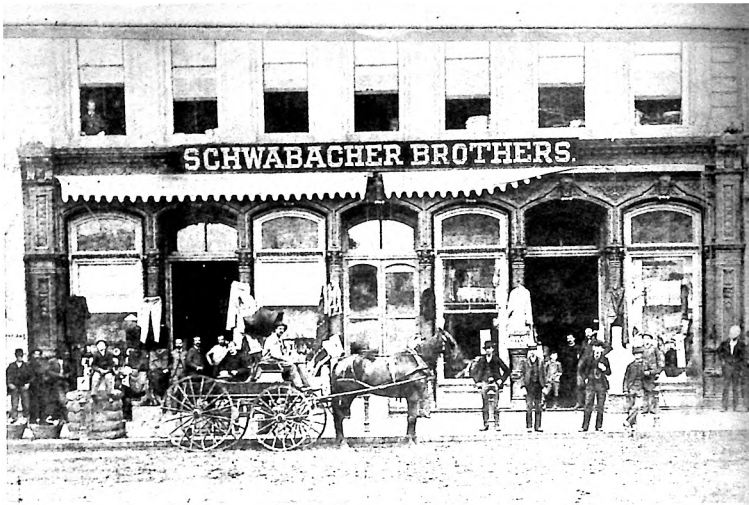
THE PARTY was scattered out over the mountains trying to locate the dogs and bear. We went back to the old bear with the eight men but he was so large there was no way to take him back to camp. We took his hide off and left his feet and head on the hide and put the hide across the biggest, stoutest horse we had, and lit out for camp with the man who had been riding the horse, riding behind another man. We could not go straight through the mountains to camp and lead this horse with such a load. We estimated the old bear weighed at least 800 pounds, so his hide and feet would weigh 400 to 500 pounds.

We had to go around and out of the mountains on the west side and out by my ranch. The horse which was carrying the hide almost had lockjaw so we had to turn him loose and get a pair of little Spanish mules and an old buckboard I had to carry our hide on to camp. All this was about twenty miles from where we had killed the bear. It was 9:00 o'clock that night when ten of us with our three hounds got into camp with our kill, all worn out and hungry, not having had anything to eat since before daylight that morning. You can imagine how good those old Dutch ovens filled with good warm camp grub, and that black coffee looked to us.

When we had unsaddled and turned our tired and worn-out ponies loose, and had unloaded and stretched the bear hide over a big rock, we were the most excited bunch of people you ever saw. Everybody was talking, some asking questions and some telling their story of what had happened and how it happened. This was the biggest day's hunting that had ever been pulled off in the Davis Mountains.

The next morning we cut off his feet and found that he only had three claws on one front foot, and one claw on the

(Continued on page 61)



Photographs of the bodies of the murder victims were displayed in the window of Schwabacher's Store (above) in the town of Walla Walla, Washington. Date of the picture is 1880.

THE MAN WHO LIVED WITH

IT ALL BEGAN in early March, 1880. John Pettyjohn, a Walla Walla, Washington Territory, cattle and racehorse raiser, discovered the first corpse. He was fording the Touchet River when his mount shied from something floating in the current. Curious, he dismounted and followed along the bank until the object drifted into a clump of bushes and snagged. When he went down to retrieve it, Pettyjohn's worst fears were confirmed—the object had once been a human being.

Closer investigation after he'd dragged it ashore made Pettyjohn think the body was that of a man about fifty-five or sixty. It was nude and still in a state of good preservation, indicating it hadn't been in the water long. A small bullet hole was visible behind the left ear, and both the victim's hair and beard had been hacked at, as though someone had attempted a crude scalping job with a jackknife.

Leaving the body, Pettyjohn rode as rapidly as possible to Walla Walla, the county seat, to notify Sheriff James B. Thompson. He accompanied the lawman back to the river in a buckboard to recover the grisly remains. An investigation of the area the next morning did not bring to light any hints as to the actual scene of, or motive for, the crime and the inquest in Walla Walla could only determine that an unidentified man had met death at the hands of some person or persons unknown.

To attract the attention of anyone who might be able to identify the murdered man, a large photograph of the body was placed in the window of Schwabacher's store and snapshots were posted in conspicuous places throughout the country. But no one came forward to offer information of value.

Then, 160 miles northwest of Walla Walla in what is now Adams County, another unidentifiable corpse was discovered by a small group of immigrants who had left Oregon Territory to seek new homes in the Whitman Empire. Mose Renshaw, D. H. Carrico and his two sons, Edwin and Elmer, Pete Jakeson, Jim Brown and Neal White were traveling northward on the Colville road. A few miles from Sheep Springs, Carrico separated from the others in order to investigate the terrain, thinking it might be worth considering for his new home.

Returning to the road after his look at the area, he came to a small valley and paused for a moment to admire the beautiful surroundings. After a moment his attention was attracted by a peculiar looking mound of sagebrush and bunchgrass. Thinking it unusual, he rode toward it and was horrified to see a human hand protruding from beneath the brush. Dismounting, he exposed the nude body of a woman which seemed to be in a perfect state of preservation except for some slightly discolored areas which had come in contact with the ground.

Late that evening Carrico overtook his companions and told them what he had discovered. The following morning, his son, Elmer Carrico, rode to the top of a high hill and spotted Steptoe Butte, a landmark eighteen miles north of Colfax. Using the mountain as a guide, Elmer rode across fifty miles of unsettled coun-

By ORPHA COLLINS

Photo Courtesy Ward Gardner

For three years his hand rested on the trigger. His victim was selected; his motive was clear; only the time and place had to be decided

try to notify the Colfax sheriff.

SHERIFF TRUAX and Dr. Burnell left Colfax immediately. With team and buckboard they could not go across country as Carrico had done and were forced to follow a route that took them through Rock Creek and Sprague, a three-day round trip.

News of the apparent murder reached some stockmen in nearby Crab Creek and they rode to the immigrants' camp to look at the body and offer any assistance necessary. While waiting for Sheriff Truax, these ranchers moved the body to their camp on Cow Creek, three miles from where the body had been found.

When he and Sheriff Truax reached Cow Creek, Coroner Burnell empaneled a jury of seven from those present and began an inquest. Their report described the woman as being about thirty years of age. Most of her hair was missing; evidently it had been shorn in a very crude and impractical manner. Further investigation disclosed a small hole behind the ear.

The jury then rode to the place the body had been found and discovered an imprint on the grass that led them to believe she had been dragged there from the road. A few feet away, across the road, large splotches of blood were evident at a campfire's edge, and examination of the ashes revealed a pair of woman's shoe heels, some corset staves, buttons, and traces of charred woolen goods.

ON THEIR WAY to Colfax, Sheriff Truax and Coroner Burrell stopped at ranchhouses to ask for information about the crime. Pat Comisky, who lived at the head of Colville Lake about one and a half miles south and west of Sprague, gave them their first lead.

"About three weeks ago I saw this woman and another woman and a man stop here for a drink of water. They were driving a small bay team hitched to a two-seat hack. There was something about the party that didn't seem normal although they were all young folks, around thirty years of age.

"I didn't pay any particular attention to them," he added, "but this woman here occupied the rear seat of the vehicle and appeared to be greatly disturbed about something. I could see that she had been crying. I did not ask them any questions, nor did they volunteer to give any information. They left here driving south."

The lawmen hurried to Colfax and held the body for identification but no one came forward. To look for leads, Truax back-tracked to Sprague, then went south on the Colville road. About thirty miles from the spot the body had been found, Truax got his second lead at George Bassat's ranch.

Bassat and his wife said that, about a month earlier, a man and two women had stopped at his ranch for the night. They had been driving a small bay team hitched to a two-seated hack.

The male member of the party identified himself as Buddy Thomas from Holton, Kansas. He was of short, slender build, sandy complexioned, and had gray eyes. Beyond relating that he and his partner were in the Northwest seeking some large land tract in which to invest capital, Thomas had not had much to say, Bassat added.

Thomas' wife, who'd given her name as Nannie, was of medium height and slender build. She had olive complexion, dark hair, and deep blue eyes. She seemed jovial and had confirmed the statements made by her husband.

The third member of the party had called herself Mrs. Brumfield. She, too, was from Kansas, and was a very pretty woman, according to Mr. Bassat. She was also around thirty years of age, of stout build, with fair complexion, light brown hair and dark eyes. She had been the life of the party and had had the most to say. She described her husband, Mr. Brumfield, as a retired farmer from Kansas, and had explained that three years before he had sold extensive holdings und now was looking for a suitable place to reinvest money in land. A substantial portion of their assets—some $60,000—was invested in U. S. negotiable bonds at their bank in Kansas. They had chosen that means of security so the money would be free for immediate use.

"We are not so particular about ourselves," she had remarked, "but it hus been Buddy's interest that brought us to the Northwest. He has been an employee and a long trusted friend. For that reason we are anxious to lay a foundation whereon his success will be assured."

She later added that upon their departure from Kansas they had withdrawn from the bank sufficient money for an extended trip into the Northwest and were financially fortified to meet any reasonable emergency.

When asked about her husband's whereabouts, she had told the Bassats they had arrived in Walla Walla some days before and her husband and Buddy had purchased two saddle horses at an auction and journeyed toward Eureka Flats to look over the land in that area. While on this trip they had, by accident, run across a man by the name of Snyder, who was also looking for land in the Touchet River section.

Buddy Thomas had returned alone, stating that a friendship had grown up between Brumfield and Snyder and the two had ridden northward to Four Lakes to look over the country between the Touchet River and that point. Brumfield had instructed Thomas to return to Walla Walla, buy another horse and a light hack and camp equipment and take the two women by road to Four Lakes to meet himself and Snyder.

"This," Mrs. Brumfield had explained to the Bassats, "we are now doing. We are on our road to Four Lakes to meet Mr. Brumfield."

The Bassats said there was nothing suspicious looking about the party. They had appeared normal and all they said had been accepted as plausible and as fact. George Bassat added that the trio had departed the following morning, driving northward seemingly in good spirits.

In about two weeks Thomas and his wife had returned without Mrs. Brumfield. When Thomas was asked where the Brumfields were, he had explained that they had taken the stage from Walla Walla by way of Colfax. Brumfield, Thomas had asserted, had found a suitable body of land in the Four Lakes section and was returning to Kansas to make financial arrangements to buy it.

Thomas also stated that Drumfield had told him to remain in Walla Walla to wait for instructions to consummate the land deal.

Now Truax had evidence to work with. The Bassats' testimony—plus that from Pat Comisky—put the finger of suspicion on Bud and Nannie Thomas. All he needed to do was find them.

FORTY MILES from the Bassat place, Sheriff Truax met Dan Lyons, who owned and operated the only ferry across the Snake River in that section. Lyons gave evidence that some six weeks before he had taken two women and a man and their medium-sized bay team and hack across the river. He said they told him they were going to Four Lakes.

Two or three weeks later they had returned, Lyons said—or at least the man and one of the women had. They had told Lyons they were on their way to Walla Walla.

Meanwhile a woman named Schaffer from Four Lakes, hearing of the second murder, mounted a saddle horse und hurried to Colfax to view the woman's body. She identified the victim as Mrs. Drumfield.

Mrs. Schaffer said that a party of three young people had come to her place at Four Lakes and had camped nearby for about a week. They had given their names as Bud and Nannie Thomas and Mrs. Drumfield. They appeared to be quite well-to-do.

Mrs. Schaffer said she took a great liking to the woman she recognized as Mrs. Brumfield. However, the latter appeared rather nervous and uncomfortable, and had mentioned that she was worried about her husband. He and another man had left the Touchet River section some days before by horseback and should already have arrived at Four Lakes. He had wanted to investigate the country

(Continued on page 51)

GREED

New Mexico's MOUNTIES

Fred Fornoff, Captain of New Mexico's Mounties during Territorial days

They've had their detractors—what Ranger force hasn't? But they served a new country that could use all the lawmen it could get—whether appointed or elected—and regardless of who held top rank

THE ISOLATED New Mexican village of San Rafael had been pushing for a showdown for some time. Its Justice of the Peace, Zacarias Padilla, had been intimidating the townspeople and reportedly seducing the local girls. The town had split into factions, each out to get the other. There was fear of violence among the lawful citizens. Into such a tinderbox rode Mounted Policeman Fred Murry.

Shortly after arriving in San Rafael, he was approached by one of the townsmen who declared that Padilla had stolen Lola Chavez a few days before and had taken her to Albuquerque to a house of prostitution.

A little later that same day Murry spotted the Justice of the Peace going to the post office. He strolled over and introduced himself. With the formalities over, the Mountie said that he wanted to see Padilla in a little while.

"When?" snarled Padilla.

"Oh, about half past one," speculated Murry.

At the appointed time, Padilla returned to the post office. Suspicious that something was up, he wore his gun low and stepped along boldly with an air of defiance. The street was usually deserted during the hot part of the day, with only an occasional horse tied in front of a saloon. That day, however, a few villagers were standing in the shade against the buildings—just in case bullets began to fly.

Murry was worried about making a charge stick against Zacarias Padilla, but decided to take the chance. Drawing his gun, the lawman stepped out onto the porch of the post office.

"Padilla, I want you for stealing Lola Chavez," he said in a firm, cool voice.

There were only a few tense moments before Padilla, realizing he could not bluff the Mountie, backed down and went inside the post office where Murry handcuffed him and took his gun.

Fred Lambert, appointed deputy sheriff at the age of sixteen, and a member of the Mounties at twenty one

The tough element knew that with Padilla's arrest "the law" had hit town—and the village of San Rafael breathed easier.

THIS INCIDENT happened less than sixty years ago. For some years following the turn of the century the Territory of New Mexico still retained the characteristics common to the "Wild West." Men customarily wore six-shooters and the nearest law officer was often miles away. There were many "wanted men" drifting through the Territory; rustling was rampant. Many New Mexicans suspected that the Rangers in Texas and Arizona had driven all the outlaws out of their own areas into New Mexico.

Cattlemen, in order to protect their interests, had organized their own force under Thomas Tucker, a former "gunman" turned "lawman." But to control general lawlessness in the more remote areas of the Territory, a Ranger force similar to those of bordering states was needed. With this in mind, Colonel W. H. Greer, Territorial legislator and cattleman, introduced a Mounted Police Bill into the Territorial Legislature in 1905.

A fight over passage of the bill was certain. The majority of the legislators felt that the organization would benefit only the cattlemen. After a few months of bitter arguing, the sheepmen and farmers were convinced they, too, would benefit from the force and the bill was passed. The Mounted Police, consisting of about eleven members, were to aid the sheriffs in law enforcement. Each Mountie was outfitted with the best pack and saddle horses money could buy. The weapons used were .30-30 Winchesters and Colt's six-guns.

During the first year of operation John Fullerton, a former Socorro County Assessor, was captain. Later Fred Fornoff was appointed to head the organization. Fornoff was a former Rough Rider who had been a city marshal in Albuquerque and an investigator into the killing of Pat Garrett. Many of the members of the Mounted Police had been with Roosevelt's Rough Riders or were former sheriffs of New Mexico.

Their headquarters, originally at Socorro, had been moved to Santa Fe to be closer to the seat of the government. Duty stations were scattered throughout the counties. Differences over jurisdiction became a problem in the towns where both a Mounted Policeman and a sheriff were present. To rub salt into an already sore wound, the Mounties carried commissions which placed the sheriffs under their orders.

Captain Fornoff, aware of the resentment of the sheriffs, had his men work out of Santa Fe, but jealousy was often present between the two arms of the law.

The killing of cattle in Chaves County brought about an investigation by the Mounted Police. One evening Captain Fornoff attended a meeting of homesteaders at the Boaz schoolhouse, called so that the farmers could present their complaints to the authorities. They pointed out that the cattle were destroying their crops. At this time there was no fence law or herd law in force. Cattle often ate the corn planted by the homesteaders.

One farmer, named Mardis, corralled some cattle he caught eating his crops, and refused to release them until he was paid for the ruined corn. The cattlemen were out for blood. They were led by Phelps White, and all of them wanted Mardis arrested. Captain Fornoff, as well as the cattlemen's attorney, persuaded them against any action which might bring about violence. Fornoff promised to talk with the homesteaders and try to work something out. Meanwhile Mardis returned the cattle to their owners.

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By RICHARD D. MYERS

Photos Courtesy Author

AFTER a fence law had been established, fence cutting in the Territory became a problem for the Mounted Police. Fence cutters had destroyed several miles of fence on the spreads around Anton Chico. One of the ranchers decided to make a secret investigation, and Jose Baca was recommended to do the job.

Baca was not a member of the Mounted Police, but on several occasions he made some drunken boasts around the plaza which led the people to think he was. One evening, being somewhat "boozed up," Baca and a companion got wind of a couple of men connected with the fence cutting. They went immediately to find them.

Pilar Martinez and Monico Chavez were found together in an adobe house on the edge of town. It was late afternoon and long shadows lay against the row of adobe houses. Baca, pausing at the door, cocked his pistol as his companion took a post with his rifle in the dark shadow beside the house. Baca knocked.

"Quien es?" came a muffled voice from inside. A couple of seconds later the door opened.

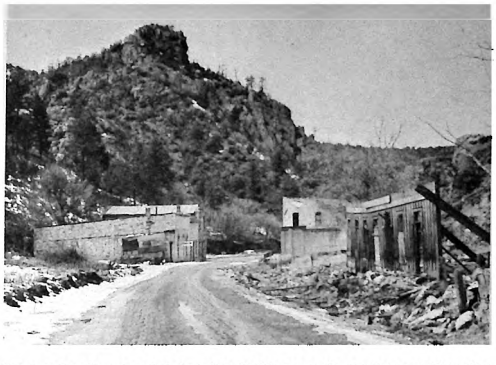
Baca pushed his way inside, followed by his armed companion. "Pilar Martinez? Monico Chavez?" Baca demanded.

"Si," responded the two old men timidly. Both were stunned by the forced entrance into their home.

Baca, holding his pistol at Martinez' head, threatened to kill him if they did not reveal the names of the other fence cutters. Both Chavez and Martinez realized that Baca in his drunken state might make good his threat. Out of fear they told the names of the fence cutters, which included the names of the parish priest, the county clerk, and other local officials.

It wasn't long before some of those mixed up in the fence cutting got wind of the confessions of the two men and forced them to make counter-affidavits. This was a play to discredit their testimony if they were ever hauled into court.

Meanwhile the parish priest, the local justice of the peace, and others implicated in the fence cutting sent a petition off to the governor, asking that an investigation be made. The governor had a Mounted Policeman sent to Anton Chico. He was not able to bring charges against anyone because the local inhabitants "prevailed" upon Chavez and Martinez to refrain from further testimony of any kind. Baca and his friend had departed from Anton Chico hurriedly and without ceremony one dark night soon after learning that an investigation was to be made.



Mogollon, Now Mexico, as it looks today. Rubble covers the notorious gambling sites and silence shrouds the street where once ten saloons stood in a row.

The grave of Charley Clark, a Mogollon deputy and saloon keeper, shot to death in his saloon by Mounted Policeman August 28, 1910

REMOTE mining camps were havens for desperados in the Territory. Mogollon, in the summer of 1910, had a series of stage robberies.

"Mogollon stage held up this morning one mile from Mogollon. Driver dead, shot in back, eight bars of bullion stolen, four recovered. Come if possible.—J. A. Beale."

This telegram to Fornoff announced the second stage holdup in southwestern New Mexico within a week. The stages carried gold and silver bricks, as well as passengers, to Silver City. In the first holdup two prostitutes were robbed, but none of the other passengers was molested. The bandits made off with gold bricks in the second holdup.

Riding into Mogollon, the Mounted Police were greeted by hostile citizens. There was much gambling in the camp, and the local businessmen, fearing interference, had fired up the local people against the lawmen.

A plot was hatched to discredit the Mounties. Soon after arriving, Mounted Policeman Beale had questioned a youth regarding the stage holdup. The lad was later persuaded to accuse Beale of inviting him out into the street "to shoot it out" because of a comment made by the boy at the time of the questioning. The youth obtained a warrant for the Mountie's arrest, charging him with wanting to fight a duel. A local saloonkeeper, Charles Clark, who was also the town deputy, was to serve the warrant.

One evening about ten or eleven o'clock, Beale and his deputy, Putnam, were passing Clark's saloon. Clark saw Beale going by and stepped to the door.

"Hey, Beale, can I see you for a minute?" called Clark.

(Continued on page 59)

Halleyite

Madstone Photos Courtesy Smithsonian Institution

THE MAD

IT WAS a warm, moonlit night in the month of August, 1869, and the Ferris house, near White Rock Creek on the outskirts of Dallas, Texas, sat quiet and still, every door and window open to ease the summer heat. Warren Augus Ferris had just returned from a long trip to East Texas and was sitting comfortably in a rocking chair, singing to sleep his youngest child, Frances Laura.

Another daughter, Mary Catherine, lying in her bedroom on the first floor, heard something climb in the window, drop to the floor, and scuttle into a neighboring room where her cousin, Mrs. Rebecca Veasy, was sleeping. She thought it was a dog. Mrs. Veasy apparently thought so, too, for she called to her uncle that there was a dog under her bed and to come drive it out.

Ferris, tired and rather skeptical, called back that it was outside her window. "No," she said, "it's under my bed! Come chase it out!"

Ferris got up, carried Frances Laura to her sister's room, then went into his niece's room. He stomped his foot and shouted to whatever-it-was to "Get out!" A harsh squeal came from under the bed and a large furry something shot out, bit him on the calf of his leg, and ran into the other room where it valiantly began repeated attacks on the rocking chair, all the while whining and snarling in an increasingly ferocious manner.

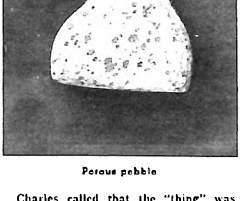
Ferris thought at first it was the household cat. To warn everyone he loudly shouted, "Cat's mad and just bit me!"

Henry, a son, asleep upstairs, had been awakened by all the noise and when he heard the "cat was mad," he scrambled up from the floor where it was sleeping, and threw it out the window, just to be sure.

Another son, Charles, also asleep upstairs, woke up, grabbed the beam off a spinning wheel and ran downstairs to drive whatever was causing the trouble out of the house.

In the meantime, the animal was engaged in its battle with the rocking chair so Ferris had time to shut the bedroom doors, climb out a window, grab a hoe, and run to the front door to catch it there.

He called for Mary Catherine to bring him a light but by this time the poor girl, who was deathly afraid of anything mad, had jumped out of a window, run across the yard and was now perched on top of a leanto woodshed and would not budge. Father and daughter excitedly shouted back and forth until Ferris threatened to clobber her instead of the animal if she didn't bring him a light. She never came down till it was all over.



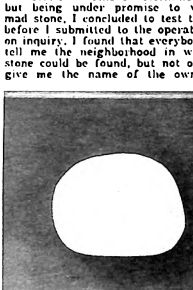
Peruse pebble

Charles called that the "thing" was now coming to the door. As it emerged, Ferris lashed at it with the hoe and the dogs caught it and finished it off. Only then did they discover it was a full-grown raccoon.

THE SUBSEQUENT action was reported by Ferris to editors of the *Dallas Herald*. His opening statement was: THE MAD STONE—Is it a myth? Is it reality? Does it possess the virtues imparted to it, or is it a phantom of the imaginations of credulous persons? Gentlemen: In order that we may arrive at a correct answer to the above inquiries, I will submit a plain statement of facts.

Being fully convinced that in ordinary parlance the creature was mad, and being once present where five or six persons were bitten by a mad wolf, all of whom died in a few weeks, I was somewhat alarmed, and sent an express at once for an able physician to pay me a visit. He sent me a note stating that all he could do would be to cut out and scarify the wound, all of which I could do as well myself. He moreover intimated that if I wished to try the efficacy of a mad stone, I would find one in a certain neighborhood, without giving the name of the owner. I inferred from the general tenor of his letter that he had no faith in the stone himself, but called my attention to it with the idea that I might acquire some faith in it which would perhaps prevent my dwelling in imagination upon a subject so fearful as to produce in reality madness itself.

I had always heard of a mad stone, but had neither seen one nor found any person who could describe it; and although I had nearly as much testimony to induce belief as Dr. Johnson had for the appearance of ghosts—namely, "the concurring testimony of all nations"—yet I was still a skeptic, and entertained some doubt of there being such a stone. My children, however, more credulous than myself, insisted upon my hunting up the thing and trying its virtue. To gratify them I finally consented, and the next morning set out in quest of the far-famed stone. I took Dallas in my way, and presented myself before several of the physicians, who unanimously advised me to have the wound cut out and scarified. This I determined to do; but being under promise to visit the mad stone, I concluded to test the thing before I submitted to the operation. Upon inquiry, I found that everybody could tell me the neighborhood in which the stone could be found, but not one could give me the name of the owner.



Carbonate of lime

I went to the settlement where the stone was said to be, and there everybody seemed to know that there was such a stone somewhere among them, but no one could name the possessor. In this way I rode hard all day in pursuit of a thing that, like the rainbow, seemed to elude my grasp, firmly convinced in my own mind that there was no such thing in existence.

Luckily, however, I found one man who assured me that I would find the article I was in quest of in the hands of one John Favens, on the West Fork of the Trinity River about three miles off. This encouraging information induced me to proceed at an accelerated pace, and I finally reached the place after dark. Upon inquiry, the gentleman

STONE

By W. A. FERRIS submitted by W. R. CONGER

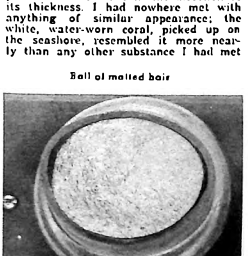
Warton Angus Ferris, trapper, Indian scout, surveyor, farmer and writer, was born December 26, 1810 in Glens Falls, New York. In 1830, as a clerk for the American Fur Company in the western territories, he mapped what is now the Yellowstone National Park area. Ferris arrived in Texas in 1836 and was appointed deputy county surveyor of Nacogdoches County in 1837. The first surveys in what is now Dallas, Texas, were run by him in October, 1840. He enjoyed a lifetime of high adventure and few contemporaries could match him in skill and integrity in their chosen fields of endeavor.

assured me that he had such a stone and that I might rely upon its virtue.

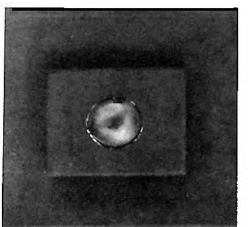
Here I may note that I have been several times bitten by dogs, but never so severely. In every case the wound would become greatly inflamed and painful and sometimes be several months in healing. In the present case there was not the slightest inflammation or pain; there seemed to have formed a thin membrane over the wound, and the skin and flesh were loose and flabby as they were on the sound limb, yet around the edge of the wound could be seen a narrow thread of deep indigo blue. I am confident that had I received such a bite from a dog not rabid—(nothing having been applied to it)—after a hard day's ride it would have been greatly inflamed and painful. This led me to believe that the virus acted as an insidious enemy, the more to be apprehended from its soothing, healing and anxiety-lulling character.

THE STONE was of an irregular form, nearly an inch square and about three-eighths of an inch thick; in color it resembled a wasp's-nest, and appeared to be a bundle of capillary tubes cemented together with a stony substance resembling the gray quartz frequently seen in museums attached to precious metals. The tubes, which were extremely minute, were placed with great regularity in rows, having one or more circles around each, and penetrated the stone in the direction of its thickness. I had nowhere met with anything of similar appearance; the white, water-worn coral, picked up on the seashore, resembled it more nearly than any other substance I had met

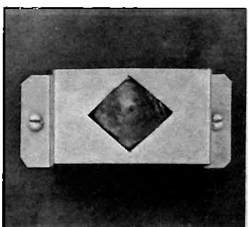
Ball of matted hair



Polished seed



Gallstone from an ox



with. I had formed the opinion that it was a substance similar to the pumice of the South American volcanoes, but found it entirely dissimilar to that product.

After supper, having a kettle of water heated so that the finger could barely be borne in it a few seconds, the stone was placed in it a few moments and then applied to the wound. As a slight film had formed over the wound, it required a few moments' pressure with my finger to induce it to stick, but after this first application it no longer required this procaution. It probably remained upon the wound half a minute and then fell off.

During the time it was attached to the bite, the evaporating water could be seen as if it were boiling at every tube, and I could feel a distinct burning sensation in the wound such as I presume would be induced by a minute blister of flies. As soon as the stone fell off, it was placed an instant in the hot water and reapplied to the bite. It now attached itself with tenacity, and I found that I could not disengage it by shaking the limb or walking about; in fact, it required some effort to disengage it with the fingers.

In this manner I continued to re-apply the stone as described for about three hours. During this period I could not perceive any difference; it remained attached to the wound about the same length of time (half minute), and with about the same tenacity. I now discontinued my application and resumed them the following morning.

Finding that the stone now attached itself as long and as firmly as it did the evening before, I resolved to continue unremittingly the application as long as the stone showed the least inclination to stick. At ten-thirty A. M. the attachment became extremely feeble, and by eleven A. M. had ceased altogether. I continued the application long afterward, placing my leg in the most favorable position, but the moment the limb was inclined from a horizontal position (the stone being uppermost) it would slide or fall off.

My next step was to ascertain if the stone could be induced to stick to any other wound. The evening before, I had scraped a piece of skin from my leg about the size of a dime. The stone was carefully and repeatedly applied for some time, but never manifested the least tendency to adhere. I also tried it upon brier scratches, as well as upon the unbroken skin, with always the same result.

I had now reached the end of my experiments. I should have been much gratified to have examined the stone with a microscope, but not having the instrument I could not gratify my curiosity.

I NOW DEVOTED my reasoning faculties to the questions at the head of this article. It is manifest that the evaporation of the hot water must produce a partial vacuum in the tubes, and produces a slight attraction similar to the cupping glass. It is also highly probable the water may ascend in these minute tubes and produce a kind of capillary attraction; but these combined attractions are not sufficient to induce the stone to stick to any wound. An auxiliary force is necessary.

My theory is that the virus of rabid animals has little or no affinity for the flesh and blood of the wound when deposited, as it unquestionably remains a long time dormant, finally acting upon the nervous system; but that it does have a strong chemical affinity for some one of the constituents of the mad stone. That the virus, assisted by evaporating water and the capillary action of the tubes, ascends and combines with this constituent of the stone, forming a new compound, which is soluble in hot water. This new compound no doubt fills the

(Continued on page 66)

Rampart

7th in the series of
Ghosts Along The Yukon

In 1963, the only store along Rampart's main street (above) was Wolsnor Trading Company. At left is Johnny Woill who came over Chilcoot Pass to Dawson with the Klondike Stampede in 1898. He found no gold, so drifted to Rampart where he still lives an active life. The cabin at the bottom of the page is where author Rex Beach spent the winter of 1897-98.

THE MOUNTAINS of silver that Ed Schieffelin discovered in Arizona's Apache country would have satisfied most men; instead, it only intensified his prospecting fever. Even while Tombstone was booming and he himself was accumulating a fortune of more than a million dollars, the prospector scanned maps and reports for hints of still greater mineral deposits.

In the spring of 1883, Schieffelin headed an expedition which pushed up the Yukon River in quest of gold. From his reading, he had evolved the intriguing theory that a belt of precious metals lay along the backbone of the American Continents, stretching from Cape Horn to Alaska. Somewhere, he felt, the valley of the Yukon River would intersect this glittering band.

The expedition, aboard a small steamboat, wound upriver for a thousand miles through a land of forest and low hills. Finally, in Rampart Canyon, where the Yukon gouges its way through the Sawtooth and Ray Mountains, Schieffelin found the gold he was seeking—not in any great quantity, to be sure; yet he was convinced that what color he had found was an outcropping of the continental belt of which he dreamed.

By then, the short Arctic summer was drawing to a close, and the expedition started back downriver. Schieffelin would never return. The chill of advancing winter discouraged him; the unwinding miles of river reminded him of the impossible remoteness of his surroundings. He concluded that mining would never be profitable along the Yukon.

Thirteen years later, a Russian half-breed named Minook came to Rampart Canyon, and out of a hole eight feet square and fifteen feet deep, dug three thousand dollars' worth of gold. The following winter, with Klondike-bound steamboats frozen tight all along the river, gold seekers by the hundreds began to work their way overland to this new strike, arriving in dogsleds bought, borrowed or stolen.

One stampeder, Rex Beach, came to camp equipped only with a fur-lined sleeping bag, rifle, dogskin suit and a mandolin. He soon got into a bitter argument with his partner, and a miner's meeting was called to settle the dispute. The miner's meeting, a vigilante court which was the only form of justice in

By MICHAEL JENKINSON

Photos by Karl Kernberger

most of the early gold camps of the Far North, decreed that the two antagonists should strip to their long-johns and settle the matter with bare fists. After a few wild swings, anger drained away, and with their honor thus intact, the two called it off.

Although he himself was to find little pay dirt, Beach later achieved fame and fortune writing of gold strikes and the struggles of men attempting to tame a wilderness.

Men tarried at Rampart at first because they realized they would not be able to proceed to the Klondike until the river ice broke in the spring. They scrabbled frenziedly at the gravels of every stream they came across, usually gaining only blisters and a release from tension. The faintest rumor was enough to send them into —30° weather to stake claims which contained less gold than the teeth of the bearded men who struggled over them.

BUT RAMPART proved true to its rumor. When the ice finally broke and men could stampede to the richer gold fields of the Klondike, a good number stayed on. In 1897, the year Rampart suddenly became a brawling gold camp beside the Yukon, Ed Shieffelin died of a heart attack on a mining claim in Oregon, still seeking the Golden Bitch.

At Rampart small fortunes were dug in the dusk of a winter afternoon and lost or squandered before a smudge of red on the southern horizon announced the next high noon. A man could always dig more, the prospectors reasoned.

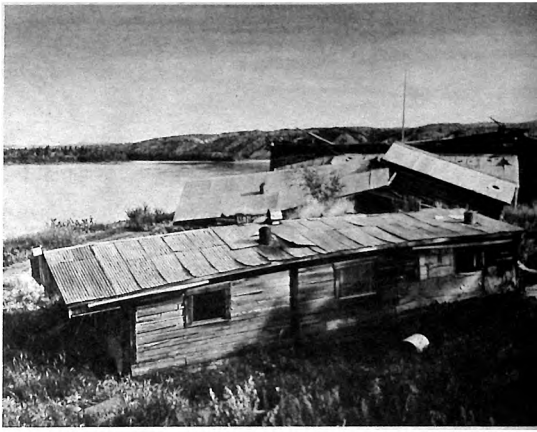
Among such men, none was more confident than a former Texan, who faced the world with steady eyes set beneath thick brows. In Dawson, he had promoted a little of everything, including prizefights. He spoke of the fortunes he had gained and lost, but no one in Rampart paid much attention, since it was known he had left Dawson penniless. Soon he drifted on to Nome, and within a year was worth $100,000. His name was Tex Rickard.

Today, Rampart is a far cry from the town where lots once sold for $1,300 apiece. Few people live there now: a trader, schoolteacher, an old miner who has abided from the boom days, a handful of Indians.

In the early days, when better than a thousand people lived there, it was said that the town "was a foot wide and a mile long." Squeezed between mountains and water, its buildings and cabins stood in a slender strand along the river. Much of that strand remains today, although few of the cabins are occupied. Some are crushed and oddly twisted about by the violence of floods.

Rampart, a town of yesterday, lingers beside the Yukon—a rim of deserted and sagging cabins. Perhaps not for long. Congress is even now seriously considering a proposal to put a massive dam in Rampart Canyon. Its back-up would inundate the town, as well as a basin area ten percent larger than Lake Erie.

If this occurs, then Rampart will remain only in some stories, a stack of scattered photographs, the memories of a few old men.



Floods in the spring of 1963 ripped over Rampart, tossing buildings about like toy blocks (above), and leaving an iceberg two stories tall on main street. Rampart Canyon (below) is a few miles downstream from Rampart. A proposed dam would be built across the Yukon at this point, inundating the town of Rampart and the Yukon Flats—an area larger than Lake Erie. John Loehr stands in the boat being beached by Michael Jenkinson and his wife, Kathy

Charlie Russell's

By 'TANA MAC

Photo Courtesy Author

THE CITY of Great Falls, Montana's largest community, has a priceless heritage which is threatened by economic problems. The home of the great western artist, Charles Marion Russell, as well as his adjoining studio, have been declared eligible for designation by the United States Department of the Interior as a Registered National Historic Landmark, but some of the populace feel that the house should not be preserved because of the expense involved.

"Charlie Russell is the greatest ambassador Montana ever had," says Director Michael F. Kennedy of the Montana State Historical Society, "and I think it would be a real tragedy to destroy his home." Mr. Kennedy considers the studio and home as an unit which should not be divided.

A drive has been on to raise funds for the enlargement of the C. M. Russell Gallery which houses many beautiful Russell treasures. Enlargement can be successfully accomplished without disturbing the Russell home or the log cabin studio in which Russell did most of his work. The Gallery stands on the corner of Fourth Avenue North; neighboring it to the east is the cabin, next to it some fifteen feet away is the house in which Nancy and Charlie Russell resided for the greater part of their married life.

"I have great respect for the people on the board and am impressed by plans for expansion of the Gallery, but I personally believe that alternatives to save the site of his (Russell's) home outweigh even adding a new wing," asserted Kennedy.

Authorities disclosed that to retain the landmark, the city of Great Falls must assume responsibility for the site and its upkeep. It has been the task of Mayor Marian Erdmann to keep city operational costs down, especially in this year in which priority has been given to the erection of a new public library.

In all honesty, Her Honor urged the Department of the Interior to send a representative to Montana to view the conditions of the house, which in view of its age she felt might be a fire hazard. The report of that representative advocated preserving the home.

Dr. Fritz Hurd, Great Falls Chairman of the Park Board, has made it clear that no order has as yet been given to tear down the dwelling, but the board has told the City Council it gives permission to move or destroy the house. Those favoring this measure contend that the log cabin studio is far more valuable to the city than the dwelling.

Montana's largest newspaper, the Great Falls *Tribune*, is presenting fairly to the public both sides of the question. In a recent article (February 13), staff writer Dick Coon explains that cost to the city is undoubtedly the biggest part of the problem involved in preserving the home. Mr. Coon, however, quotes Mrs. John Stephenson, Sr., Chairman of the Russell Studio Committee of the Park Board as stating, "None of us wants to destroy a landmark."

Reporter Coon wrote that Mrs. Stephenson said the board, in making a decision, had to be selective because of the feeling the studio was much more valuable than the house, and that furnishing the home with imitation fixtures which were not originally a part of the Russell home, for purposes of charging admission, would not be honest. She attested she personally would hate to see a charge made to the public now, after admission to the gallery and studio have been free.

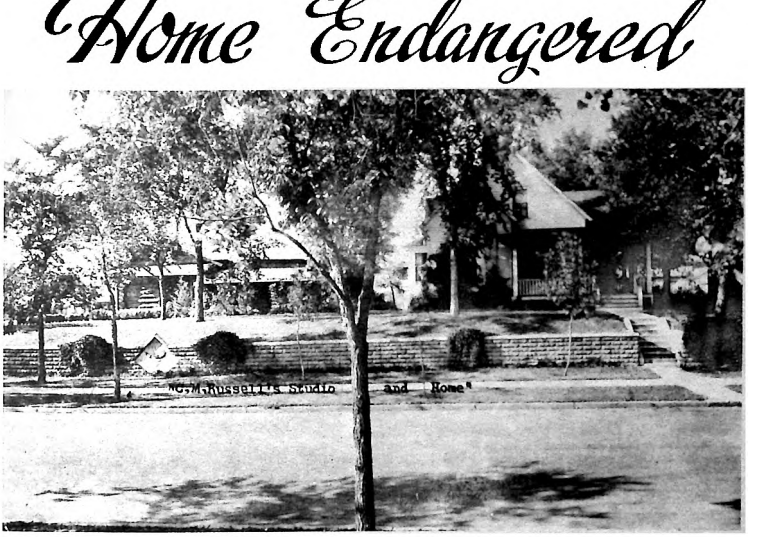
"We have here a position of being practical versus a 'wouldn't it be nice if we could' situation," Mrs. Stephenson declared.

C. M. Russell Gallery at Great Falls, Montana

EARLIER in 1966 Great Falls artist, Branson Stevenson, a member of the C. M. Russell Gallery Board, sent Montana Democratic Senator Mike Mansfield

Great Falls is facing a problem that everyone of us will have to meet sooner or later in his own locality—how much of the past can we manage to preserve when the heart is full but the purse is flat?

Home Endangered



These buildings were once the studio (left) and home (right) of Nancy and Charles Russell. The log cabin studio now comprises part of the C. M. Russell Gallery of Great Falls. The modern gallery housing much of his work in oils, water colors, letters, and bronze, is shown on the opposite page. It stands to the left of the log cabin studio.

a photomontage of the proposed development area including the expansion site of the Gallery. Stevenson also arranged the visit of National Park Service Representative Merrill J. Mattes of Omaha, Nebraska, to pass inspection upon the property.

Arriving the first week in February, Resources Studies Advisor Mattes urged, upon inspection, that city officials preserve the family home. Accompanying Mattes on his tour was Montana Historical Society Director Kennedy, Mrs. John D. Stephenson, Sr., Mrs. Charles Bovey and Branson G. Stevenson (the latter both members of the Gallery Board and Board of Trustees of the Montana Historical Society), and other local officials.

"It is gratifying that Mr. Mattes is in favor of preservation of the home," states long-time Curator Mrs. Robb Williams of the C. M. Russell Gallery. "Too many people have been under the impression that Russell lived in the log cabin studio, with its fireplace, wooden table, chairs and couch. If both home and studio and Gallery become a National Historical Shrine, this mistaken concept will be corrected." She offers the point that Russell also worked at art in his home, where he did some painting and most of his modeling.

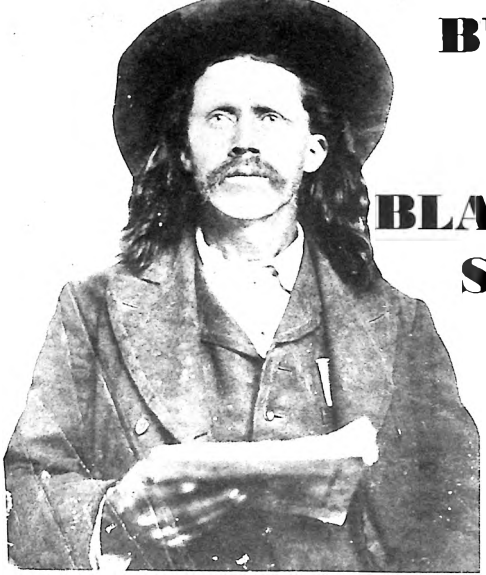
Photographer Hildore Ekund, long a friend of Russell's and the last to photograph this genius in life, has been for years advocating preserving the Russell home. He has been joined by others like old-time artist Jack Wryn, also of Great Falls and the last of Russell's old cronies who gathered in the log cabin studio every Sunday morning for a range breakfast which Russell prepared for them before the fireplace.

"It would be a crime to tear down this lovely two-story home just to save money which will in time come back to the city a hundred-fold from the tourist trade," insist both Jack and Hildore. Echoing this sentiment are others who see a beauty far more than greets the eye in the white frame house in which the Russells dwelled. They know that the home can be redecorated and refurnished with Russell originals from admirers anxious to see the cowboy artist honored to the fullest possible extent. The house has been kept in excellent repair.

Acquiring designation as a Registered National Historic Landmark may also move people to make the Russell burial site more attractive. No statue of the artist stands there. A pine tree above a large boulder bears a bronze plaque on which is shaped an easel with the artist's

(Continued on page 54)

The BUNGLED JOB at BLACKSTONE SWITCH



Texas Jack Reed, evangelist, as he appeared shortly after his release from prison

By GLENN SHIRLEY

Photos Courtesy Author

I KNEW "Texas Jack" Reed. I first saw him in Tulsa, Oklahoma, the spring of 1938. A crusty old-timer, who had just celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday, bearing fourteen bullet wounds and other scarred mementoes of his life as a desperado, he was an unusual attraction on the streets close by his home at 109½ South Cincinnati. He held his small group of listeners pop-eyed, while he boasted of the train, bank and stagecoach holdups in which he had participated, lectured on crime-does-not-pay, and sold, at 25¢ per copy, a little yellow-backed pamphlet entitled, *THE LIFE OF TEXAS JACK, Eight Years A Criminal —41 Years Trusting in God.*

Small of stature, with keen, crafty eyes he wore his hair to his shoulders after the fashion of the Indian scouts of the Plains, a crimson bandana around his neck, high-topped boots, and a wide leather belt heavily ornamented with silver. Beside him stood a board covered with the photographs of famous outlaws he had known and a large poster advertising his show and lectures. He claimed to be the last survivor of the "47 most notorious bandits of Territory days" (that bumper crop of badmen whose lawlessness ended on the gallows of Judge Isaac C. Parker's "hanging" court at Fort Smith, Arkansas), out that he had "long since hit the straight and narrow." It appeared to me he had done this after he had been shot and crippled so many times that he couldn't get in and out of the saddle.

I pegged him as a four-flusher, but after a lengthy conversation with him, and an intensive examination of Territorial newspapers and the records of the old Fort Smith court, I discovered he had committed some of the most publicized robberies in the West.

This was after my return from overseas following World War II, nearly ten years later. Texas Jack still was a familiar figure in Tulsa, but no longer the picturesque character I had first met. Old age and his physical condition prevented his getting about. He hung out on Boston Avenue between First and Second streets, and was living at 17 South Boston. He spent a great deal of time propped in a folding chair on the sidewalk out front. His silver-studded belt was gone. His clothing was soiled and threadbare, his long hair was done in braids, but his eyes still held their keen, crafty look. People would come up and talk with him, and he would tell them his adventures—if they gave him money.

He still boasted of his exploits, but he put more stress on the fact that for nearly fifty years he had never "run afoul" of the law. "I saw the light," he said. "When I quit, it was for eternity."

He had increased the number of body wounds from fourteen to twenty-seven. I passed this off as a story-teller's prerogative. My interest now was more than idle curiosity. I had published a number of articles on Oklahoma's badmen and was looking for material to put into a couple of books, which I published later.

From the old man's statements and my search of the records, I was able to put together the story of Texas Jack, the famous bandit.

HIS REAL NAME was Nathaniel Reed, and he was born near St. Paul, Madison County, Arkansas, on March 29, 1862. Of his early life, Reed said: "It was not unlike the lives of lots of other boys of my time and locality. My father, Mason H. Reed, a Union soldier, was killed in action on November 16, 1863, when I was little more than a year old. After that I was shunted about among my relatives with no permanent home. No one seemed much interested in me. I grew up without an education and lived in Madison County until I was twenty-one, then went west, working in Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho and Texas.

"Finally I got a job on an Oklahoma ranch owned by a man named Tarry. We handled large numbers of cattle, sometimes as many as 20,000 head. There were thirteen of us cowboys. Our foreman was named Coffey. It was under his leadership that I took part in my first train robbery.

"This was the summer of 1885. We held up the Santa Fe Express at La Junta, Colorado. Coffey did all the planning and us boys helped carry out the

On a slow grade in the Territory, Texas Jack Reed concluded a rather successful career as a highwayman. Whether it was a bullet through the hips, or the sparks he saw in Judge Parker's eyes that caused the big reform no one can say—but something occurred that made him believe dying with his boots off was no bad way to go!

plans. I stood on the platform of the rear coach, kicked the door and fired my pistol in the air to keep the passengers from coming out of the cars. Afterwards, Coffey gave me a sack containing over $6,000, my share of the loot from that first job.

"It was the most money I'd seen at one time. I'd managed to save only $400 in three years working across the country, so it seemed like a fortune. I put the money in a bank at Caldwell, Kansas, and said I had won it gambling."

For the next eight years, Reed traveled with various other gangs in Colorado, Arizona, Texas, California, and Oklahoma. Here are the "major jobs" he listed:

1885—Santa Fe Express at La Junta, Colorado
1888—Bank at Riverside, Texas
1889—Stagecoach at Canyon Gap, Colorado
1889—Train near Phoenix, Arizona
1891—Bank at Brownsville, Texas
1892—Stagecoach near San Antonio, Texas
1892—Gold bullion robbery in California
1894—Blackstone train robbery in Indian Territory (where his outlaw career ended)

As sidelights, he claimed, "I rode with the Dalton boys in their raid on the banks at Coffeyville, when two of the Daltons were killed and Emmett Dalton was badly wounded. I was holding the horses, so got away.

"After that, I was with Bill Doolin in the fight with U. S. marshals at Ingalls, Oklahoma, in 1893."

These statements were pure fabrication. Official records and contemporary reports do not bear him out. He had a story-teller's right to this bit of exaggeration, but it wasn't necessary. His actual experiences were more than enough to prove he was no criminal small-fry.

Jim Dyer, alleged "brains" of the Indian Territory underworld. Convicted and sentenced to fifteen years in federal prison, his case was finally reversed by the United States Supreme Court. At his new trial he was acquitted.

He is best remembered for his part in the Blackstone switch robbery at Wybark, eight miles north of Muskogee, at 10:10 p.m., November 13, 1894.

The Missouri-Kansas-Texas and Iron Mountain (Missouri-Pacific) railroads had been held up and their express cars looted so many times in this section that express officials had placed armed guards on all trains running through Indian Territory.

Reed and his three companions had been "tipped" by an agent in Dallas that the northbound Katy No. 2 was carrying a large shipment of money. What the agent didn't know was that James F. "Bud" Ledbetter, a veteran Territory lawman whose exploits became legendary, was in the express coach, and that three crack shot deputies, Paden Tolbert, Sid Johnson and Frank Jones, were also on the train.

Reed's plan was to throw the switch, send the train onto a siding, and blast open the express car with dynamite. Engineer Joseph Hotchkiss realized what was happening the moment he saw the switch light change from green to red. He set his brake, opened the sand valves and brought the train to a stop sooner than the outlaws expected. The robbers dashed toward the train, shooting and yelling.

James Franklin "Bud" Ledbetter, (above) veteran Indian Territory lawman, was guarding the express car at Blackstone switch. Buz Luckey (left) was Reed's accomplice in crime on this ill-timed robbery and possibly saved his wounded companion's life when he picked him up and carried him to his horse.

THIS IS HOW Samuel Sondheimer, a Muskogee merchant, who was on the train, remembered the incident:

"Hotchkiss jumped from the engine cab and hid in a small ravine. Then Ledbetter ordered all coach doors opened. A deputy appeared in each of these, pumping lead, and drove the robbers back. But the outlaws had plenty of nerve. They were Texas Jack, Buz Luckey and Will Smith, Negroes, and Tom Root, a bad Cherokee. For nearly an hour they fought, even threatening to throw dynamite into the cars, but Bud and his men stuck to their posts and kept using their rifles.

"During the excitement, Jack slipped under cover of some ties piled along the track past the express car. He entered the front of the first passenger coach, carrying a gunnysack and wearing false whiskers, and while the firing was still hot outside, passed through the entire train. As he entered each coach he shouted, 'Everybody drop his valuables in this sack or be killed!'

"I saved my watch and diamond ring by sliding them across the aisle under the skirts of a lady passenger. I hid part of my money in a cuspidor and the rest under a seat cushion.

"Ledbetter caught one short glimpse of Jack as he was leaving the last coach. That was all Bud needed to crack down on him. Jack fell, badly wounded. Buz Luckey, a big, strong man, picked him up and carried him to his horse. After a few more shots, Smith and Root rushed to their horses, and all rode away. The engineer crawled from hiding, backed the train onto the main line and proceeded to Gibson station to await orders."

Similar accounts of the robbery appear in the Fort Worth *Gazette*, Novem-

ber 14; the Vinita *Indian Chieftain*, November 15; and the Ardmore *State Herald*, November 22, 1894. S. W. Harman, in his book, *Hell on the Border*, sets the time at 9:55 p. m. and states that "one of the road agents held the engineer and fireman under subjection while two others kept up a careless fire to frighten the other trainmen and passengers."

The $60,000 which confederates had informed them would be shipped by express on that train had been, by some chance, retained until a later train. As soon as it was learned that, there was no booty in the express car, Nath Reed went through the coaches, and at the point of a revolver, and with the most fearful oaths, compelled the passengers to 'contribute'. . . forcing a young passenger to go with him and hold one side of the sack."

Reed's version is almost identical to Sondheimer's, except for the manner in which he was shot:

"I was taking up this Sunday School collection, had $460, eight watches and three pistols in the sack, and things were going well until Ledbetter jumped in on me with a gun in each hand. He got me through both hips then and there, and I'm still a cripple from the wounds he gave me. I managed to escape, however, and hide out."

Reed rode a distance of "about two miles." Finally he could stand the pain no longer. He divided the loot with his companions, and they left him on some blankets under a rock ledge. Later, they took him into the woods and cared for him at the home of Dick Reynolds, who, at the time, was in jail at Muskogee for hog stealing. From there, Reed went to Seneca, Missouri, and a few weeks later, reached the home of his brother in the Boston Mountains of Arkansas.

MEANWHILE, Ledbetter and his deputies picked up the trail of the robbers. They found bloodstains under the rock ledge where Reed had rested. They traced him to Dick Reynolds' house, where an Indian woman admitted that the outlaws had been there but had moved on.

American Express Company officials in Chicago lauded Ledbetter and his men for their "valiant stand against these desperadoes in defense of the property in their charge," and offered a $250 reward for each robber captured and convicted. At Fort Smith, United States Marshal George J. Crump put a large force of deputies in the field, and at Muskogee, Marshal S. M. Rutherford organized his men to make a thorough search of the Creek Nation. By this time, they knew the identity of at least two of the men they were after—Tom Root and Buz Luckey.

Early on the morning of December 5, Deputy Marshal Newton LaForce, with an Indian officer named Birchfield and six possemen, surrounded Root's home in the Broken Arrow settlement, fifteen miles southeast of Tulsa. A heavy fog blanketed the bottoms.

While the possemen watched the house, LaForce and Birchfield proceeded toward some haystacks 200 yards away, where they thought the pair might be hiding if not in the cabin. The dogs at the house scented the officers and began barking. This awakened Luckey, Root, and Root's wife, who were asleep in the stacks. LaForce and Birchfield had separated and were approaching with the stacks between them when Root and Luckey leaped from the hay.

They glimpsed the officers through the fog and opened fire. LaForce commanded them to surrender, returned their shots, and a running fight ensued. The possemen ran from the cabin, firing at the barely discernible fugitives as they fled. Root and Luckey escaped. When the shooting ended, LaForce lay dead, a bullet through his back.

Luckey was captured a few weeks later near Muskogee. He was taken to Fort Smith and indicted for the murder of LaForce. Will Smith, his companion in the Blackstone holdup, left the country, never to be seen again. Root remained at large in the territory.

Reed was still in Madison County, Arkansas. His brother, unaware of his outlaw activities, believed him when he told

THE LIFE OF

TEXAS JACK

Nathaniel Reed a Mr. Christian
Birth Name
41 Years Trusting in God
Nathaniel Reed
June 3 1932

Title page, autographed by Nathaniel Reed, of the final edition of the *Life of Texas Jack*, published at Tulsa, Oklahoma—1936

how his hips had been "busted" when a horse fell on him.

"During the three months I hid out, wounded and suffering, I had plenty of time to think of the past and wonder what the future held for me," Reed said. "In the spring of 1895, I decided to make a clean breast of everything. I wrote Judge Parker, and he sent raden Tolbert and two other deputies after me. They brought me to Fort Smith and placed me in the jail hospital. This was the 18th of March, and the first time I had the care of a doctor."

On March 29, 1895, he went on trial with Buz Luckey for the robbery at Blackstone switch.

Reed apparently had conceived the idea of clearing himself and securing clemency for Luckey. According to Harman, in *Hell on the Border*, he held a violent hatred for Jim Dyer, a well-to-do white man who, for some time, had been furnishing the federal marshals information regarding various crimes being committed in the Territory. "Reed decided to confess the part he had played in the train robbery and swear away Jim Dyer's liberty while securing his own," says Harman. "He denied that he had been the 'brains' of the gang, naming Jim Dyer as the man who had engineered the holdup, but didn't participate."

"What I told, I had to tell," Reed said, at Tulsa, "I found God, and He gave me the strength to lisp the truth."

His testimony incriminating Dyer also opened an avenue of clemency for Tom Root. Root was indicted in the surprise, and was brought to Fort Smith, August 13.

It was a case of the government playing one criminal against another. When Root learned that he also had been charged with the slaying of LaForce, he turned state's evidence against Luckey.

Luckey was tried for murder in the August term of court with Root and eight deputy marshals arrayed against him. His attorney was J. Warren Reed (no relation to Texas Jack). Lawyer Reed was a stoutly built man, with a thick, black mustache and cold, calculating eyes. He was the most fashionable dress, affecting a claw-hammer coat, silver-headed cane and high silk hat. Something of a dandy, he appeared out of place on the frontier, but he possessed dynamic energy, and perseveringly already was well on his way to becoming one of the most successful criminal attorneys in the Southwest.

HE CONDUCTED the defense with his usual vigor. He claimed the attempt to arrest Luckey and Root at Broken Arrow had been made in an unlawful manner and "the defendant was warranted in resisting." The prosecution, however, showed that LaForce had been carrying writs for both Luckey and Root for various crimes.

Root testified: "When I heard the dogs barking, I ran from my bed with a Winchester in my hand. I did not fire a shot, but got a bullet in the thigh as I ran into the woods, where I was joined by Luckey. Luckey told me he had shot at the man with the overcoat on (LaForce)."

Root denied he had been promised that, his case would be dismissed if he testified for the government.

In his own defense, Luckey said he "ran from the haystack to see what was wrong." As he sighted what he "thought was a moving object," somebody shot his hat off. He had fired three or four times, then had run into the woods. "I did not know the man I fired at was a marshal, or I would have surrendered."

Luckey was convicted. On September 7, he appeared for sentencing before Judge Parker. The austere, white-haired judge was a big man, over six feet in height and weighing 200 pounds. As he spoke, his deep voice rolled to every corner of the room:

"You have been convicted of the murder of Newton LaForce, a United States deputy marshal of this court, in the Indian country. He is one of more than three score of marshals, who, in the last twenty years, have given their lives in the country while in the discharge of their duty . . . in the efforts of this court to overcome bloody violence and murder unequaled in the history of jurisprudence. These brave men represented peace and order in a struggle with outlaws and banditti. The banditti represented lawlessness, bloodshed and crime. The killing of Marshal LaForce was but one act in the great war of civilization against savagism. . .

"You, by the evidence, are a man of blood. You belong to the banditti, to the bands of men who robbed and plundered peaceable citizens, express cars and passengers on railroad trains. The officers

(Continued on page 62)

Wild Old Days!

The monument (above left) marks Foxen's grave, located on the rancho grounds. The church built by his daughter is shown on the right.

FOXEN CANYON

Courtesy Southern Counties Gas Company of California

FEW modern travelers straying from Highway 101 to this oak-dotted valley, seventeen miles east of Santa Maria, would guess that it was once the scene of a critical chapter in California history. But 120 years ago a drama of military and social conflict was played out in the mountains south of present-day Sisquoc. It was perhaps the key to California's becoming an American state rather than a British colony.

Sisquoc's claim to fame came in December, 1846, when Lt. Col. John C. Fremont brought his bedraggled battalion to Rancho Tinaquaic in Foxen Canyon. Fremont was en route to Santa Barbara, which was then held by Californians who were negotiating with the British to surrender Santa Barbara and Southern California.

Benjamin Foxen, owner of the *rancho*, was a former English sailor who had settled in California and married Eduarda Osuna, daughter of an aristocratic Spanish family. Despite his cultural ties to the British, and marital linkage with Californians, Foxen was neutral in the struggle between the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and Russia in 1846.

Fremont intended to rest his troops at Tinaquaic, then march south to Santa Barbara. Foxen and his wife, however, knew through the local grapevine that the Californians were waiting to ambush the American soldiers at the narrow pass which lends to the seacoast at Gaviota. When the unsuspecting Fremont was ready to leave, Foxen warned him of the impending disaster.

The Colonel was discouraged, but determined to carry out his vital mission and reach Santa Barbara. Foxen thereupon assumed the role of guide for the battalion and led the soldiers over San Marcos Pass, an alternate route east of Gaviota which had been unknown to Fremont. San Marcos Pass was unguarded.

The able-bodied Californians of Santa Barbara were massed at Gaviota Pass, and when Foxen led Fremont's men into Santa Barbara "by the back door" on Christmas Day, the Americans were able to take the undefended city without firing a shot. Three weeks later the struggle for the territory ceased, and U. S. occupation was recognized.

If the victory at Santa Barbara brought Fremont fame and honor, it cost Foxen dearly. For the next seven years, he was repeatedly persecuted by the Californians who considered him a traitor. He was burned out of his home in Foxen Canyon three times, and his livestock was stampeded so often that he had to move from the canyon for several years.

Eventually, he returned to Foxen Canyon and in later years directed the opening of a stagecoach route over the same pass where he had led Fremont to victory.

Years later, the Catholic Chapel, which Foxen's daughter had planned for Sisquoc, was used by Franciscan padres from nearby missions. In 1930 the old chapel was established as a historical monument. Fremont's campsite in Foxen Canyon is marked by a monument erected by the Minerva Club of Santa Maria. The word Sisquoc, according to some authorities, is the Indian word for quail which abound in the area.

—Submitted by H. W. Kouns and written by Steve Chafee

BIG LONESOME

By W. E. Kirkpatrick

ON MARCH 4, 1902, I was sitting in my schoolroom, as usual, in a small town in western Iowa, when my professor told me I was to go to the drugstore and answer a long distance phone call. A messenger had just brought the report to him. My knees began to weaken since I had never talked over a telephone or even seen one. The drugstore had the only one in town and it was enclosed in a booth.

My two older brothers, who had been operating a hardware and implement store in this town, had sold their holdings and, in December, 1901, had gone to the wide open spaces of South Dakota with their families. They were running cattle on the Sioux Indian Reservation.

It was one of these brothers who made the call from Sioux City, Iowa. He told me to take the five o'clock train, that he would meet me at the depot. My brother had bought several carloads of cattle and said I should leave with him next day for the West. I had no chance to bid goodbye to my school pals, as I had to gather my few belongings and be on my way.

I was seventeen years old and had done no traveling at all, but met my brother and we landed at our destination at 9 P. M. on March 6. My other brother met us at the station; the cattle were unloaded into stockyards.

We took a short-cut with a team and buggy across the prairie to their home some six miles distant. This was all new to me and I could forecast lonely days ahead. With my pony and dog, I started herding cattle as strange to this land as I was. It was necessary to keep the stock at haystacks until green grass came on for feed. Many days storms would come up and it was hard to keep warm. When snow came and the wind blew rather strong, the cattle would drift, and it was real work trying to turn them and keep them from separating. Twice I was unable to do it until my brother came out to help.

Each day—good, bad or indifferent—was very lonely for a boy with 326 head of restless cattle to care for. One day an elderly Indian came riding over to me on a three-year-old pony which he wanted to sell, but he talked only in Sioux and I understood none of it. We got by with using hands and making signs, and I induced my brothers to buy the pony. About this time the new grass was beginning to come up and cattle did much wandering about to get at the greener feed. More riding was required and I soon got an additional pony, better than the Indian one.

Our water supply began to run out and something had to be done and soon. A large tract of land was leased on the eastern shore of Lake Andes. Corral and tent were put up and the cattle were driven on the 26th day of May to the

herd ground about fifteen miles distant. No fields or fences were encountered on the way. We traveled across one patch of burned-off ground and the cattle turned sharply to a bunch of hay which had fallen from a load. They just as quickly retreated. Hurrying to the place, I found it badly infested with rattlesnakes. The noise was terrific and the hay moved up and down as the snakes chased about under it. I intended some evening to ride to the spot and burn it, but it was some distance from camp and always it was late when the cattle were placed in the corral.

MY NEPHEW of nearly my age came west with his folks in a covered wagon. He joined me at the new location. We slept on the ground in a tent, with a blanket under and over us, but we could do no cooking. Food was brought to us every other day; we could feast one day, fast after. There was no way of keeping food any length of time.

We found this place infested badly, too, with rattlesnakes. The only way to kill one was with my sixteen-foot herd whip, and twenty-two were liquidated during the summer. A bullsnake was found in our blankets one rainy night. The only light we had was a lantern, so we shook our blankets outside. The snake got away but the next morning he was found resting under the flap of the tent by my shoulder.

A cabin was finally built, which was somewhat safer, and arrangements were made with a lady running a store about three miles distant, so that groceries could be gotten when needed after the cattle were bedded down for the night.

Fresh water was not handy. It had to be bought from an Indian's well and carried by buggy in a crock churn. A salt barrel was placed in the sand about two rods from the edge of the lake, hoping it would serve, but fishermen found it handy for holding their catch. Many times I drank from cattle tracks after a rain; there was no way of carrying water with me.

I was alone with the cattle after my nephew left; he was with me about two weeks. I got no mail without going the fourteen miles to town. Summer days were pretty hot but if the cattle would settle down to grazing, I could put in some time reading a book I carried tied to the saddle. Before dismounting, I had to check for snakes, as in so much undergrowth they were hard to see. One time, when I was about to step down and do some reading, the rattling started. I untied the herd whip, then I noticed the snake going into a hole. Some of its tail was yet out, so I reached for it. I noticed the head was back very close and it was my time to move back—but the dog thought he could take over. The fangs went into his nose just in front of his eyes as the snake was thrown from the hole. After killing it, I knew I had to suck the poison from the bite or lose my dog.

He stayed at the cabin for three days and I was alone; then one afternoon he came back to be with me. A dog and boy became very close friends in times like these.

Rounding up cattle in the evening was some job as they would scatter very wide. My brother got a shepherd pup and asked me to try using it with the old dog so it would get some experience with cattle. The pup was too young and small to get through the dead grass so was carried on the saddle until he could travel.

The 18th day of July was my birthday but it was no different from any other day.

One night a very bad electrical storm came up. At this time the cattle were bedded down around the cabin. I was sleeping on a couch across the south window which was up full height. The storm was at its worst, with lightning flashing, when a call came from outside. An Indian family with team and buggy had lost their way home.

This straightened out, I tried again to get some rest. No roads at this time were graded or fenced, and ran most any direction across the prairie. As I had placed myself down to sleep again, a steer pushed his nose through the screen right over me.

That was one year which will never be forgotten. Sometimes now when I visit the lake where my shanty stood, I think back sixty-odd years to my first year in South Dakota. Farms and homes are now covering my old herd ground.

Courtesy Howard Payne College

Gila Bill

GILA BILL

By Joan Graves

GILA BILL was as mean and tough as the Arizona desert where he was born. Seared stiff of his deadly aim, people had little to do with Bill until a lean Arizona cowboy looked him straight in the eye and dared him to make his move. The showdown fizzled when neither antagonist would strike first.

Out of mutual respect growing from their encounter, Old Bill fell in with the cowboy and the pair headed for Texas. Drifting into the small Texas town of Brownwood—which wasn't more than a wide place in the road and a courthouse in the 1870s—Old Bill and his partner got a job in the Double O Saloon.

Bill fit right in with the saloon crowd. Mooching whiskey and table scraps wasn't exactly respectable—but what does a deadeye lizard care about society? Yet all good things must come to an end, and in 1880 Old Bill stretched out on the bar and succumbed to his strong diet.

There was mourning and toasting in the old Double O as the cowboys paid final tribute to their favorite drinking partner. A part-time undertaker sniffed the corpse and opined, "Cirrhosis of the liver."

The saloonkeeper decided there was only one fit resting place. Down went Gila Bill into a jug of the bar's strongest whiskey.

Death was just the beginning for Gila Bill, a poisonous lizard over a foot long. Saloon robbers struck in 1880 and carried Old Bill out with the loot. With the law on their heels, the desperadoes buried their loot in a livery stable only a few blocks from the saloon. When they were captured, nobody remembered to exhume the famous lizard.

The livery stable burned down in 1900 and a new building went up over Gila Bill. He was to stay put for awhile.

Twenty years later a carpenter, putting a new floor in the building, kicked over an old glass jug. Sure enough, it was Old Bill. The carpenter handed the thoroughly soused reptile to J. H. Grove, President of Howard Payne College, who promptly passed him off to the biology department.

Into the lab went Old Bill, where he sneered menacingly at his bone-dry admirers for the next forty-four years. Then, on August 26, 1964, Gila Bill was removed from his jar to be photographed.

Old Bill had always been crooked and after eighty years in a bottle of whiskey, he was no easier to straighten out. After the picture-taking, Bill's 120-proof home went down a drain at the Baptist school, and Gila Bill found himself in a sterile world of formalin.

"He may not like it as well, but he'll keep better," said Gordon Creel, head of the biology department.

And anyway, even vintage booze is frowned upon at Howard Payne.

MYSTERY IN DEATH TRAP MOUNTAIN

By John S. Eross

LOCATED in Mohave County, Arizona, fifty miles northeast of the mining town of Kingman, the Death Trap is in a narrow gorge, a pass in a rugged, almost impassable mountain in the Cerbat Range. It is of special interest to hunters and prospectors, being the hideaway of antelope and big horn sheep, and lying in a gold and silver region.

A huge, jagged volcanic rock, thrust through a mass of shale about seven feet high on the mountainside, has the color of blue metal and is heavily charged with some nameless force that deals death to any living thing touching it, according to ancient tradition and more modern testimony. Over the top of this rock a sharp ledge projects making a three-sided tunnel about ten feet long by five feet wide which serves as protection from inclement weather.

When the sun shines directly upon it, the rock has a pale blue tint, and as the sun moves away from the mountain it changes to a darker blue. On moonless nights it glows with the steady cold brilliance of modern neon light, and is visible from points below where no mountain masses obscure it, a fascinating magnet for wild animals.

Though the tradition of the Death Trap was known to the Hualapai Indians from prehistoric times, white men discovered it in 1883 when the Santa Fe Railroad was projected across the Colorado River. A surveying party saw its bright steady light on the mountainside but, while cu-

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rious about it, they did not approach it.

Twelve years later (February, 1895) a hunting party from Texas, after mountain sheep, pitched their camp in the Cerbat Range. The party of five consisted of two prospectors, two surveyors, and myself—a thirteen-year-old handyman. The adults carried guns, but I had a homemade bow and arrow—mostly for small game. The weather was cool and favorable but game was scarce in that region; some wild turkey, a few quail, but no squirrels, rabbits, or varmints.

On the third day, without a guide, we strayed far from our camps, and late in the afternoon we startled a big horn sheep from the brush below, which in its fright ran blindly into the narrow gorge beneath the overhanging ledge. To our surprise, for not a shot had been fired, it fell dead on the blue rock (Death Trap).

ADVANCING to investigate, we were halted by an old Hualapai Indian who noiselessly came out of the brush and by signs and broken words we understood him to say: "No-no-don't go—you will be killed—you will die—go no closer—the God in the rock will kill you, too."

He said the sheep had stepped upon the Death Trap, and if we followed after it, we would die even as the sheep. He pointed out the number of whitening bones that had fallen from the Rock into the gorge.

While we stood gazing at the spectacle, a rattlesnake crawled out of a crevice and, mounting the edge of the blue rock, writhed, coiled, raised its head and fell lifeless. To us it was enough to verify the ancient tradition! We thanked the Indian for saving us from a dreadful fate.

The old Indian removed a woven horsehair lariat from his middle and, with a gentle whirl, flung it up under the rock ledge around the head of the sheep. Without touching the rock, he pulled the sheep within our reach. Thanking him again we invited him to join in a supper of fresh mutton.

ENROUTE to camp he said that his tribesmen often drove animals upon the rock to lasso them for their flesh and furs, and when we reached camp he called attention to the brilliant light of the blue rock plainly visible from our campsite. After supper he told in halting words the legend of the Death Trap, which was quite lengthy and ran into the wee hours of morning. Then he bedded down with us for the night.

Early the next morning I took bow and arrow and with my homemade caller lured a nice fat turkey gobbler within twenty-five feet of me. I shot him through the breast and presented the turkey to the old Indian, who seemed quite grateful. After shaking hands with each one, he told us to come again next year and stay longer.

Following six days of nice weather, it began to snow heavily, so we broke camp and returned safely to Kingman. Our total kill was one buck deer, two young antelope, one big horn sheep, and I managed two wild turkeys with bow and arrow, a fair bag considering the scarcity of game and our unfamiliarity with the terrain.

We never had an opportunity to go back. As time rolled by, my four companions passed to their Happy Hunting Ground and now, after seventy years, I alone am alive to write about it.

LIVER-EATING JOHNSON'S FEARSOME NAME

By Doris Whithorn

WHAT PEOPLE were saying during the lifetime of a man who later turns into a mythical figure furnishes an intriguing comparison. It was June 14, 1883, when the *Livingston Enterprise* carried this item in the column of locals:

"Among the passengers who remained over from the western train today was Liver-Eating Johnson. He has been to Bozeman attending court and while there his appearance has been so changed at the hands of the barber and the clothier that his oldest friends would doubt his identity for a moment. We remember the first time we saw this remarkable man. With his Herculean frame, rugged features, long hair, untrimmed grizzly beard, deep-toned voice and plainsman's garb, he presented to our admiring gaze the exact embodiment of the scout, trapper and Indian hunter, whose adventures we had read with breathless interest in many a dime novel.

"But alas! He has in a manner played our fancy false by getting shaved and donning a suit of store clothes. The adventures of his life would doubtless, if accurately described, make a volume more strange and thrilling than any work of fiction, and from his many noble qualities he is more fitted to be the hero of such a book than the mythical 'Dowie Knife Bills' and 'Shooting Sums' who figure promiscuously in yellow-covered literature."

Just a little over a year later the *Lo-*

(Continued on next page)

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enl Lugent noted the following: "The Calamity Jane—Liver-Eating Johnson—Crow Indian—Cowboy combination called Hardwick's Show, busted in Chicago. The members of the circus were not paid by the manager and were forced to sell their ponies in order to get back to Montana."

On December 23, 1899 the *Livingston Enterprise* reprinted a lengthy dispatch from the *Helena Independent*, which gave the great detail Liver-Eating Johnson's theories and opinions on a petrified man which was being shown all over the West at the time. Interspersed in the article was enough of Liver-Eating Johnson's activity to fathom him:

"Liver-Eating Johnson passed through Helena last week in company with James Nelson of Red Lodge who is taking him to the soldiers' home at Santa Monica, California, where the old scout will probably spend his last days. The old man has been in poor health for some time, and as he expressed a desire to go to the soldiers' home, several of his friends among the leading residents, assisted by Sen. William A. Clark, secured him admission to that institution, and the authorities of Carbon County paid his expenses there and provided him with an attendant.

"There are a score or more of pioneers in Helena who know Liver-Eating Johnson. They tell how, many years ago, he cut a piece of the liver from an Indian, whom he had already loaded with the aid of his trusty shootin' iron, and ate the gory morsel: At the same time, his friends recognize the fact that he was one of the greatest romancers of his time."

BUT IT WAS at his death that a long, interesting article reprinted in the *Livingston Enterprise* from his home town paper, *The Red Lodge Picket*, told his own story of the acquisition of the gruesome name. On February 10, 1900, this news item made the front page.

Died In California
Liver-Eating Johnson
the Noted Scout, Is No More

John Johnson, known the country over as Liver-Eating Johnson, died at the National Soldiers' Home at Santa Monica, California, on Sunday, January 22, and thus came to an end the earthly career of a trail blazer and intrepid pioneer whose heroic exploits on the western plains are inseparably connected with the early history of the commonwealth of Montana. The announcement of his death was last Saturday received by the *Picket* in a letter written to this office by Sergeant Whitehead, who penned this brief note:

"National Soldiers' Home, Los Angeles Co., Calif., Jan. 22, 1900—To the Editor of the *Picket*, Red Lodge, Mont.—Sir: Thinking some of his friends might be interested and like to know, I write to inform you and them that John Johnson, better known as Liver-Eating Johnson, died at this home yesterday and was buried here today.

"This simple announcement will produce a pang of pain in the hearts of those of his companions of early days who are still in the land of the living, and will be received with feelings of general sorrow by his legion of old-time friends throughout Montana.

"For the past twelve years Mr. Johnson had made Red Lodge his home, coming here from Billings and taking up a ranch, which he disposed of last summer to C. W. Savage of Hunters Hot Springs. Before Billings had a place on the map, Mr. Johnson was deputy sheriff of Custer Co., with headquarters at Coulson, and was on duty there in the early eighties at the time his bosom companion, 'Muggins Taylor,' himself an officer of the law, was shot and killed in a discharge of his duties by Henry Lump, a drunken galoot whose wife supported him by taking in washing. Mr. Johnson was the first constable of Red Lodge and served serveral terms in that capacity.

"Though a powerful man physically, exposure in camp and on the trail brought its inevitable result, and his iron constitution finally gave way. Wrecked in health and in purse, he was forced to accept financial assistance from his friends, and this worried him considerably. Though disliking to leave the scenes of his former exploits, with his old-time associations, his aversion to being made an object of public charity overcame his prejudices against becoming an inmate of the home for disabled veterans and he reluctantly consented to enter the California Soldiers' home.

"Upon leaving Red Lodge less than two months ago, the old man broke down and wept like a child as the train whirled him away from his friends, and it is fair to presume that his last thoughts, as he lay dying in a strange land among strange people in that home by the side of the sea, were of those generous friends and exciting scenes of former days.

"Liver-Eating Johnson was a man among men. Brave and loyal and true, he never shirked a duty, never betrayed a friend, never gave quarter to a foe. Born in New Jersey three quarters of a century ago, he came to Montana in 1862 and remained for a few months in Alder Gulch. Then he went to Colorado where he enlisted in the war for the preservation of the union. He served under General Price of Missouri and was in several fierce engagements. He was wounded in the battle of Newtonia and discharged from further service. A year later found him back in Montana and from that time until the capture of Sitting Bull he ranged the trails of hostile Indians and saved the lives of hundreds of early-day settlers.

"He served as chief of scouts under General Miles in 1877 and participated in more raids against the redskins than any other Indian fighter of the West. It is related of him that he took more scalps in those eventful days than anybody. It was during one of these Indian-killing expeditions that he got the unusual name that he took to his grave. This was at the head of the Musselshell in 1868. The story is that he killed an Indian, cut out the savage's liver and actually ate it, with great relish. But the story is true. The circumstance is perhaps best related in his own words as he told the story at Hunters Hot Springs less than a year ago. He said:

"'We was attacked by Injuns, and we licked 'em—licked 'em good. There was fifteen of us and we killed thirty-six of them and wounded sixty. It was toward the close of the fight that I got my name. I was just gettin' my blood up and feelin' like fightin.' We was short of ammunition and as I saw an Injun running toward the cover I threw my gun to Bill Martin and took Bill's knife. I wasn't going to waste no good cartridges on him, for I could lick any Injun I could lay

my paws on. I was considered the best shot with a rifle in Montana at that time, but I wanted to save my cartridges.

"We had a 300-yard run to the bushes and I caught the Injun by the hair of the head and threw him down just at the edge of the brush. I danced and sang on the Injun's body, for that's what they done to a party of whites a few days before. Then I scalped him and then I danced and sang some more. Then I ran my knife into him and killed him and part of his liver came out with the knife. Just then a sort of squeamish old fellow named Ross came running up. I waved the knife with the liver on it in the air and I cried out:

"'Come on, and have a piece! It'll stay yer stomach 'til you get home to dinner!'

"'Don't want none,' sez he.

"'Come on,' sez I, dancing around, 'I've et some and it's just as good as antelope's liver. Have a bite!' and I kind of made believe take a bite.

"Then Ross threw up his guts. And he always swore after that that he seen me tear a liver out of a dying Injun and eat it. But that ain't so. I was all over blood and I had the liver on my knife, but I didn't eat none of it. The liver coming out was unintentional on my part. But Ross he vowed 'twas so and I never got rid of the name.'"

Survivor of Camp Desolation

(Continued from page 15)

IT REQUIRED two hours to traverse the last quarter mile. We arrived at the river about four o'clock in the afternoon, and setting fire to a large heap of driftwood hugged it close for warmth. We could not but think of King, and Kreutzfeldt volunteered to go back and help him into camp. Williams declared the exertion would be useless. He knew King was dead even before we reached the river. I asked him why and learned that while we were toiling through the snow he had looked back and had seen a raven circling over the place where we had left our comrade. The circles had grown smaller and smaller until the bird lit on the snow where King lay. This was a sign of death, which Williams declared he had never known to fail. Kreutzfeldt, however, was determined to go.

When he returned after some hours he reported that King was dead, and from the position of the body evidently he had not moved after we left him. Kreutzfeldt now became very despondent. His mind seemed to dwell upon the poor fellow's death. When he had approached King he thought the latter was asleep, and was much startled to find his old companion dead. I could see that shock was affecting his mind. He could talk of nothing else.

That night I dreamed of Mother's kitchen at Christmas time, of the roast meats and turkeys, the pumpkin pies and the cakes and fruit. Then I would awaken to experience the terrible feeling of emptiness, the indescribable, painful craving for food.

In the morning we broke camp and started down the river, not caring if we were alive by night. At this time I was the strongest of the party, so I went ahead and broke the trail. Toward night Kreutzfeldt played out entirely, and lying down, refused to go farther. Before we had left the camp in the mountains, we had agreed that if any of our party gave out, no time should be wasted on him. We were to push on and leave him

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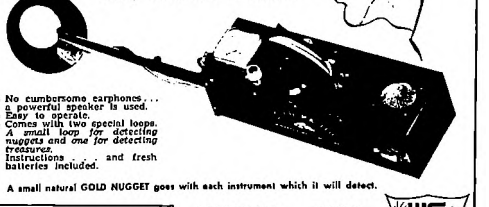

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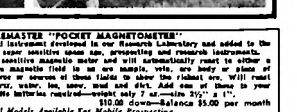

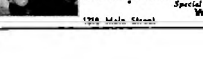

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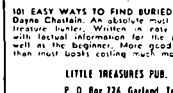

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to his fate. But we concluded to wait for a short time and do what we could for our comrade. Theas was drifted in a few rods away which we set afire. Kreutzfeldt was dragged and rolled to a position near the fire.

Williams and I consulted that Kreutzfeldt would die before morning, and that we could do no good by staying. It was a very trying time. Williams being the older man, I was willing to do as he advised. His plan was for me to go on down the river, and in the course of time he would slip quietly away from Kreutzfeldt and follow.

I started on sorrowfully, so weak that I could walk but a few steps at a time without falling. Then I would crawl on my hands and knees until I was a relief to walk again. After going a short distance I went to the bank of the river, hoping I might see some kind of game. I raised my head cautiously above the bank and distinctly saw five deer standing sideways to me but a few yards away.

I have been in many trying situations in my life, and in many places where death stared me in the face, but there was more excitement crowded into that moment than in all of the other years of my life put together. There they stood. What if they should run away! Life or death rested on that shot.

Usually I had plenty of nerve, but now, weakened by starvation and nearly blind, I had scarcely the strength to lift my rifle, and when I did, I could not see through the sights on the barrel. I realized that if I missed the shot, Williams and Tom Breckenridge would never leave the Rio Grande Valley.

Suddenly I thought of poor Kreutzfeldt, there in the snow, dying. I trembled like an aspen leaf. If I brought down one of the deer, his life would be saved. My nerves were steady on the instant. I would shoot and shoot to kill. I dashed some snow into my eyes and, pushing my rifle up over the bank, pointed it at the direction of the deer and pulled the trigger. I was so weak from excitement that I could not walk, and I crawled out on the bank. To my inexpressible delight one deer was down. I was afraid he would get up and elude my grasp in some way. It proved to be a three-pronged buck. I was momentarily insane for joy. I cut the deer open and sucked the hot liver, ate until I was ravenously as I have seen hungry wolves devour the flesh of a buffalo. It was the sweetest morsel I ever ate.

With my knife I cut off a piece and started back stronger, a hundred times stronger than when I crawled up the bank on my hands and knees. I had never lost hope, but now it was supreme within me. I was a new man. I could have danced for joy had it not been for my mutilated feet.

I hastened up the river where I had left Kreutzfeldt by the fire, carrying the venison with me. Williams was the happiest man I ever saw when his eyes fell on my burden. He came and took the meat in his long, bony hands, and began tearing off great mouthfuls of the raw flesh like a savage animal. I hurried on to poor Kreutzfeldt.

Poor fellow, there was but little life left. After a while he roused up and asked if he had not heard the report of a gun. I held the meat to his mouth. The change was instantaneous. It put new life into him. He seemed to be dazed. All at once it seemed to occur to him that we were saved. He sprang to his feet and hugged and kissed me, calling me his savior and preserver, and exhibiting more strength than one would expect in a man who had lain down to die.

Moving our camp nearer the spot where the deer was killed, we built another fire. Kreutzfeldt was so elated over his meal of raw meat that he went out and brought in the carcass of the deer, a piece at a time, entrails and all. We felt that we might have use for everything.

THAT NIGHT we were three of the happiest men on earth. We sat up and cooked venison until midnight, then turned in to our remnants of blankets. We cooked and ate deer meat all the next day. Strange to say, none of us were inconvenienced in the least from overeating.

While we were making ready to start the next morning, we saw a party of four coming on horseback from the river. On the instant all was excitement. It was natural for us to suppose they were Indians, and if so, it meant a fight. To be sure we were outnumbered, but we felt strong after our feasting and just a bit inclined for a skirmish, and as we placed ourselves in positions that would suit us the most advantages, Williams remarked that when the fight was over, the Indians would have more hair or we would have more blankets!

We watched the party as it came slowly on. Suddenly Williams rose to his feet and shouted at the top of his lungs. At the head of the party was Fremont himself. At first he did not recognize us, so changed and emaciated were we. Fremont, having had left the camp in the mountains with the intention of following the river, for they had confidence that we would eventually reach the settlement. His men were scattered along the river, suffering the terrible agonies of cold and hunger.

Fremont had met a party of six Ute Indians who were trapping on the river. With one of their number as a guide, he sent their ponies and such provisions as they could spare back to the relief of his men now pushing on as fast as possible in search of further assistance.

Fremont remained just long enough to cook some venison, then pushed on, ordering us to follow as fast as we could to the settlement, which the Utes said was about forty miles down the stream, and leaving ten or fifteen pounds of jerked venison.

We immediately started on our journey, strong in the faith that we could get through—full of hope. Only forty miles! The distance was nothing—we felt strong.

But our frozen feet soon gave out. We were compelled to get down on our hands and knees. For nearly the entire distance we crawled through ice or snow. Before half the distance was covered, our remnants of blankets had been used to wrap our frozen limbs. Our suffering was almost beyond description. Our feet had been alternately frozen and thawed, and the flesh had come off. It was a painful operation to dress those horrible sores. We were obliged to use the same old pieces of woolen blankets covered with deer's tallow day after day.

Truly, that last forty miles was a trail of blood. It required ten days to reach the settlement—ten days of most excruciating pain. Looking back, after so many years, I cannot understand how we lived through it.

We finally reached our destination about ten o'clock at night. The people had informed them we were on the way. The settlement was located in a small valley, and called the "Red River Settlement." We were received very kindly by the Mexicans who did everything to alleviate our distress.

The alcalde's wife, a Mexican woman, attended to our frozen limbs, bathing them several times a day in juniper tea. During the next three weeks the survivors of Colonel Fremont's party were brought in, many of them in a critical condition. When we first reached the Rio Grande there had been thirty-two of us —eleven had since died from exposure and starvation.

I have been in the mountains many winters, but never experienced a storm that equaled in severity that of 1848.

Editor's note: This account has been reprinted without change. Some historians contend cannibalism was resorted to on this journey, with King being the victim.

Cheyenne to Deadwood Stage

(Continued from page 25)

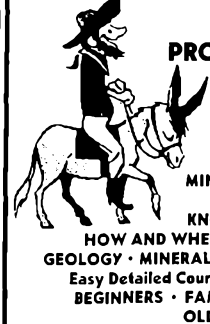
Scott told me that when he arrived in Cheyenne there were a lot of people at the station, and when he inquired what was going on they said they had come to see the man that had made this remarkable capture. When asked what had become of the robbers, he said he did not know as they had quit him up on the Sweetwater. They wired Ft. Laramie and found they had not arrived at Ft. Laramie or Hat Creek. After a number of days they returned to the post. They were court-martialed and served a year in Ft. Leavenworth Penitentiary.

IN SEPTEMBER, 1878, at Cold Springs Station occurred one of the most thrilling robberies in the history of the Line. In 1877 an armed treasure coach was placed in service for the purpose of carrying gold and other valuables from Deadwood to Cheyenne. The treasure coach sometimes carried as much as $100,000 one time. The coach was equipped with a steel treasure box bolted to the floor and guaranteed to be burglar-proof for twenty-four hours.

On this particular trip the shotgun messengers guarding this coach were Scott Davis, captain of the guard, Jesse Brown, Gale Hill, Boone May, Billy Sample and Captain Smith. It was a daylight run. Some of the guard were mounted on horseback. In the coach was telegraph operator Campbell, going to take charge of the telegraph office at Jenney Stockade.

The road agents captured the stock-tender and bound him hand and foot. They took position in the log stable where they knocked out the chinking. Gale Hill, messenger, was riding on the outside of the coach. As the coach drove up, the bandits opened fire without warning. They fired several volleys. Messenger Smith was wounded. Davis was riding inside the coach with Campbell, the telegraph operator. Davis made a run for a tree, and Campbell, following, was instantly killed. Davis called to the driver to make a run for it and get out.

Just then one of the robbers exposed himself and Davis badly wounded him. Messenger Gale Hill was wounded. Davis made up his mind to escape and get word to Boone May, Jesse Brown and Billy



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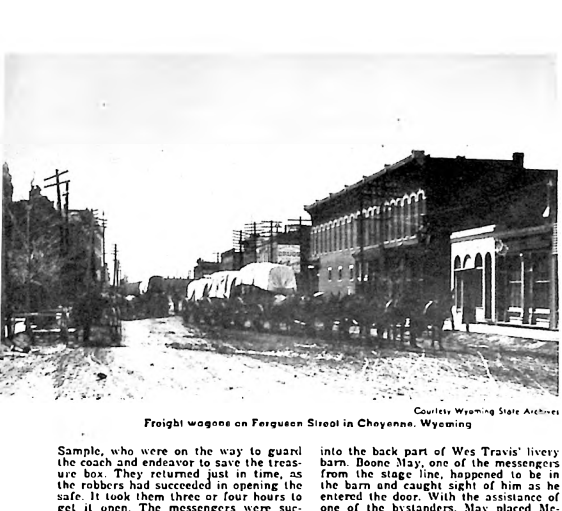

Courtesy Wyoming State Archives

Freight wagons on Ferguson Street in Cheyenne, Wyoming

Sample, who were on the way to guard the coach and endeavor to save the treasure box. They returned just in time, as the robbers had succeeded in opening the safe. It took them three or four hours to get it open. The messengers were successful in recovering all of the bullion and the money at the time. Later on, the balance of the robbers were captured.

I have the original statement by the stock-tender taken by Luke Voorhees.

"McLaughlin and Mansfield *(Cheyenne Sun)* November 4, 1878 —

Telegram from Ft. Laramie Nov. 3. Last night the coach driver from the north reported that on his trip north from here on Friday night he was stopped at Platte River ford, about a mile distant from the post, by five masked men, who took from the coach the two prisoners and hung them on a large cottonwood tree on the river bank.

"F. L. Greene, deputy coroner, found the bodies—one was still hanging to the tree; the other was on the ground.

"There is abundant evidence they were horse thieves and road agents. (Taken from Deadwood to Cheyenne for trial—a great delay would ensue if kept for trial in Cheyenne—so were being returned to Deadwood when taken from coach.)"

I recall that in the early 1920s I met Scott Davis at Walden, Colorado. I hadn't seen him for a number of years. He told me, now that all parties concerned were dead, that frontier justice had prevailed that day and was carried out by the shotgun messengers of the stage line under direction of the management.

A GANG of road agents, consisting of Archie McLaughlin, Billy Mansfield and Jack Smith, operated under the leadership of Tom Price in 1877 and 1878. During this time scarcely a coach passed along the Cheyenne route without being attacked or held up by road agents. The Tom Price gang hung out between Jenney Stockade and the Cheyenne River, and the messengers were usually on their guard watching for them.

One Sunday morning, in Deadwood, Archie McLaughlin unexpectedly walked into the back part of Wes Travis' livery barn. Boone May, one of the messengers from the stage line, happened to be in the barn and caught sight of him as he entered the door. With the assistance of one of the bystanders, May placed McLaughlin under arrest and they brought him to jail.

McLaughlin and Mansfield, the other two bandits, were also taken to Cheyenne for trial, but when they had reached the city, court had adjourned and they could not be given a hearing. As it would be six months before court would convene again, it was decided to take the men back to Deadwood and there try them on a charge of grand larceny, for they had stolen some cattle in Lawrence County some time before this. On the way back, the coach stopped at Fort Laramie for supper, and about eight o'clock that evening the coach started on its return trip. Jesse Brown was in the coach guarding the prisoners and Boone May was out on the top seat with the driver.

The coach had just entered the timber near the Platte River about a mile from Fort Laramie, when the old cry of "Halt" was heard, and the driver quickly stopped his team. Brown immediately jumped out, but ran right into the arms of a great man who yanked his gun from him.

Brown found that there was no partiality in this treatment, as he saw May also standing disarmed, and he and May were ordered to stand aside. Then one of the men, one of the attacking party, went to the coach door and ordered McLaughlin and Mansfield to come out and they did. Another man took them and they left the road and went into the timber. Brown and May were ordered to follow up, and Brown, who had protested against this high-handed treatment, was ordered by one of the men, "Damn you, do just as you are told!"

In a few minutes it was plain to be seen what the plan of the hold-up men was. A rope was placed around Mansfield's neck first, who, without a word, was quickly yanked up to the tree. After he had ceased his struggling, his dead body was lowered and the same rope placed about the neck of McLaughlin.

During the dying agonies of Mansfield, McLaughlin, who years ago had known Brown in his home in Missouri, attempted to send some message back through Brown to his relatives, but the lynching party ordered him to shut up and the message was never given. In a few minutes the dead body of McLaughlin was hanging from the same tree that had meted out to Mansfield his reward.

After the lynching of McLaughlin, the man ordered Brown and the guards to take their guns and get on the coach and move on, which order was obeyed, and the bodies were left in the hands of their murderers. Some days after this a party from Fort Laramie came out and buried the bodies. The hold-ups on the Black Hills Stage Line were ended.

WHEN the Cheyenne Black Hills Stage Line was in full swing, with daily six-horse coaches leaving the Cheyenne and Deadwood terminals every morning, the drivers and messengers on these coaches faced many dangers from Indians and thieves. The hardships and dangers these men endured were many and I know of no better way to explain than to disclose some clippings from the press of that day.

Rewards were offered for the apprehension of these desperadoes, as will be noted from the following account.

NOW ON RECORD

(The following is on file in the County Courthouse. The spelling is the same as on the record):

Territory of Wyoming
Carbon County, Wyo. T.

To Boon May, Dr.

For reward of Frank Toll, one of the murderers of Widowfield and Vincent.

Territory of Wyoming
County of Albany

Boon May being first duly sworn on oath says that on night of the 13th day of September A. D. 1878 he shot and killed Frank Toll, one of the murderers of Widowfield and Vincent, on the Old Woman Fork on the Black Hills Stage Road running from Cheyenne to Deadwood. The affiant has the head of the said Frank Toll in his possession sufficient to identify him and that affiant is prepared to prove that the man killed by him as above stated is the identical Frank Toll and was the murderer of Widowfield at Elk Mountain in said Carbon County.

(Sig.) *Boone May*

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of January A. D. 1879.

(Seal) John P. Brockway
Notary Public

May carried Toll's head in a gunnysack tied behind his saddle, into Rawlins, a distance of over 150 miles, to collect the reward.

June 21, 1877 Rapid City, D. T.

The horses taken from Crook City have been found; three of the thieves have been captured and imprisoned in Rapid City. Last night the jail was broken open by citizens, the prisoners taken out and all hanged to the same tree.

A second dispatch read:

Deadwood, D. T., June 21

Last Tuesday, three horse thieves, Louis Curry, James Hall and A. J. Allen, were captured near this place, and horses stolen from the stage company were taken from them. The thieves were lodged in the jail at Rapid City. On Wednesday night the jail was broken open and the thieves taken out and hanged by unknown parties.

Several days after the hanging, the thieves were buried and a pine board was erected over the triple grave which read:

A. J. Allen Louis Curry Jas. Hall
Age 35 years Age 29 years Age 19 years

Horse - Thieves Beware

Here lies the body of Allen,
Curry and Hall
Like other thieves they had their
rise, decline and fall;
On yon pine tree they hung till dead,
And here they found a lonely bed.
Then be a little cautious how you
gobble horses up,
For every horse you pick up here,
adds sorrow to your cup;
We're bound to stop this business,
or hang you to a man,
For we've hemp and hands enough in
town to swing the whole damn clan.

MY FATHER operated the stage line until the completion of the Fremont Elkhorn Missouri Valley Railroad, now the C&NW RR, and the Cheyenne Northern to Orin Junction, Wyoming. The stage company, under contract with the Government, carried the mails through to the various destinations along the line and my father was highly pleased when U. S. Postal Inspector Waterbury said of the route: "It is the best equipped and has the finest stock and the most accommodating drivers and agents of any line I ever passed over. It also has the best record for prompt mails, and no complaint has ever been made against it since Mr. Thorp has been its manager."

The operation of the Cheyenne-Black Hills Stage Line was one of the most thrilling, colorful undertakings in the entire West. The curtailment of this activity of the famed stage line took place February 19, 1887, eleven years after its inception. From the midst of a great assemblage of watching citizens, the Cheyenne Black Hills Stage and Express, with its splendid six-horse team, departed for the Black Hills on its last run from the Cheyenne Terminal, on February 19, 1887. The waiting crowd at the old Inter-Ocean Hotel experienced a sadness as all eyes focused on the familiar stagecoach in shining readiness for its last noisy leave-taking from old Cheyenne. It was a tense moment and a dramatic scene. A reporter on the Cheyenne *Tribune* sensed the important historical significance of the occasion, as well as the restrained emotions of the multitude, as shown by the following excerpts from that day's issue:

"The stage line from Cheyenne to Deadwood has been compelled to give way to better, more substantial improvements. The last stage has departed from the city. It was like bidding adieu to an old and cherished friend, as attested by the hundreds of people this morning who filled the streets in the neighborhood of the Inter-Ocean Hotel.

"One of the fine and substantial coaches recently built by Mr. Russell Thorp, Sr., the genial stageman and proprietor of the line north, rolled down the street with the old-time sound. George Lathrop, one of the oldest and best stage drivers in the West, was on the seat holding the ribbons over six as fine horses as were ever headed toward the gold fields of the Black Hills over 300 miles to the north.

"A stop was made in front of the Inter-ocean Hotel, when a general rush was made to secure choice seats, and within a minute the stage was crowded and some six or eight gentlemen occupied places on the top. Trunks were strapped upon the boot and there was every evidence that the parties so seated were prepared for the long journey to Deadwood."

In contrast, on February 13, 1888, the *Tribune* reported: "The Cheyenne & Northern Railroad (now Colorado & Southern) ran a train into Orin Junction this week, the first time in about three weeks. It started back and the official report said it would be back in about five days. This was pretty good time for that railroad to make—150 miles in five days."

The Man Who Lived with Greed

(Continued from page 31)

between the two points.

"I talked to her the morning before she left my place," Mrs. Schaffer said. "At this time she seemed more perturbed than ever, and was crying and very much upset. When asked what the difficulties were she answered that her husband had posted a letter saying that he would not

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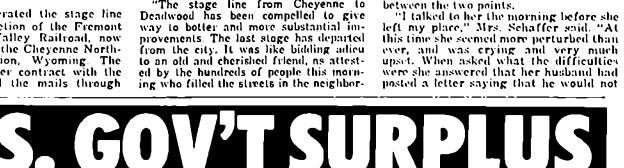

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come to Four Lakes as agreed-but was going over into the Yakima Country to look over that section and then return to Walla Walla. He had instructed them to return to that point and the party would get together again."

Mrs. Brumfield had said that she had not seen the letter but that Thomas had gotten it from the post office and had lost it. Mrs. Schaffer said that on the following morning the three of them had left for Walla Walla and that Mrs. Drumfield was crying.

To corroborate the identification of the murdered woman, Sheriff Truax summoned Bassat and his wife to view the remains. When Mrs. Bassat saw the body she shouted, "Oh my! oh my God! That's Mrs. Brumfield!"

"Yes, that's her," George Bassat avered.

This positive identification removed any remaining doubts that Bud and Nannie Thomas should not be immediately apprehended. The case was hurried before a grand jury and an indictment was returned against Bud Thomas and his wife for murder in the first degree.

Farther away, Walla Walla County authorities were marking time with their own murder case. They still had not been able to identify the bewhiskered man. Reviewing the information he had received from Walla Walla, Sheriff Truax began to compare notes. Each of the bodies had been found nude, their hair had been shorn in a very crude manner, and each had been shot from the rear, the bullet entering the head from behind the left ear. The crimes were too much alike to be unrelated.

Mrs. Brumfield. Truax recalled, had told the Bassats that her husband and Thomas had made a trip into the Touchet River country and that her husband had not returned but had ridden northward with Mr. Snyder to Four Lakes. But no one had seen him after he and Thomas had gone to the Touchet River and no one had seen Snyder except Bud Thomas.

Combining Mrs. Schaffer's evidence with the Bassats' story, Truax decided the body found in the Touchet River was probably Brumfield's. He contacted Sheriff Thompson at Walla Walla and together the two lawmen launched a comprehensive search for the suspects. Again they emerged empty-handed. Playing a final hunch, they alerted the sheriff's authorities in Kansas. Perhaps, if the Thomases had slipped away, they would return there.

Truax also remembered that Mrs. Brumfield had told the Bassats that she and her husband had $60,000 invested in government bonds of the negotiable type that would be of value to anyone possessing them. With Snyder, the Brumfields out of the way, Thomas might have had a scheme in his mind to obtain them for his own use. Truax had the Holton State Bank of Holton, Kansas, notified to withhold from any person or persons any money or securities belonging to S. W. Brumfield. Also, if Bud or Nannie Thomas appeared at the bank, they were to be held under arrest as they were wanted for murder in Washington Territory.

THE SEARCH for clues widened. Finally, at The Dalles, it was learned that two people answering the Thomases' description had taken passage down the Columbia to Portland, then after the woman's body had been found. The authorities pushed their pursuit down the Columbia to Portland, then south to Roseburg, where a stage line connected Oregon to Yreka, California, and San Francisco. In Roseburg, the lawmen found a stage driver who recognized the Thomases' descriptions. He said they were not many days ahead of the officers. But no trace of the wanted twosome was forthcoming beyond Yreka. Apparently the fugitives had reached San Francisco and made connections over the Union Pacific Railroad for Kansas.

Meanwhile, in Walla Walla, a young cowboy named Virgil Harper heard of the discovery of the two bodies and the indictment against the Thomases. He

"Any watches, cameras, liquor, perfumes, silver . . .?"

went to the authorities and told them he had met Bud Thomas six weeks before. Thomas and a man with a long beard had attended an auction near Walla Walla and had brought two saddle horses. He said the incident was quite impressive, for the man with the long beard while paying for the horses had exposed an unusual amount of money.

He further stated that a few days later on the range he had met Thomas, alone, walking and leading his horse. Having been slightly acquainted with Thomas, Harper expected to stop for a moment and talk, but Thomas had pulled his hat down over his eyes and walked quickly past, merely grunting a greeting.

"I wondered then why he acted so strangely. When we were at the sale he appeared very friendly," Harper commented, adding, "while we were passing upon the trail, my attention was directed to a most unsatisfying and peculiar looking roll or bundle lashed in the seat of Thomas' saddle. I never saw a roll like that carried on a horse in that manner. It was fully seven feet long and swayed to and fro at each step of the horse."

Sheriff Thompson asked, "Do you think you would recognize a photograph of the man who wore the long beard—the man who was with Thomas when they bought the horses at the sale?"

"I feel certain I would."

"Is this the man?" Sheriff Thompson asked, leading Harper to the photograph in the window of Schwabacher's store.

"Yes, that's him," the young cowboy answered.

He then rode with Sheriff Thompson into the Touchet River country to the spot where Harper had seen Thomas carrying the mysterious looking roll. Six miles farther north, on the same train, Harper and Thompson came to a little valley between two low hills partly covered by a grove of quaking aspen.

Turning from the trail and reining his horse toward the grove, Thompson came across the tracks of two shod horses. Since the local cattlemen did not shoe their horses, Thompson became suspicious and led Harper into the grove to investigate.

They found the remains of a fire and indications that horses had been tied to the trees. Examining some light-colored leaves on the ground, Thompson discovered what he thought might be blood. Then, sifting the ashes of the fire, they found the charred heels and soles of a man's boots and some buttons, buckles, rivets and the remains of a felt hat.

A short while later, Nannie Thomas walked into the Holton State Bank in Jackson County, Kansas, and presented an order drawn upon the bank bearing the original signature of S. W. Brumfield. The order demanded that the bank surrender to bearer or to Bud Thomas all bonds and securities which were in their keeping, also all cash that was to Brumfield's credit.

The bank personnel acted quickly in accordance with their instructions. Nannie Thomas was seized and locked in a back room until the sheriff appeared and began questioning her.

While she was being interrogated Bud Thomas appeared in the bank.

"I want you, Thomas," a voice sounded at his back.

"What for?" he queried, turning to look into the muzzle of a six-shooter in the hands of the Kansas sheriff.

"For the murder of Mrs. S. W. Brumfield in Washington Territory."

"Not!" Thomas shouted. "No one murdered her. She has been dead for several years and is buried in this State of Kansas."

Bud and Nannie Thomas had at last worked themselves into the net cast by Sheriffs Truax and Thompson.

A SUBSEQUENT INVESTIGATION proved conclusively that S. W. Brumfield was a widower. No record of his having remarried could be found. Mrs. Brumfield was buried in Kansas as Thomas had stated.

The body of the woman who had been found murdered was not that of Mrs. Brumfield, after all. However, she had posed as Brumfield's wife, had been in the company of the Thomases, and had been found murdered along a road which they had traveled.

The evidence was sufficient to hold the Thomases and have them brought back to Washington Territory. They were not returned to Colfax in Whitman County but held in Walla Walla for trial, since the jail at Colfax was considered inadequate to hold a desperate criminal.

Their case came before Judge C. S. Wingard in April, 1888. Attorneys for the prosecution were T. J. Anders and R. F. Sturdevant. Defense counsel comprised N. T. Cayton and D. J. Crawley.

Bud Thomas was tried first. He made a firm denial of all evidence against him but the chain of circumstances was enough to convince the jury that he was guilty, and he was sentenced to be hanged. Abe Brown, who later became deputy sheriff of Spokane County, remarked that the glare of Thomas' grey eyes resembled the expression of a dead fish. He didn't even falter as the sentence of death was passed upon him.

Returned to Jail he evidently began to think about his wife. He knew that she

might share his fate, if convicted. After several days of brooding, he called his attorney, N. T. Cayton, to his cell and told the attorney that he, alone, had killed S. W. Brumfield. Thomas said that Brumfield, his uncle, had been his employer for some years and that prior to his (Thomas') marriage to Nannie he had lived in the Brumfield home. His duties in connection with his uncle's business had included keeping records, making sales, collecting rentals and disbursing funds.

"Uncle Thomas always liked me," he said. "I was going to be the heir to his fortune. About three years ago he sold some of his holdings and made an investment in negotiable U. S. bonds. I had the bonds in my hands—played with them knowing that some day they would be mine.

"While I toyed with them I realized that I had not earned a cent of them but still they were mine. I need never want. My future was secure. I began to try to think up some scheme to possess them before the time was right for me to be their legal owner. I kept watching for an opportunity to get Uncle Thomas' signature upon paper in such a way that it could be used as an order to recover the bonds.

"My chance came. I got the signature I had been waiting for. I thought the best bet would be to kill him. I have sought an opportunity to kill him ever since I got the signature three years ago.

"In the spring of 1857 he and I spent some time in the Panhandle country of Texas looking for land to buy. This was just after he had gotten the bonds. During our trip down there, I tried many times to get a chance to kill him but I never got a good opportunity. I always had a gun for that purpose. When he suggested making a trip into the Northwest I liked the idea. I was certain that I could get a chance to kill him while out here.

"My long sought-for opportunity came last February when we were out north of the Touchet River. I could wait no longer. Three years of suspense was ended. I shot him off his horse, from behind, as we were entering a little grove to make camp for the night. After I killed him I was cheerful. I had the order for the bonds. I could feel them at my fingertips once more.

"I camped that night alone. I stripped his body of clothing and burned them. I took about one thousand dollars from his person and cut off his hair and beard to make anyone who found him believe that Indians had murdered him. Next morning his body was frozen and I could handle it easily. I wrapped it in a tarpaulin, put it upon my horse, took it to the Touchet River and threw it in.

"I killed Amanda Shanks, too. Her name wasn't Brumfield. She was Ed Shanks' wife. He is Uncle Tom's stepson. I didn't want to kill her but when she ran away from Ed and came west with Uncle Thomas, she got in the way, making one more face to remove from the picture.

"Nannie didn't have anything to do with the killing. She didn't know what was on my mind. I forced her to do what she did. The only thing she did was to help me drag Amanda away from the place where I had killed her. I thought I was going to be forced to kill Nannie, too, the way she acted.

"When I shot Amanda she was kneeling before the campfire cooking. Nannie became hysterical at what she saw. 'My God! What have you done!' she cried.

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"'Shut up!' I shouted. 'You keep quiet and help me or I'll kill you, too!'

"I meant it. I would have killed her just as I had done the others should she have interfered with my plans."

Bud Thomas paid for his crimes with his own life. A scaffold was erected upon the present site of the Walla Walla County Courthouse and Sheriff James B. Thompson sprang the trap that sent Bud Thomas to his death.

Nannie Thomas was completely exonerated by her husband's confession, but in order to clear the records in Whitman County she was tried on the same charge in June, 1881. The jury rendered a verdict of not guilty. The unhappy woman chose to remain in the vicinity of Colfax, and later married and raised a family.

Charlie Russell's Home Endangered

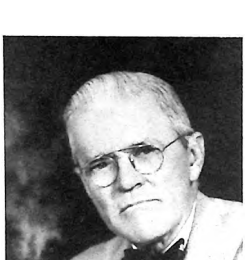
(Continued from page 39)

name and dates. Just above the name in the boulder is a small pocket worn by the winds and rains. Sculptor Jessie Lincoln Mitchell, now of Sacramento, who used to be a neighbor in the Russells, recalled that Nancy, in having the large boulder placed upon the artist's grave, said "I thought Charlie would like this. It's a good nesting place for one of his feathered friends."

The C. M. Russell Gallery in Great Falls has been a splendid credit to the beloved cowboy artist. It has grown with the years, with the original Russell treasures first offered by the late Josephine Trigg, whose father, Albert, was one of the Russell's closest friends and patrons. The city fathers have carried out to the letter the wishes expressed by Miss Trigg when she willed Great Falls her family's Russell treasures.

The entire city's population takes pride in the Gallery, and many individuals from across the state have donated or placed on loan Russell originals in an effort to keep the artist's work in his home state. The Junior League, with other organizations, has played a strong role in fund raising to meet the expenses of both Gallery and studio. The League annually gives money for worthy causes such as enclosing in glass cases Russell's Indian outfits which once hung from nails in the log cabin studio. With the new planned expansion of the Gallery, trustees will also have space to display to fine advantage one-man exhibits by living artists and to acquire and show some masterpieces of Western Americana by those who are deceased.

"Let us make known to the city council and the C. M. Russell Gallery Board of Trustees our desire to save the house," insists artist Wryn, who also resides in a log cabin studio of his own at 1507 Sixth Avenue North West in Great Falls. "We should welcome outside responses to this cause, for all the West—indeed all the nation—is interested in Russell and the things which concern him."



Jack Wryn, close friend of Russell, to whom Charlie taught art. Jack still lives and paints in Great Falls, Montana.

RUSSELL, born in St. Louis in 1864, came West to Montana Territory in his teens, and so loved this country and Montana that he never forsook it, but spent his life in and around the area of Great Falls. He wrote his own autobiography for a Butte newspaper in 1903; it was published early the following year.

"I was born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1865 (Nancy corrected this later to read 1864, which is accurate—author's note) and came to Montana 23 years ago next month coming by way of the Utah Northern and stage to Helena, where Pike Miller, the man I came with, outfitted, buying a wagon and four horses. We pulled out for the Judith Basin, where he had a sheep ranch.

"I did not stay with Miller long, as the sheep and I did not get along at all well, so we split up and I don't think Pike missed me much, as I was considered pretty ornery. I soon took up with a hunter and trapper, Jake Hoover. This life suited me. We had six horses, a saddle horse apiece and pack animals. Two of them belonged to me. One of these, a pinto I bought in 1881, is at this minute eating hay in my corral. He has a good stable but seems to prefer being outside, so I turn him loose. He has his choice.

"He is not worth much now, but I don't think he owes me anything. We were kids together, were ridden and packed him thousands of miles. We have always been together. People who know me know him. We don't exactly talk, but we sure savvy one another.

"Well, I lived with Jake about two years. In 1882 I returned to St. Louis and stayed about four weeks, bringing back a cousin of mine, Jim Fulkerson, who died of mountain fever at Billings two weeks after we arrived.

"When I pulled out, I had four bits in my pockets and 200 miles between me and Hoover. Things looked mighty rocky. There was still quite a little snow, as it was early in April, but after riding about 15 miles I struck a cow outfit coming in to receive 1,000 dogies for the 12 Z and V outfit up in the basin.

"The boss, John Cabler, hired me to night wrangle horses. We were about a month on the trail and turned loose on Ross Fork, where we met the Judith roundup. They had just fired their night herder and Cabler gave me a good recommend, so I took the herd.

"It was a lucky thing no one knew me or I'd never got the job. Old man True was asking who I was. Ed Older said: 'I think it's Kid Russell.'

"'Who's Kid Russell?'

"'Why,' says Ed, 'it's that kid that drawed S. S. Hobson's ranch.'

"'Well,' says True, 'if that's that buckskin kid, I'm betting we'll be afoot in the morning.' So you see what kind of rep I had. I was considered worthless and was spoken of as 'that ornery Kid Russell,' but not among cowmen.

"I held their bunch and at that time they had 300 saddle horses. That same fall old True hired me to night herd his beef, and for 11 years I sung to their horses and cattle.

"In 1888 I went to the northwest territory and stayed about six months with the Blood Indians. In the spring of 1889 I went back to the Judith, taking my old place wrangling. The captain was Horis Brasier (Horace Brasier), the same man who hired me in 1882 on Ross fork.

"The Judith country was getting pretty well settled and sheep had the range, so the cowmen decided to move. All that summer and the next we trailed the cattle north to Milk River. In the fall of 1891 I received a letter from Charley Green, better known as 'Pretty Charley', a bartender who was in Great Falls, saying that if I would come to that camp I could make $74 a month and grub. It looked good, so I saddled my gray and packed Monty, my pinto, and pulled my freight for said burg.

"When I arrived I was introduced to Mr. G., (Nancy later changed this to Mr. K) who pulled a contract as long as a stake rope for me to sign. Everything drew, modeled or painted was to be his, and it was for a year. I balked. Then he wanted me to paint from 6 in the morning till 6 at night, but I argued that there was some difference in painting and sawing wood, so we split up and I went to work for myself.

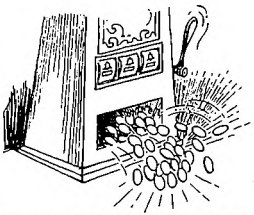
"I put in with a bunch of cowpunchers, a roundup cook and a prize fighter out of work and we pitched a log-house on the south side. The feed was very short at times, but we wintered. Next spring I went back to Milk River and once more took to the range. In the fall I returned to Great Falls, took up the paint brush and have never 'sung to them' since.

"I went to Cascade in the fall of 1895 and was married to Nancy Cooper in 1896. She's been on for better or worse, and I will leave it to her which she got. We moved to Great Falls in 1897 and have lived there ever since.

"Several papers have given me write-ups, and though they were very kind and gave me much flattery, in many ways they were incorrect, so I have written you a few facts.—Yours sincerely, C. M. Russell."

The editor printing this autobiography made a few corrections in spelling and grammar, which is regrettable since Russell's own originality in same was unique. His collection of letters in *Good Medicine* are all the more winning because of their faults in punctuation, spelling, and grammar; they are more truly Russell.

Over the next few months, the attention of lovers of Western Americana will focus on Great Falls, Montana, and this issue concerning the Russell home. Local citizens hope for the best. Only time, and the dedication of Montanans to Russell's cause, can guarantee a favorable finis to the problem, but readers of Western Publications, Inc. may write the Gallery to air their views on the subject, for public opinion is always of value, and interest always welcome.



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COLTER'S BOONE by Raymond W. Thorp. John Colter had whipped the West and was moving east, Daniel had whipped the Appalachia and longed for a "far country." This pair of Indian fighters met for the first time on the Missouri, took the measure of each other, and liked what they saw. **THE MURDER OF SIMEON TURLEY** by Donald Cline. The trapper had long been a friend to the Indians as well as the Mexicans, and so he grew careless. Worse, he forgot an oft-proven rule: men in revolt do not remember the individual; they hate and kill whoever's before them. **SLICK CLEMENTS—DEAD SHOT** by J. B. Gillett. All "fast draws" were not on the prod. Some just understood and appreciated guns, and saw no reason to have to fire at the same target twice. **BLACK ROCK SWINDLE** by Harold O'Neal. When Isenbeck was through with his spellbinding, Humboldt County, Nevada, was being termed "the richest mineral region upon God's footstool" and the rush was on! **THE HARVEY HOUSES** by Fred Lambert. Until the Santa Fe and an iron-willed Englishman joined hands, even a condemned criminal had it better than a wayfarer in the West—at least the prisoner got one good last meal. ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: **THEY DIDN'T STAY FOR DINNER!** by Theo Eston, **SANDON, B.C.—MISFORTUNE'S PLAYGROUND** by George Preston Stewart, **THE DENTON-TWIGGS FEUD** by Mary Ann Messick, **WE RAN THE JIM** by Frank Hever as told to Leola Lehman, **BERT CASEY AND THE HUGHES RANCH** by Nat M. Taylor and **CRY OF THE DEATH BIRD** by Isaac Motes. Plus articles reprinted from early issues of TRUE WEST.

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SILVER RUSH!

An Empire of Silver (Caxton Printers, $7.50) was written by Robert L. Brown, Denver Westerner, member of the board of the Colorado Ghost Town Club, and member of the Colorado State Historical Society. This is the story of Colorado's San Juan silver rush in the 1870s which took place in the area often called "The Switzerland of America." Brown's account is a well-written and complete story. After early discovery by mountain men, trappers, and military expeditions, the area was finally "freed" from the Ute Indians and opened up for development in 1873. Dozens of towns sprang up among the majestic peaks. Then in 1893 the Sherman Silver Purchase Act was repealed, sounding the death knell for many silver camps throughout the West. Due mainly to favorable location for the tourist trade, Silverton, Ouray, Telluride, and Lake City are thriving. Most of the other silver camps are now ghost towns. Brown's first book, *Jeep Trails to Colorado Ghost Towns* (Caxton, 1963), was a fitting preparation for his "Empire." The book is well illustrated with photos which document the existence of the old camps and show the natural wonders of the country.

HISTORY AS YOU LIKE IT!

Newspapering in the Old West (Superior Publishing Co., $12.95) by Robert E. Karolevitz is a pictorial history of journalism and printing on the old frontier. The 191 pages are crammed with photos, illustrations, and stories of the men and headlines which helped shape early western public opinion. Ever hungry for news, the isolated frontiersman was a ready customer, but hours were long and returns were meager, with the editor and printer often the same person. Preserved copies of frontier newspapers often provide the most romantic link we have with the early West. One interesting account is "The Press on Wheels." This nomadic printing shop traveled from Ft. Kearney, Nebraska, to Gibraltar on Puget Sound, Washington, printing editions at some fourteen towns along the way. As in most of the northwest ventures, women soon found their place helping in the shop as well as in the home. They could deliver more ems per hour than male type-slingers. But the *Wasatch Wave*, Heber, Utah Territory, 1869, summed things up when it printed, "Printing is an art and cannot be managed by every ignoramus who takes it into his head to start a newspaper." A fascinating book.

Wagons East (University of Texas) by C. Richard King is a University of Texas Public Affairs Reporting Publication. It is an account of the role of the *Dallas Morning News* in the great drought of 1886. The *News* through editorials and reports of drought conditions was a helpful force in the pioneer's struggle for survival.

History of Wyoming (University of Nebraska, $6.95) by T. A. Larsen is a comprehensive and critical history of the State. Dr. Larson heads the Department of History and is Director of the School of American Studies at The University of Wyoming.

Based on twenty-five years of research, political, economic, and social history are emphasized in Larson's book. Relatively speaking, Wyoming's 350,000 people scattered over 97,914 square miles of plains and mountains are free from many of the pressures common to citizens of other states. Smog, juvenile delinquency, crowding, and racial strife are little known. But Wyoming has had trying times—fast guns, renegade redskins, the rush for riches, range wars, oil scandals, droughts and blizzards. Larson's main focus is on men, women, and events which have been especially important in shaping Wyoming's history during the past century. Wyoming is unique for the continuous leadership of its tough, self-reliant cattlemen, and not more than 5% of the sod has ever been broken for farming. The book is enhanced by line-drawings by Jack Brodie and a section of photographs which highlight people, places, events, and natural resources. Certainly this book belongs on the bookshelf of anyone interested in the West.

WHO GOT THE GOLD?

Pimas, Dead Padres, and Gold (Archivist's Press) by Paul V. Lease is a brief journal of Lease's accumulated file of letters, notes, and jottings of the Pima uprising of 1751. According to Lease, the uprising which occurred in Primeria Alta—that vast area occupying what is now southwestern Arizona and northwestern Sonora—was politically inspired. The purpose was to relieve the missions of their gold, accumulated by the "Black Robes" through their exploitation of the Indians. The Indians were successful in throwing off their yoke of slavery in the bloody destruction of the missions, but no one knows who ended up with the gold.

MOUNTAIN MEN

Only a few of the 1,200 mountain men who ranged over the western half of North America have been memorialized with biographies. Antoine Leroux can now share some of the limelight with Jim Bridger, Kit Carson, etc., thanks to *The Blazed Trail of Antoine Leroux* (Westernlore Press, $7.50) by Forbes Parkhill. Unlike many of the early trappers, scouts, and guides who died penniless, Leroux could read and write, and became an important landowner. Born in New Mexico in 1801, he shared in the historical Ashley-Henry expedition to the headwaters of the Missouri; he trapped the Gila as early as 1826, and was Kit Carson's friend, neighbor, and one-time assistant. He was guide to four expeditions between Santa Fe and California, including the famed Mormon Battalion

Leroux was a member of New Mexico's Territorial organization convention, and served on the jury that condemned to death the instigators of the Taos uprising. When Parkhill ran onto the name, Leroux Creek, on an early map, he began searching out the trail of this nearly-forgotten man. The results of his long search is this book. Parkhill's one regret—he never found a photograph of Leroux. Anyone interested in the West is indebted to Parkhill for shedding this light on Antoine Leroux's life. The book is No. XXX in this Westernlore Great West and Indian Series.

The Mountain Men and the Fur Trade of the Far West, Volume II (Arthur H. Clark Co., $14.50) like Volume I was prepared under the editorial supervision of LeRoy R. Hafen. The entire project will run to six or more volumes of 375-400 pages each. In all, some 400 mountain men will be covered by individual biographies. More than 50 scholars will cooperate in the project with their signed contributions on participants in the fur trade. The second volume comprises 402 pages and contains 37 biographical sketches with 15 portraits and 4 illustrations. Since the summary history of the fur trade and a large map are included in the first section of Volume I, readers will need access to all volumes for complete reference purposes. The final volume of the series will provide an index-directory to the biographies and introductory materials in all volumes of the work. The ambitious coverage of the colorful men who helped open up the West through the fur trade is a tremendous source of facts and details pertaining to the men of that era.

THE SOUTHWEST—LONG AGO

Southwestern Archaeology (University of Illinois Press, $9.50) by John C. McGregor of the nearly-revised and expanded edition of his textbook which first appeared in 1941. The center of Southwestern culture is shown in detail with outlying cultures much less so. Map illustrate centers and maximum spread of cultures. Only the most important features of each are covered and bibliographies provide additional reading references for more detailed accounts. Reconstruction of history is the primary goal of archaeologists, and chapters are written and arranged with this aim in mind. Eastern Arizona and western New Mexico comprise the center of Southwestern cultures. The rest of Arizona and New Mexico, southwestern Colorado, most of Utah, the southern tip of Nevada, the Southwestern edge of California and the northern part of Mexico are compared with it. The book provides a greater understanding of the prehistoric tribes and the overall cultural evolution of the American Southwest. The 511 pages, bibliography, index, and illustrations make up an up-to-date guide for students, professionals, and laymen interested in Southwestern Indians and their prehistory.

The Passage of Starchild

(Continued from page 22)

Crow quickly took in the situation.

Potts implored him to calm his tribesmen and keep them from interfering with the police. As the three Indians tried to placate the others, Starchild was handcuffed and placed on a horse. The little group managed to force its way through the crowd and then rode out of camp at top speed.

Some of the braves still shook their fists and waved their guns menacingly. Several mounted up and followed the patrol all the way back to Fort Macleod. They hung around the post for several days afterward, causing nervous young constables to constantly check their firearms.

Starchild sat in his cell all summer waiting for a trial by Stipendiary Magistrate Macleod. Sinister rumors started to drift in about the bad mood of the Bloods. The force at Fort Macleod was strengthened just in case. Later in the summer Starchild was transported to Fort Walsh, away from the center of Blood territory.

THE TRIAL was held on October 17 and 18, 1881, just a month short of two years after the murder. A jury of six had been selected from the ranchers in the area. Macleod presided as Magistrate, and Inspector Dowling was Crown Prosecutor. The evidence presented turned out to be purely circumstantial. The main points were that Graburn had had harsh words with Starchild; that the bullet taken from Graburn's body was the same calibre as Starchild's rifle; that Starchild had been in the general area when Graburn was killed; that Starchild had reportedly bragged of the murder to another Indian (which he now denied).

The Benton *Weekly Record* reported that the jury deliberated for some ten hours before bringing in a "not guilty" verdict. Some people felt that the jury had been influenced by the fierce Blood warriors restlessly waiting on the surrounding plains. While this may or may not have some truth in it, certainly no man should be convicted on such meager evidence.

So Starchild walked out of the Fort into the welcoming arms of his fellow Bloods and the extra Police at Fort Macleod returned to Fort Walsh.

At this time horse-stealing was rampant among Indians. Officials in Canada and the States were considerably hampered by the international boundary line when braves from both sides crossed over and drove stolen animals back. The Bloods were particularly troublesome, for they raided the Assiniboine, Gros Ventre, and even their brother tribe, the Piegan.

Starchild fitted right back into the pattern of a young Blood brave. He affected an unusual headdress and wore two kitfox tails attached to the heels of his moccasins. This latter affectation was regarded as a sign of bravado among many Plains tribes and indicated that the wearer had accomplished something exceptional. Starchild had become a man of renown and he boasted that he would shoot the first Policeman who attempted to arrest him.

Gleefully Starchild embarked on the horse raids. In the summer of 1883 he joined a secret gathering of Bloods and they rode south into the States. Successfully stealing some horses they drove them back across the border.

Superintendent Crozier at Fort Macleod was informed of the raid and on July 5 Sergeant Ashe, Constable Sleigh, and Jerry Potts rode to the Standoff where most of the Bloods were located. They had a warrant for the arrest of Starchild.

Once again they traveled by night. Arriving at the Standoff post they added Corporal Derenzie and Constable Wilson to their ranks. An extra saddle horse was also selected, just in case. They rode on to the Blood Agency

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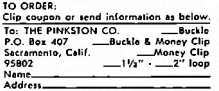

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where a friendly Indian named Piegan Frank pointed out a shack as being Starchild's.

The five men drew their guns and approached the cabin. As he quietly unlatched the door, and then they burst in. Starchild's medicine was weak this time for he was sound asleep. As the others confiscated a rifle, revolver, and a wicked looking hunting knife, Potts had to shake Starchild awake. The Indian stared at them in surprise as they hustled him out to the extra horse. Strangely enough, he made no noise as the group mounted up and hurriedly rode out. At Standoff Starchild was transferred to a wagon and away they went to Fort Macleod.

A message was sent to Magistrate Macleod at Pincher Creek and he arrived that evening at the fort. A trial immediately got under way. Starchild was found guilty of bringing stolen property into the country and was sentenced to a stiff four years at the Stony Mountain Penitentiary in Manitoba.

WHILE Starchild brooded in prison many changes came to the prairies. The N.W.M.P. established many small subsidiary posts and maintained constant patrols to reduce horse stealing and the selling of liquor. Immigrants poured in and the Indians found that their movements were more and more restricted. Though the reserves had been set up for them back in 1877, they had been accustomed to roaming the prairies more or less at will. Those days were rapidly drawing to a close.

Starchild spent about three and a half years in prison and then returned to the District of Alberta. Unlike many Indians who had been confined, he had retained his health and spirits. Yet there was obviously a change in the man. His attitude towards the law had undergone some revision. Tribal warfare was a thing of the past and the buffaloes were gone. By 1886 even horse stealing had been reduced to a few isolated cases.

In February, 1887, ten horses were stolen from a settler in the Standoff area. Chief Red Crow and, oddly enough, Starchild volunteered to help a Sergeant Brymer recover them. The three men found the horses in the Sweet Grass Hills and returned them.

Ex-Constable Bob Wilson, one of those who had arrested Starchild for the horse stealing, had established a store at Standoff upon leaving the force. Starchild seems to have had the run privilege and is reported to have said to him: "I have had a lot of trouble in my life, but I have come through very well. I think I have a charmed life, because I have never taken a wife. If I ever marry, I will lose my charm and be like anyone else."

In the spring of 1887 some Assiniboines from the States slipped across the line at night and entered the Blood reserve. They selected some choice horses and drove them off at high speed. Instead of retaliating in kind, the Bloods reported the matter to the Police, who contacted the American authorities. The horses were returned.

Chief Red Crow, some other chiefs, and Starchild arrived at Fort Macleod. They wished to thank the Police for the return of the horses. Then as soon as the amenities were over, Red Crow asked the Police to arrest Starchild for stealing horses from the Assiniboines! They had brought three of the animals with them.

"Little Wolf, you need professional help!"

Starchild admitted the theft and prepared to face another jail sentence. He was locked up while the Police investigated the matter. Though a complete description of the animals was sent to Montana, no owner would come forth to claim them. It's quite likely that the animals had been stolen several times over and the previous owners were a little leery of coming forward. After a couple of days Starchild was released.

As the Bloods had obviously changed their attitude toward the law, special constables were appointed among them. This arrangement had worked with the Cree and Assiniboine tribes for several years. In 1889 Superintendent Deane at Lethbridge selected some Bloods for his duties and Starchild was one of them. Deane later made it plain that he considered Starchild the pick of the lot. By now, of course, Starchild was more than a little familiar with Police procedure.

In April, 1889, Starchild came upon two white men out on the prairie. They had a ten-gallon keg of liquor with them. The Indian pointed out the error of their ways and grabbed the keg. The two surprised men at first threatened him, and then attempted to bribe him. But Starchild was having none of it and he rode off with the keg. Seeking out a Sergeant Ross, he reported the matter. A later extensive search indicated that the two men had left the country.

Toward the end of April a party of Bloods left the reserve and crossed the line into the States. Starchild learned of this excursion and reported the raiders' names to Superintendent Steele. Telegrams flew thick and fast over the border from both directions. The Bloods hit the Crow agency some 400 miles south and stole 100 horses. N.W.M.P. posts were alerted and the American army rode out to intercept the thieves. The little Blood band, in the course of their return, fought off some Gros Ventres, killed an Assiniboine, evaded the army, and slipped by the N.W.M.P. patrols.

They arrived back on the reserve with three fresh scalps and five exhausted horses, one of which promptly died. The men had barely set those hands back when they were arrested and brought up before Superintendent Steele for an

accounting. This was to be the last horse raid of any consequence on the prairies and the Illinois turned reluctantly to more sedentary pursuits.

Starchild took a fatal shaft in the heart from the bow of Cupid. He had noticed a comely squaw in the area and persuaded her to share his bed and board despite the fact that she was already the spouse of another. He had forsaken his old medicine role of staying womanless. Perhaps he thought that it was no longer necessary to adhere so strictly to his medicine dream now that his days of warfare were over. But he couldn't have been more wrong.

In a short time he became spiritless and lazy. His medicine bundle weakened in power and doubts assailed his mind. This man who had thrived on excitement and adversity now declined with inactivity. He came down with tuberculosis and wasted away rapidly. His death came a short while later in 1889 and he seems to have been about twenty-nine years of age at the time. If this age is correct then he had been nineteen when Graburn was killed. Oddly enough, Graburn was also nineteen at the time of his death. Starchild had threatened Harris, the trader, then, at the tender age of twelve.

Contrary to Shakespeare's theory, there is much in the name of Starchild. The man lived like those heavenly missiles, flashing briefly and brightly before the final snuffing-out.

New Mexico's Mounties

(Continued from page 31)

Beale nodded and walked into the saloon. A couple of men were leaning against the bar nursing their drinks, but they paid no attention to the lawman. "I've got a rifle back here I'd like you to see," smiled Clark as Beale followed him to the rear of the room.

The saloon-keeper fumbled for something on a shelf and brought down a paper. "I've got a warrant here, issued by the J. P., for your arrest," he grinned, extending the paper toward the policeman.

The Mountie, not suspecting this, started and then said angrily, "What the hell for?"

"For challenging Billie Coe to fight a duel," charged Clark.

Beale was red with rage by this time. The two loungers at the bar, sensing something was wrong, had taken their drinks to a safe spot at the far end of the room where they watched, pop-eyed and open-mouthed.

Clark had drawn his six-shooter but seeing that Beale meant business, and knowing he could not out-gun him, had laid his pistol on the table. The Mounted Policeman's hand rested upon his gun which was still in the holster. Cautiously Beale backed toward the door.

"I'll answer that charge, or any other charge against me, in the morning and at the proper time," said the lawman. Seeing Clark lay his six-gun down, Beale figured that was the end of it.

When the Mountie reached the door, Clark ducked behind a counter, grabbed a Winchester hidden there, and raised it to his shoulder.

"Putnam, cover me! Clark's got a rifle!" Beale yelled over his shoulder to his deputy who had remained outside.

Putnam rushed toward the door just as Clark fired a shot which whined between the two lawmen. Beale had drawn and fired a shot, hitting Clark's

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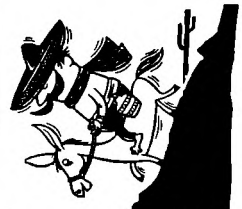

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left arm which was outstretched and still holding the Winchester. The ball passed through Clark's arm, grazed his chest, and then penetrated his right shoulder. Almost simultaneously Putnam fired one shot which entered Clark's body. The saloon-keeper fell and there was no more shooting.

It was later claimed there were thirty "witnesses" anxious to appear against Beale and Putnam, although only the two men in the saloon actually saw the tragedy.

The Mogollon tragedy was the result of a combat between law and order and the vicious forces which prevailed in many isolated mountain camps. Beale and Putnam were duly acquitted of the charges brought against them, and a semblance of law and order took root.

HUNDREDS of arrests were made by the Mounted Police during their seven years of existence. Offenses such as assault, burglary, murder, rustling, vagrancy, forgery and breaches of the peace (which include drunkenness, fighting and destruction of property) are found in the records.

In addition to his regular duties, a Mounted Policeman was often given other assignments. These included detective work for the railroads, control of the Indian liquor traffic, and acting as parole officer.

Fred Lambert of Cimarron, New Mexico, the last living member of the Territorial Mounted Police, told the author, "We also carried commissions from the Cattle Sanitary Board and the Game Warden, so that in cases of cattle rustling and laws being broken in the Game Department, we would handle the situation until we got in touch with the proper authorities."

One big stumbling block to maintaining efficient law enforcement was transportation. It was one thing to be traveling 100 miles through country horseback, and another to get to the scene of a crime in a hurry. The railroads were faster and more convenient than traveling by horseback but the Homestead Act of 1900 hindered policemen in obtaining free passes. They usually had to pay their own fare and, as the Mounties drew little more than $70 a month, this type of transportation was used a last resort.

After 1909, the permanent force of Territorial Mounted Police was reduced to six men. The opposition in the legislature, who regarded the Mounties as the "Governor's Police Force" (he had the power of appointment), never let up in their attempts to abolish the organization.

By 1912, the situation looked bleak for the Mounted Police. The opposition had gained vitality, and dissolution of the Company was just a matter of time. Many Democrats thought that, with the advent of statehood, it would be better to abolish the Mounted Police, make another appropriation, and establish a Highway Patrol.

During the 1913 session of the State Legislature, a bill was introduced to kill the force. No action was taken upon it for several weeks. A measure like the bill was bound to debate followed in which some senators declared the Mounted Police had done much in proportion to their cost. They said abolishing them was partisan, and a political move to wrest power from the governor. The opposition, on the other hand, claimed that the Mounted Police had done little except tie their horses in front of saloon doors. Others felt the peace officers of the various counties could handle the situation.

Captain Furnoff had not permitted much of the work done by the Mounted Police to reach the newspapers, fearing it would hinder their work. As a result, a great deal of the good accomplished by the Mounties was never made known to the people of the Territory. The conflict between the Mounted Police and the local lawmen, nourished by jealousy, also undermined the organization. Consequently, in March, 1913, the Mounted Police force was abolished.

The Territorial Mounted Police are now but a part of the vast history of New Mexico. Fred Lambert, its surviving member, was the youngest man on the force in 1912, and has since become well-known as a Southwest author.

Records show that members of the Mounted Police were respected, efficient, and devoted lawmen. The force may have been a partisan organization. Many considered it a political group. Nevertheless, for the purpose for which it was created —curtailing lawlessness in the waning days of New Mexico Territory—the company of Mounted Police did an outstanding job.

Black Gold of the Borego Desert

(Continued from page 27)

this machine in the back of a Model A, and accompanied by Colorado Joe, they set out once more for the Borego. Charley Harris, Farris' son-in-law, and another grandson followed in a second car.

For some reason, Colorado Joe, who was used to deserts, took an instant dislike to the Borego. He insisted, quite without reason, there was no gold in that part of the country, and wanted to turn back before the prospecting party got within twenty miles of the spring. During the entire week they spent there, from the moment the old man rose in the morning until well into the night, he kept up his insistence that they were on the wrong track. He even convinced Charley, who had actually seen gold that came from there, that there couldn't possibly be any in the area.

Perhaps he was right. Even with the dry washing they found no trace of pay dirt. Floods had changed the terrain so much Charley couldn't even find where he and young Swartz had earlier panned the thirteen cans of samples. When they left the Borego the second time, Lee and Sam vowed that on the next trip, just the two of them would return.

Lee later read that part of the desert was supposed to be haunted. The leader of another party, upon reaching a certain point, turned abruptly back, muttering the spirits forbade further passage. From the way Colorado Joe acted, and the difficulties Sam and he encountered on their third search, they were almost inclined to agree: the area was haunted.

LEE AND SAM undertook their third search in the early fall of 1958. They intended to spend the entire winter, but their troubles started early. First of all, they found the previous road barred by deep, freshly cut arroyos. In attempting to find a way in, they got into sand so loose the truck sank hub-deep. After two and one-half days, and thirty-five feet of progress, they decided to pack in to the spring—still some five miles distant.

The weather up to this time had been ideal, but suddenly changed. A violent wind blew up and swirled sharp gusts of sand all around them. Their first pack

"No, I haven't had any gas pains lately!"

trip from the truck to the spring took five and one-half hours. It was nearly dark when they arrived. They took no tent, only air mattresses, blankets and bedrolls, and most of the night was spent trying to keep their blankets from blowing away. They finally solved this by piling big rocks around the edges; but nothing would shut out the terrible cold that came with the wind. Fuel was scarce, too, floods having scoured away the scant vegetation.

For a week they braved the cold and winds. And it was during this time they made a startling discovery. They had already come to believe Charley and young Swartz had misread the original map and had been searching in the wrong place all the time. Lee and Sam extended their search farther and farther. One morning they located a second, more distant spring which seemed to better fit landmarks Charley had described. And, too, this spring contained a seep, the foul water which turned their gold pans (bright from dry panning) black when they attempted to wet pan a few samples in it.

Excitedly, they agreed this could very well be the source that had turned the desert gold black. To further test the water, Lee dipped the rim of his gold watch into it, and within a few moments its sulphurous contents had turned the metal brown. Surely this was the spring which the old man had first discovered. The gold must be nearby!

Following a faint, up-canyon trail, which wound toward a mesa, they passed a rocky ledge which bore the resemblance of a wolf's head. Then they found the remains of a long abandoned turquoise mine. A little beyond these points, the trail crossed a huge rock fall. Boulders spewed into the canyon below them, and down on the rocks lay the bleached bones of a large animal.

"This must be the place where the old Missourian broke his hip!" exclaimed Sam.

"Yes," Lee agreed. "Those could be the bones of his burro. I think we are very close to his discovery!"

Nothing could keep them from continuing the search now, they thought. But the long, threatening weather really zeroed in with almost unbearable cold. They decided there was no real need to hurry. The gold had remained there for nearly thirty years; it would wait a little longer. They would take time to return to their truck for warmer clothing.

That night they slept beside the vehicle. The following morning they were awakened with rain in their faces. Rain fell throughout the day, and the night, and the next day. Then a deep, almost unheard of, snow fell on the desert.

The two prospectors couldn't remain in that temperature with the light clothing they had brought. And besides, as long as the sands were wet, they wouldn't be able to use their dry washer. Disheartened, Lee and Sam lugged their wet bedrolls to the Model A, and left the desert once again. There was no doubt in either of their minds that they had been on the brink of success.

They laid definite plans to return and claim the long-sought treasure. But year after year various things kept them from returning to the Borego.

In 1964, on the verge of departure, Lee's untimely death intervened. Sam unpacked the station wagon and grieved for his long-time partner.

Lately the old urge has risen again, to prospect once more, to seek the treasure of the desert. "I believe in the Borego gold," Sam told me recently. "And I believe I will find it someday soon."

Walt Coburn's Tally Book

(Continued from page 11)

"Saddle the Bogus Brown, then."

Nobody knew how the news traveled, but it reached the barn and bunkhouse under the hill. By the time the stranger got the Bogus Brown saddled and eased himself across the saddle, every Circle C cowhand and half a dozen reps were settin' on the corral waitin' to see the stranger get throwed.

But he rode the big stout brone and rode him clean. And he rode the gray Lizard and the big paint that had a bad habit of coming over backwards. And those that throwed him, he got back on and tried again till they got rode.

HIS NAME went down on the books as Bob Jones. But somebody, I think it was Humpy Jack, started calling him Cherokee Bob and the name stuck. He used the bed the bronc rider left behind. He was a quiet man and the outfit got to liking him. They never asked questions and he never told anything about himself. Cherokee Bob and I were guard partners. I think Humpy Jack arranged that.

Sometimes when the cattle lay good on the bedground we rode around them together and he would talk to me where he wouldn't talk to another man. I reckon it was because I was a kid and he knew I could keep my mouth shut. He talked for the most part the way all cowhands talk, in the vernacular of the cow country. But sometimes of a moonlight night I reckon something of his back trail would ketch up with him and he'd forget and use words that no common cowhand knew how to use. Into his talk would come mention of The Judge and I knew that he meant his own father. And whenever he forgot himself and said "The Lassie" I knew he meant the girl he left behind. He had a name for one bright star he would point out as we rode around the bedded beef herd. He called the star "Mary," and the hardness would leave his gray eyes as if he had a silent prayer deep in his heart.

He was always awake when we were called for second or third or last guard. And whenever a stranger would ride up to camp, Cherokee Bob always sighted him first and would ride off before the stranger got close. Or if he was on day herd, Humpy Jack, who nighthawked the remuda and was supposed to sleep day-

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times, would ride out to the herd and let him know.

We were camped on Alkali with the beef herd, waiting for cars for the first shipment of beef to Chicago, when Cherokee Bob pulled out. He rode one of his brones he kept for a night horse out to the remuda, where he caught his private horse.

We'd been on first guard together and I didn't miss him till breakfast time. We had company that morning for early breakfast. There in the lantern-lit mess tent sat the sheriff and two deputies. The sheriff sat on the cook's bedroll and he had a six-shooter in a holster and his saddle gun alongside him. The sheriff was an old-time cowpuncher and wagon boss we'd easy got along with. But the two deputies with him were strangers. The sheriff introduced them as a couple of deputy sheriffs from Wyoming. They looked mean and dangerous and stayed close-mouthed and suspicious.

"These fellers are looking for this feller, Jake." The sheriff handed Jake, the wagon boss, one of those white-cloth, black-lettered reward dodgers. Ten reward was a thousand dollars and it gave a description of Cherokee Bob, along with two or three aliases.

Jake looked it over. He told the sheriff he was welcome to stay for breakfast but that the two deputies would have to pay a dollar apiece for their breakfast and they could ride their horses back to town, for, so far as the Circle C remuda was concerned, the two deputies were plumb afoot for fresh horses.

Jake lifted the stove lid and dropped the reward dodger into the fire. He told the two deputies that the cowhand around the Circle C outfit had ever been or heard of the man they were looking for.

When Humpy Jack fetched in his remuda he took a vest-pocket tally book from his shirt. He opened it and showed what was written on one page and handed the book to me.

"So-long kid. This is an order on the Circle C outfit to turn over to you what money I got coming. Don't believe all you read in the newspapers or what's written on a bounty money dodger. When you git to town buy the boys a drink on me. Cherokee Bob."

A few weeks later the dead bodies of a couple of men answering the description of the Wyoming deputies were found at the Cow Island Crossing on the Missouri River. So kind of a law badge was found on either body. Both had been shot through the belly and they had guns in their dead hands.

"When this cow country is fenced in," Humpy Jack once told me, "and the roundup trails plowed under, I know where we kin go. There's a big pampas country somewhere deep in the Argentine and a feller, I can't recollect his name, has a big outfit there. There's a bright star named after his missus. The same star that shines over Montana. All we got to do is folter it and himeby we're bound to locate the ranch. I'll guarantee we'll be sure of a welcome."—Walt.

The Bungled Job at Blackstone Switch

(Continued from page 58)

were seeking your arrest for robbery. You did not permit them to make their mission known before you fired on them and killed Marshal LaForce.

"You are now about to be sentenced to death for this wicked murder. . . . For your own sake I request that you honestly and sincerely seek the assistance of your God."

It was one of the most hair-raising denouncements ever delivered in the Fort Smith halls of justice. But Luckey exhibited very little interest. When asked if he had anything to say, he answered: "Nothin', 'cept I never did it."

Judge Parker ordered him to be hanged on October 20.

Lawyer Reed obtained a stay of execution and appealed to the Supreme Court. While awaiting an opinion from Washington, Luckey was tried with Jim Dyer for the robbery at Blackstone switch.

DYER was a native of Fannin County, Texas. In 1884, he had moved to the Indian Territory and made his home near Wagoner. A few years previous, he had been acquitted on a charge of murder, so was an easy victim for a conspiracy.

The terms of Root's surrender had included joint testimony with Texas Jack against Dyer. They claimed Dyer had arranged for Texas Jack, Root, Luckey, and Smith to "do the job"; that the five of them should meet the following night at Vann's Ford, on the Verdigris, and divide the plunder equally.

Judge Parker, believing he had arrived at the "very head center of crime, the leader in all the numerous train robberies which had occurred in that section," fixed Dyer's bond at $12,000, a sum he believed Dyer could not make.

But he had underestimated Dyer's little black-haired wife. Her eyes snapped as she heard the amount and saw her husband ushered back to jail. She walked from the courtroom "with the tread of a queen," took the train to Wagoner, appeared next day with the required bond, and returned home with her husband.

Dyer's trial began in mid-September. "So certain was Judge Parker of his guilt," Harman says, "and so cognizant did he become of the ability of Dyer's wife and her untiring efforts, that he forbade her coming into the courtroom."

The government claimed Dyer had planned the robberies of all gangs operating in the Territory in 1892 and 1893. Dyer proved his good reputation through a number of leading Wagoner merchants, and several Fort Smith deputies went on the stand and testified he had rendered them much valuable assistance in apprehending certain noted desperadoes. But they were unable to tell anything except their dealings with him and could only weaken the evidence by impeaching the witnesses." Dyer was convicted. Judge Parker sentenced him to fifteen years in prison.

On January 6, 1896, the Supreme Court reversed Buz Luckey's murder conviction on error, set aside the death sentence, and granted him a new trial.

The irrepressible Lawyer Reed lost no time in more fully developing the case. At Luckey's new trial, he produced a map three feet square, showing the location of the haystacks, the field, the fences, house and all the premises where LaForce had been slain, and the course the posemen had taken as they ran, firing in the direction of the stacks, through the fog.

"By shrewd application of the facts to the map," writes Harman, "Mr. Reed made the point and contended before the jury that notwithstanding Luckey and Root were firing at the marshals as they fled and that a fight ensued, yet neither Luckey nor Root had shot LaForce, or he would have been struck from the front; that LaForce, being shot in the back, must have been shot unintentionally by one of his companions as they came from the house firing toward the stacks."

Luckey was acquitted. He was convicted for his part in the Blackstone robbery, however, and sentenced to fifteen years in prison at Columbus, Ohio.

But his success in the Supreme Court lent new impetus to Mrs. Dyer's efforts to free her husband.

This was after the death of Judge Parker in November, 1896, a little more than two months after Congress had reduced his court from the greatest criminal tribunal in history to one of comparatively petty jurisdiction over a handful of counties in western Arkansas. A number of important cases remained on the docket to be disposed of by his successor, Judge John Rogers. Dyer's case was among these.

ON DECEMBER 7, 1896, the law firm of William M. Cravens, A. H. and R. C. Garland, secured a reversal in the Supreme Court. A new trial was granted, and Dyer released on bond.

At his first trial, Dyer had relied on Wagoner merchants and his acquaintance with deputy marshals to overcome adverse testimony of disreputables like Texas Jack and Root. He decided now to leave no stone unturned. He also decided to change counsel. He employed Lawyer Reed.

For another year and a half both sides developed new evidence. Finally, on March 22, 1898, Dyer was arraigned on a charge of receiving stolen property. The indictment contained three counts, to which he pleaded not guilty. He then was put on trial for the Blackstone robbery. Texas Jack had been released by five years in prison and paroled by Judge Parker just before his death. Root had been released. He returned to the Indian Territory, and was mysteriously slain in 1897. The principal witness for the government were Root's widow, Texas Jack, and a carpenter named L. M. Best.

Texas Jack repeated the testimony given in the first trial, and Root's widow stuck to a story "obviously coached into her by her dead husband." Best swore that on the night, and shortly after the time of the robbery, he had seen Dyer at Vann's Ford on the Verdigris. He further stated that he had built the house Dyer occupied at the time of the holdup and made a scuttle-hole, with a neat fitting cover and hinges, in the ceiling of one room, which Dyer told him he could use "to hide the boys."

Lawyer Reed promptly produced the door. It was neither neat fitting nor with hinges, simply an ordinary opening into the garret, such as could be seen in nearly all farm houses of that day.

Upon severe cross-examination, Best admitted that he had crossed at the ford, "not upon the night of the robbery, but at a different time, and merely late in the evening," when Dyer was there on other business.

A number of Wagoner citizens testified—not only to Best's bad reputation for truth and veracity, but that on the day of the robbery, Dyer had run a horse race at Wagoner, in their presence, and had left town too late to have reached the scene of the holdup. Dyer's wife stated that he arrived home from the races and did not leave during the night.

Dyer then showed, by the testimony of J. Shelby Williams, the United States Marshal for the Eastern District of Texas (whose jurisdiction included the Chickasaw and Choctaw nations) that, instead of assisting outlaws, he had been in constant communication with Williams, furnishing him information on a number of crimes being committed in the Territory, the probable location of the gangs and their descriptions. More than 100 letters from Dyer to Williams were exhibited in evidence. Several of them gave an account of the Blackstone holdup, the names of the robbers, and where they could be arrested!

Dyer was set free.

Texas Jack wasn't happy with the way things turned out. "Dyer was guilty as hell," he said at Tulsa. "It was his lawyer got him free. He just went over everybody in the courtroom with his commanding ways. He could never get away with it under Parker. That's why he always fought the hanging judge."

Jack's relief was premature," however, when Judge Parker recommended his parole. "The judge was a sworn enemy of men like me, but I never held any ill-feeling toward him. He was just doing his job for the government. He kept his promise, and I kept mine. I've never violated my parole in any way."

It was the turning point in the badman's career. He became an evangelist. As age crept upon him, he wrote accounts of his life and sold the pamphlets.

The first, consisting of eight pages, was printed in 1897. Ten thousand copies "sold out in five weeks." He then enlarged his story to twenty-eight pages and had 10,000 copies printed at Girard, Kansas. These sold the following year, and he had another 10,000 printed at Dallas, in November, 1899. A year later these were gone, and 25,000 copies of a new thirty-eight-page manuscript were printed at Oklahoma City in July, 1901. In 1936, he issued the final edition, which he was selling in Tulsa in 1938 when I first met him.

For forty-one years he had preached the moral of respectable living, supplementing his old-age assistance checks with earnings from his pamphlet sales. He had lived on camp boats of his own construction on many rivers, toured the country with a team and wagon, and appeared in a series of Wild West shows as "Texas Jack, Train Robber."

On January 7, 1950, an old man of eighty-seven, he died peacefully in bed at his home in Tulsa—with his boots off.

He was buried at St. Paul, Arkansas.

Stalking the Unknown

(Continued from page 29)

other. George Evans, John Means and I kept three of them and took them to El Paso and had them mounted for watchfobs; the fourth we gave to a good friend of ours by the name of Tat Hulling who ranched at that time back north of Kent on the Delaware. Mr. Means and Mr. Evans always wore their bear claws for watch fobs, just as they were mounted, but they were so big and heavy that I did not like to wear mine so I had a pin put on it for Mrs. Finley to wear, and she wears a pin different from any other woman.

The hide we sent to San Antonio and had it nicely dressed and gave it to Mr. L. S. Thorn, who at that time was the General Superintendent of this Western District of the T&P Railroad. He was a good friend of ours, as we all shipped a good many cattle over his road from Van Horn and Kent in those days.

The head I took home and put in a big old washpot and boiled all the meat off of it. I scraped it and cleaned it up good and hung it over our front door outside and never did expect anything to be done with it other than to be seen and admired by all guests.

However, that winter, a young man from the biological department at Wash-

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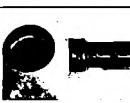

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ington came to the Davis Mountains to collect specimens of all kinds of varmints and fowls that lived in the mountains, and he came to our ranch and asked to stay.

Mrs. Finley let him stay, and during the winter he heard us talking about our past fall hunt and saw the bear's head hanging out over the door. When he went back to Washington the next spring, he related the story to the department heads and they wrote me and asked me to send the head to them, which I did. After keeping it several months, they sent it back with several long names attached to it that we couldn't spell; but they pronounced it a real grizzly bear and said there was no history of one ever having been found in Texas before.

In about a year the department wrote me again and asked me to return the head to them, which I did. Then they wrote and asked to buy it for the Government, stating that it was a very rare specimen and that they would forever preserve it and attach any record to it that we might desire. We tried to get them to send the head to Dallas to be exhibited at the Fair, but the department said they kept it locked in a vault and were afraid to let it go. This letter will give you an idea of what they think of it in Washington.

"Dear Mr. Thomason:

We have your letter of June 12, with accompanying letter that you received from C. O. Finley of Pecos, Texas, in reference to the grizzly bear killed in Texas.

We have checked up on the situation and wish to assure you of our appreciation and the interest and cooperation of Mr. Finley and Mr. John Means in making the skull of this animal available for our collection. Under any ordinary conditions we should be glad to arrange it so that this specimen might be exhibited at the Fair.

However, this particular specimen was used by Dr. C. Hart Merriman, former chief of the Biological Survey, as a basis for description of a new race of grizzly bear, namely *Ursus Horribeus Texensis*, and this particular skull is the only known specimen of its kind in the world.

Because of the great value of those cases in the National Museum, 'types' are kept in fireproof, locked storage due to the importance of safeguarding so valuable a specimen against loss or damage. It seems to us it would be exceedingly unfortunate to take a chance of subjecting this specimen to the risks of transportation and exhibition at a Fair. The teeth, especially, become very brittle and it would be impossible to avoid some damage, and if lost it could never be replaced. Even should another grizzly bear be taken in Texas, it would not be of the 'type' form.

While we appreciate the local interest there might be in the exhibition of this specimen at the Fair, we would strongly recommend against doing so because of the importance of keeping it in perfect condition for future generations. In this connection you would be interested to know that the names of the men who collected the specimen are on the label and that credit was given in publication of the description of this 'type' specimen.

I hope this explanation of the situation will be satisfactory to Mr. Finley, and give him assurance that the greatest value of the specimen will be conserved by leaving it undisturbed in its present location in the National Museum."

The letter was signed by W. B. Bell, Chief, Division of Wildlife Research.

He Hired Out to Kill!

(Continued from page 19)

at Cassia County. Hawley and his partners said that from their point of view, the death sentence pronounced on Davis had lost its validity by the action of the Legislature, and was null and void.

Notwithstanding this argument, Diamondfield was taken from his cell, and handed to the famous warden of the Idaho State Penitentiary, John Hailey. By this time the prisoners had become the pet of the sheriff, the ladies of the community and especially the children.

Soon after, the Idaho Supreme Court handed down its opinion that it was not the intention of the Legislature to make a mandatory jail delivery of all convicted men, and Davis was subsequently ordered returned to Albion, there to be dealt with according to law.

According to the principal newspapers which, with a great lack of objectivity, had taken sides in this case, Jack Davis was as guilty as hell and Borah the noblest man in the field of law because he was determined to bring him to justice—if the paper were Republican; the Cassia County paper was more and more advocating the release of Diamondfield and pointing with pride to the eternal fight for justice that Hawley and his staff had achieved. This paper favored the Democrats.

While the argument raged, Diamondfield Jack Davis was about to take the final mile again on July 3, 1901. This time the ride to save him was made by Charlie Christ and Willie Sears as Davis' defense was afraid that if one man took the reprieve he might be "dry guleched" by an anti-Davis crowd.

Again the pardon board, this time under Governor Frank Hunt, was appealed to by Hawley. They commuted his client's sentence to life imprisonment and based this decision, not so much on the Bower-Gray confession, as on their own ballistic demonstrations. These findings, quoted from the pardon board minutes on file at the Idaho Historical Society, state Diamondfield Jack "could not have killed the herders, so we will commute his sentence to life imprisonment."

A CHANGE of administration in Idaho brought into the governorship Frank Hunt, a Democrat, as were Secretary of State Charles J. Basset and Frank Martin, Attorney General. Until this time, Hawley, despite the accumulation of evidence in favor of his client, had been unable to get another hearing.

When these men failed of re-election at the polls in November, 1902, their last act of clemency was to give a complete pardon to Diamondfield Jack Davis, a man of many names and probably of many murders, with the probable exception of these he had been convicted of and just escaped paying for with his life.

This act on the part of Hunt and the pardon board was greeted with mixed emotions, jubilation on the part of the cattle interests and howls of indignation by the sheep interests. Among the latter, however, many who had acted in behalf of the prosecution had themselves grown somewhat skeptical concerning his guilt. Borah continued to be

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firmly convinced of Davis' guilt and that of his companion.

After fulfilling his vow to give a rip-roaring party Jack departed for Nevada and placed himself at the disposal of his long-time patron, Governor Sparks.

Now, at long last, Lady Luck had decided to make it all up to her erstwhile victim. Davis joined the rush to the gold diggings at Goldfield, Nevada, and made a pile of money. Here, he also met the love of his life, "Diamond Tooth Lil," a lady who one day, in an exuberant mood, had had a half-carat diamond inserted in her gold front tooth.

Later the two adventurers drifted apart and did not meet again for many years, Lil coming to Las Vegas from her home in Boise to meet the successful mining magnet who had struck it rich in Idaho, Montana, Utah and California. Her old suitor invited Lil to marry him, but she, somewhat disillusioned after nine unsuccessful marriages, declined, and returned to Boise to run her little motel.

The life of Davis ended in Las Vegas on January 2, 1949 when he was run over and killed by a taxi. His certificate of death stated he was born August 12, 1863 in New Jersey. He had been married once and divorced.

Some years ago Lil moved to Los Angeles and is in a nursing home. At the age of 90 she continues to chain-smoke and tell of the days when it was all "wine and roses and Diamondfield Jack."

The Mad Stone

(Continued from page 55)

tubes and assists the ascent of the virus until washed out in hot water, and then the stone is in a condition to be re-applied with a similar result.

Now as soon as the virus is all expended, no more of the new compound can be formed, the chemical attraction ceases, and the stone will no longer attach itself to the wound. Such is my theory, and this accounts for the fact that the stone will attach itself to no wound but such as has been inflicted by a rabid animal.

It is scarcely necessary to say that I had arrived at these conclusions before I reached Dallas and consequently omitted the cutting and burning process recommended by the physicians. I was assured by some of these gentlemen that the reason why they had always been skeptical on the subject of the mad stone was because no mention of it was made in their textbooks or medical journals.

Now it seems to me that this careless non-examining course is not in the high road of improvement. No one can expect to attain to any high degree of celebrity in his profession unless he advances before and improves his art. Investigators are those who may be expected to learn truths and advance science. The man of learning who scoffs or sneers at things that appear silly to him merely because he has not examined or perhaps does not comprehend them, is not entitled to any high degree of respect or honor from his fellow men, nor to all such I would propound this inquiry, "Why does the needle point to the pole?"

A day or two after my return home, I was compelled to perform a journey that would require several weeks, and being fearful that the dogs who had assisted in the destruction of the raccoon might have been wounded and go mad, I instructed my two sons, James and Robert, to tie them up on the morning of the eighth day and watch them attentively. If they found them frothing at the mouth; if they manifested symptoms of fits; if they manifested a decided aversion to water, and more particularly, if they appeared wild and seemed to have lost all knowledge of those who had been in the habit of feeding and fondling them, to kill them instantly.

My instructions were carried out. In the evening of the eighth day one of the dogs had a violent fit and was instantly killed. The other dog appeared wild and did not notice food thrown to him, neither did he seem to have the slightest knowledge of the children who had caressed and fondled him. Their familiar voices did not awaken the slightest mark of recognition, and he was sacrificed in accordance with my wishes.

Could I have remained at home, I would have permitted the dogs to live a few days in order to watch the progress of the disease; but I had several small children too young to know the danger and who had been too familiar with the dogs not to require constant attention to keep them out of the way.

I may here observe that the owner of the stone informed me that it was evidently diminishing in weight—and this would seem to accord with my theory, as a portion of the stone must necessarily be lost every time it is applied to the bite of a rabid animal.

As to the origin of the stone, opinions are very conflicting. Some say they are found in the head of the rattlesnake; others, that they are taken from the stomach of a deer. Be this as it may, they are quite common, as there are at this time three different stones within twenty miles of my residence.

No, sir, you don't git me in one of them risky, new-fangled airplanes!"

The Making of a Scout

(Continued from page 10)

er in the wilderness then or in a wild country now, the veteran insisted that one must have further mental and physical qualifications (these last observations are reconstructed from my notes; from an unpublished manuscript by J. Frank Dobie, "Charles Goodnight, Observer and Man"; and primarily from the copy of a very remarkable, undated letter from Goodnight to Mrs. G. A. Brown):

"The scout's eyesight must be perfect; he must be able to see as far as any Indian. He must have the faculty of being absolutely cool under all conditions; surprises should not flustrate him. His coolness and presence of mind not only protect himself but those under him. He must be able to judge the nature of the country ahead of him as far as he can see, and take the way that has the least resistance to his command, keeping out of the sight as much as possible—picking the routes that will expose him least to the enemy. He must have the faculty of reading men accurately, and he must have their full confidence—they must have faith in their guide.

"He must have the faculty of not only seeing the tracks and other evidence of the Indians, but a good scout or plainsman must be able to tell how old the tracks are. To do so he must be an accurate judge of temperature and the effect of the sun. If he sees a broken twig, a broken blade of grass, or a bit of weed cut off by a horse's hoof, he must be able to tell how long it has been withering. It is easy to determine whether a track has been made before or after daylight. A track made during the night will be marked over with minute insect tracks. Even on desert sands this is true. By getting down and putting his eye close

to the ground, the scout can observe the insect tracks.

"A good plainsman is a good trailer. He can tell whether a horse track has been made by a loose horse, a riderless horse being led, or a horse with a man on him. Suppose I am on the hunt for a man that I know to be riding a bay horse. I find the tracks of a horse carrying a man. But is the horse a bay horse? I follow the tracks until I find where the rider has unsaddled his mount to let him graze. When the saddle is taken off, a horse that has been ridden any distance generally falls on the ground. I find where the one I am trailing has rolled. I examine the dirt or the grass for hairs. I find a few. Their color tells me whether the horse is bay.

"His hearing must be perfect; not only perfect, but trained to the precision of the operator of the telegraph. To read sounds correctly will have much to do with his ability as a scout, as much of his experience will be in exploring wild and untrodden countries.

"The old-time plainsman, if he was a good one, could detect the most skillful imitation of any animal sound. The Indians often used those imitations to locate themselves at night. But no man's cry of bird or beast could deceive him.

"The wild turkey may be fooled by a quill; the doe may be deceived by a mechanical bleat; the anxious mother cow may be lured by a cowboy's counterfeit of the calf's bawling; a coon may be drawn from a tree by the sound of coon fighting imitated by some boy. But the trained ear of a plainsman cannot be so deceived. One thing to remember is that the human voice echoes more than any other; in fact, it almost alone, of all voices, echoes at all. The hoot of an owl will not echo in a canon anything like an Indian's hooting. The baby wolf's cry will echo more than any other wild animal sound.

"Of course, on the Staked Plains, we do not have this advantage, as there is nothing to create an echo but in the mountains and canons and broken country the old Indian warriors I have talked with agree with me that no human can exactly imitate the sound of beast or bird. I realize that this will be doubted, but I will ask you how the operator reads the sounds of the key when they all sound alike to you?"

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

Iowa and visit the old home ranch. What a terrific thrill it was for me to meet the old man. He was then eighty-one years old, using a cane and pretty badly crippled up, but we took him all over the country in a Willys Overland touring car we had and showed him the old sights.

He was with us quite some time during that summer, and I just hung onto his coat-tails continually. He still held a "hate" for Iowa, and I well remember when taking him around and showing him the wonderful corn fields and cattle herds, and telling him in pointing them out to him, "This is Iowa," he would immediately point out to me a weed patch

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along those old dirt roads, and say, "This is Iowa, too."

He well remembered some of the long-gone Indian campgrounds and while he held a high regard for the Indians as a whole and felt for them understandingly, he nevertheless still had a deep down inward hate for a certain few of certain tribes or groups, and you could certainly not blame him for that. He was a great character, and went back to Long Beach, California, where he passed away the next year.—Ralph C. Bellows, Box 157, Story, Wyoming.

Gentlemen:

Some waddie phoned me to get the February issue of TRUE WEST and look on page 15. I did and the picture was taken in '24 or '25. I had matched Bob Crosby and Jake McClure to rope 100 head of calves, 50 each for a thousand dollars. Jake McClure lost by 2 3/5 seconds on the roping.

It snowed here in Del Rio for the first time in twenty years and I lost all my marbles on the deal.

I hired a Mexican with a team of mules to drag the snow off of Cowboy Park where we had it, and he said, "Malo suerte," (bad luck). One of his mules froze to death while dragging the arena. A Mexican with a frozen mule, or anyone else for that matter, ain't worth a damn for nothing.—Prosser Martin, Las Vacas Road, Del Rio, Texas.

To the Editor:

The story by Editha L. Watkins entitled "Monument to Hate" in the February TRUE WEST is extremely interesting and brings to mind a monument in the cemetery near a small town in Kansas.

It consists of a conventional marble gravestone of an earlier day, one side of which is devoted to the epitaph as follows:

N. GRIGSBY
DIED
APR 16 1890
AGED
78 YRS 6 MO 5 DS
2ND LIEUT CO G
10TH IND CAVY

WENT TO SCHOOL WITH
LINCOLN'S BROTHER TO
AARON GRIGSBY WHO
MARRIED ABE LINCOLN'S
OLDEST SISTER VISITED
IN WHITE HOUSE

But the real "punch line" appears on a remaining side where one finds perpetuated in marble the following poignant lines:

THROUGH THIS INSCRIPTION
I WISH TO ENTER MY
DYING PROTEST AGAINST
WHAT IS CALLED THE
DEMOCRATIC PARTY
I HAVE WATCHED IT
CLOSELY SINCE THE DAYS
OF JACKSON AND KNOW
THAT ALL THE MISFORTUNES
OF OUR NATION HAS
COME TO IT THROUGH
THIS SO-CALLED PARTY
THEREFORE BEWARE OF
THIS PARTY OF TREASON

It would indeed be interesting to know his sentiments now, seventy-six years later.—A. V. Paulsen, 1212 Carlisle S. E., Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Midnight

Dear old Mr. Joe Small:

I just got the February issue of TRUE WEST and, as usual, about the first thing I went after was Milt Hinkle's article. "I Knew Them All" and before I go any farther, I want to make it plain that I think Milt Hinkle is the greatest authority on rodeo in the world, the greatest rodeo contestant, and has the greatest knowledge and memory of rodeo events and personalities the world over, and I don't want him to think that I am contradicting him or questioning his word or his judgment. But I just happened to see one little thing in his story that is wrong, but through no fault of his.

As he said, he was told that the great Midnight was ridden in the finals at Macleod, Alberta, in 1924, by Pete Bruisehead, a Blood Indian. But he wasn't. Midnight was ridden at Macleod in 1924 by Jim Hunter, who wasn't as good a rider as Pete Bruisehead, and he wasn't in the finals. The only reason Midnight was ridden that day is because that was the one day in the horse's career, as far as I know, that he didn't buck. First place for the best bucking horse that day went to the Whitney Roan and not Midnight.

I remember arguing with the judge. I told him that I couldn't ride Midnight much farther than across the street, but I could ride the Whitney Roan all day and for $10 I would do it. Well, I got myself a deal. The second day they put me out on Whitney Roan as an exhibition ride for $10, and he was no trouble at all. The so-called last rodeo the Police Jubilee because it was the 50th anniversary of the arrival of the Mounted Police at Macleod in 1874.

It did my heart good when I read what Milk Hinkle wrote about how he took a seat on the magnificent Midnight at Columbus, Ohio, and lost it; because about a week before that Police Jubilee, I too had taken a seat and lost it on the same magnificent Midnight. Jim McNab, the man who raised Midnight and also tried to ride him, is still living south of Macleod. I saw him just last summer, and I think he would back me up when I say.

Midnight went on to Calgary where he was judged as the World's Champion Bucking Horse. About a week after that, I rode John L at the Calgary Stampede. That ride and a few others won me the highest score in points of any rider in the whole Calgary Stampede that year, and I have records to prove it. But as I wasn't in the finals, it made me first in the consolation contest, with Pete Bruisehead second.

I would like to know if this John L was the same horse that Milt mentions in his list of famous bucking horses. He was a bay with a white stripe on his face, built something like Blue Jay. I have a picture of myself on him. I would sure like to have a letter from Milt Hinkle. Even if he only tells me I am all wet, I would be inclined to believe it.—J. H. Webber, Beaverlodge, Alberta, Canada.

More on the Cow Chip

Sir:

Read with interest your "Dissertation on the Cow Chip" in a recent issue of TRUE WEST.

I haven't seen too many pictures of people gathering chips. Dad told me when he took these photos in 1906 there wasn't a fence for over fifty miles in any direc-

The two men above are heading for the range camp with a load of cow chips. The man on the left was photographed (below) in the process of gathering fuel on the Teton River Range, north of Great Falls, Montana. Neither man is identified in those unusual pictures, taken in 1905 by Ernest White (1886-1962).

tion except at Great Falls which was thirty miles south. Some places it was over 100 miles. I visited these sites in '65 and everything's strip farms now. When these photos were taken, Dad also took pictures of the place where hide hunters killed the last great herd of buffalo in Montana (1883) on the Teton near Basin Coulee.—Thain White, Flathead Lake Lookout Museum, Lakeside, Montana.

I thought when I read the dissertation on cow chips, TRUE WEST was surely getting right down to earth." My grandparents came to Brownville, Nebraska, in the late 1860s (it is a ghost town now), and I feel as much a part of the cow country as the chip itself.

When the Homestead Act went into effect, many riverboats landed at Brownville with people from all countries hoping to become land owners. The story goes that Sandy, a Scotchman, had to walk many miles to the nearest town for refreshment and companionship. He started back before dark. Before he reached his homestead a strong prairie wind blew his tam-o'shanter from his head. Sandy was a frugal and persistent man and picked up dozens of tams trying to find one that would fit!

I believe this is one use Eve Ball neglected to mention.—D. E. Richardson, Huron, South Dakota.

(Continued on page 72)

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Flanking an authentic 1857 model Sibley stove are Dan Chadborn (left) and George Upshaw. Many collectors of frontier relics are particularly desirous of securing fine examples of these scarce bed-tent warmers which figured prominently in the military campaigns against the hostile tribes.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 69)

Sibley Stoves

Dear Joe:

Those old tent-warming stoves, better known as "Sibley stoves," were used as late as 1916 and '17 by the Seventh and Thirteenth Cavalry along the Mexico and United States border. When the General Pershing Expedition went in pursuit of Pancho Villa after his raid at Columbus, New Mexico, on March 9, 1916, they were still in use. Besides being used in the army camps, some of the other places I "recollect" were several outposts along the border like Line Ranch, Cabin Ranch, Dog Springs Ranch, Almo Nuceo Ranch, Culberson Ranch and Lang Ranch.

My compadre, George Upshaw, remembers as a boy the soldiers on the outpost at Culberson Ranch, south of Hachita, New Mexico, using them. George is now foreman of the Diamond A Ranch and lives at the Culberson Ranch.

After forty years of "relickin" I have accumulated five of these stoves in weights from 19 to 22½ pounds. Do you suppose that these are those "never found" 25-pounders? They are all hand riveted and in good shape because I've kept them out of the weather. In fact, my boys have used one of them for years on their hunting trips. I'd say that made them in "fine shape." Since I have five and have need of only one, I might consider selling the other four.

The book, *Treasury of Frontier Relics* by Les Beitz, is something that has been needed for a long time. It is a fine book and has helped me classify my "relics." I didn't realize how many of the things shown in the book were collector's items. I hope there is a follow-up book about Indian relics because they are certainly a part of frontier life.—Dan C. Chadborn, P. O. Box 222, Columbus, New Mexico 88029.

Important

Gentlemen:

I want to comment on a letter published in your September 1965 issue of FRONTIER TIMES magazine. The letter came from Nigeria, Africa in which the man offers to trade such mementoes as animal skins, carvings, etc. for men's clothing.

About a year ago a similar letter from Nigeria was printed in our local newspaper. His letter sounded great so I began a correspondence with this man. Finding nothing to arouse suspicion I finally sent him some new men's clothing. Subsequent letters to him were never answered and I'm still waiting for the items he owes me. Inquiring at the post office I learned we have no jurisdiction over there. You can't even insure your package.

Doubtless you will get other letters similar to mine. Please treat this as just a friendly tip. I enjoy your magazines very much.—Frank DuBois, 1307 Plum Street, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Foreign Fan

Dear Editor:

I think it is time you receive a letter from one of your most loyal readers in Europe. Since 1956 I have subscribed to TRUE WEST and I'll keep on doing it as long as you keep on printing it.

My main interest is Western films (did I hear anybody sneer?) and especially the men playing in this genre as long as they were recruited from the ranks of real cowboys. I am thinking of old-time stars like Jack Hoxie, Pete Morrison, Fred Humes, Hal Taliaferro (Wally Wales), Buffalo Bill, Jr. (Jay Wilsey) and the late Art Acord. Wonder if anybody has the address of the above-mentioned boys or perhaps some biographical facts on them?

Being also a fanatic collector of Western-movie photos (stills) I certainly would be very interested in hearing from all of your readers who might have some.

Again, thank you for the fine magazine which brings around the true story of the West to us all—even to Denmark. —Jan Barfoed, 19 Christiansvej, Charlottenlund, Denmark.

Caleb's Kin

Dear Sir:

I was so pleased to see my great-grandmother's and great-grandfather's story in TW. Batchicka and Caleb Greenwood were my grandmother's parents. My beloved grandmother always talked of Batchicka and Caleb. If any of your readers are kin to me, I would be pleased to hear from them. I am proud to be a Crow Indian.—Lily B. Rowe, 1623 Belmont Street, North Las Vegas, Nevada.

Wild Old Arkansas

Howdy, Y'all:

I don't know how "Truly Western" are my remarks, but I was some sort of pioneer in the southeast tip of Arkansas at the turn of the century (1901-10). And I witnessed a few hair-raisers before I was tall enough to look over a row of cotton. Let me say right now, that TW and FT are the best doggoned magazines of true America in this blessed land of ours.

Scipio, Arkansas, was the name of the post office in Drew County where my father, Carl T. Taft, was postmaster for a spell. When it was closed, we got our mail out of Lacey via rural delivery. It was not until I returned on a visit about forty years later that I realized what a wild reputation Prairie Grove had throughout the entire State of Arkansas.

Prairie Grove consisted of a one-room school with as high as 125 students taught by one teacher. Nearby was a Baptist church. It is a farming community between Hamburg and Monticello, thirty miles apart. Some four or five people were killed on our 40-acre farm during my early boyhood, one of which tragedies I witnessed as a lad of six or seven years. If any old-timers from Arkansas and Colorado read these lines and care to write, I will be most happy to reply.—Dewey Taft, P. O. Box 15065, Tampa, Florida.

NOTICE

In 1962, a reader from Fairbanks, Alaska, stated in the letters column that the skin of a rattlesnake over eighteen feet long was in the Museum at Fort Collins, Colorado. The Curator assures us this is not the case, and he asks our cooperation in spreading the word. Further correspondence cannot be guaranteed.

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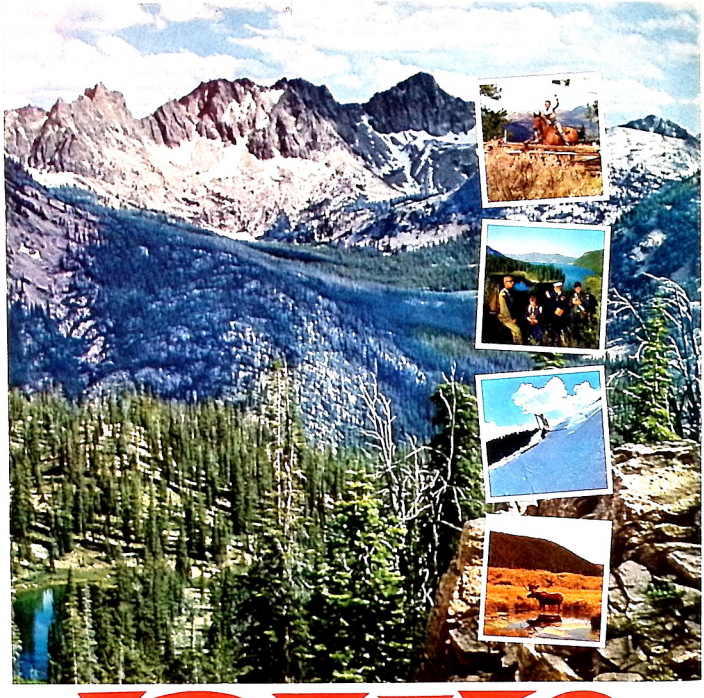

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